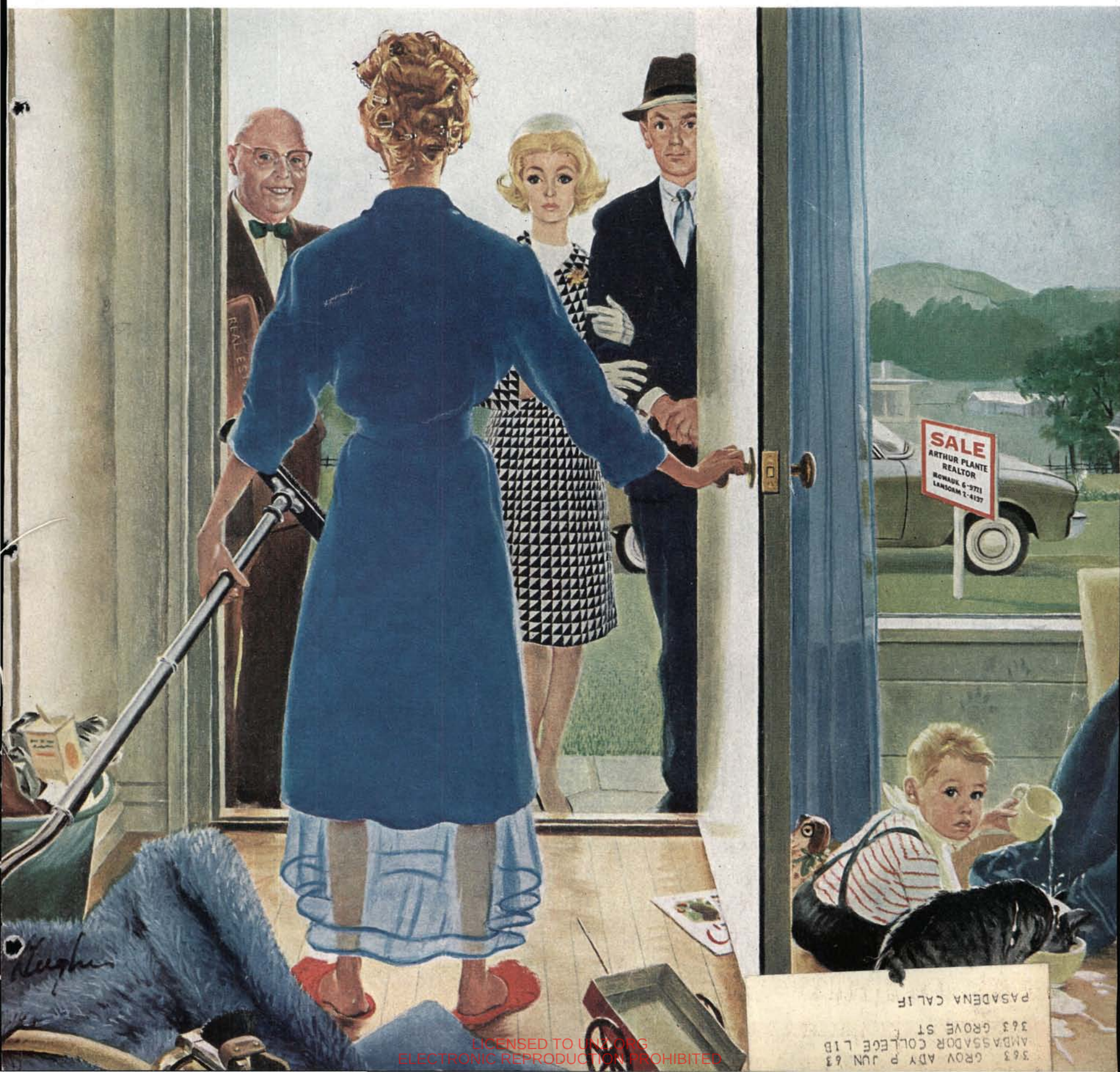
Bermuda:
Where the Girls Are
• *A VACATION REPORT*

Romney:
GOP's Fast Comer
• *BY STEWART ALSOP*

The Saturday Evening POST

May 26, 1962

20¢



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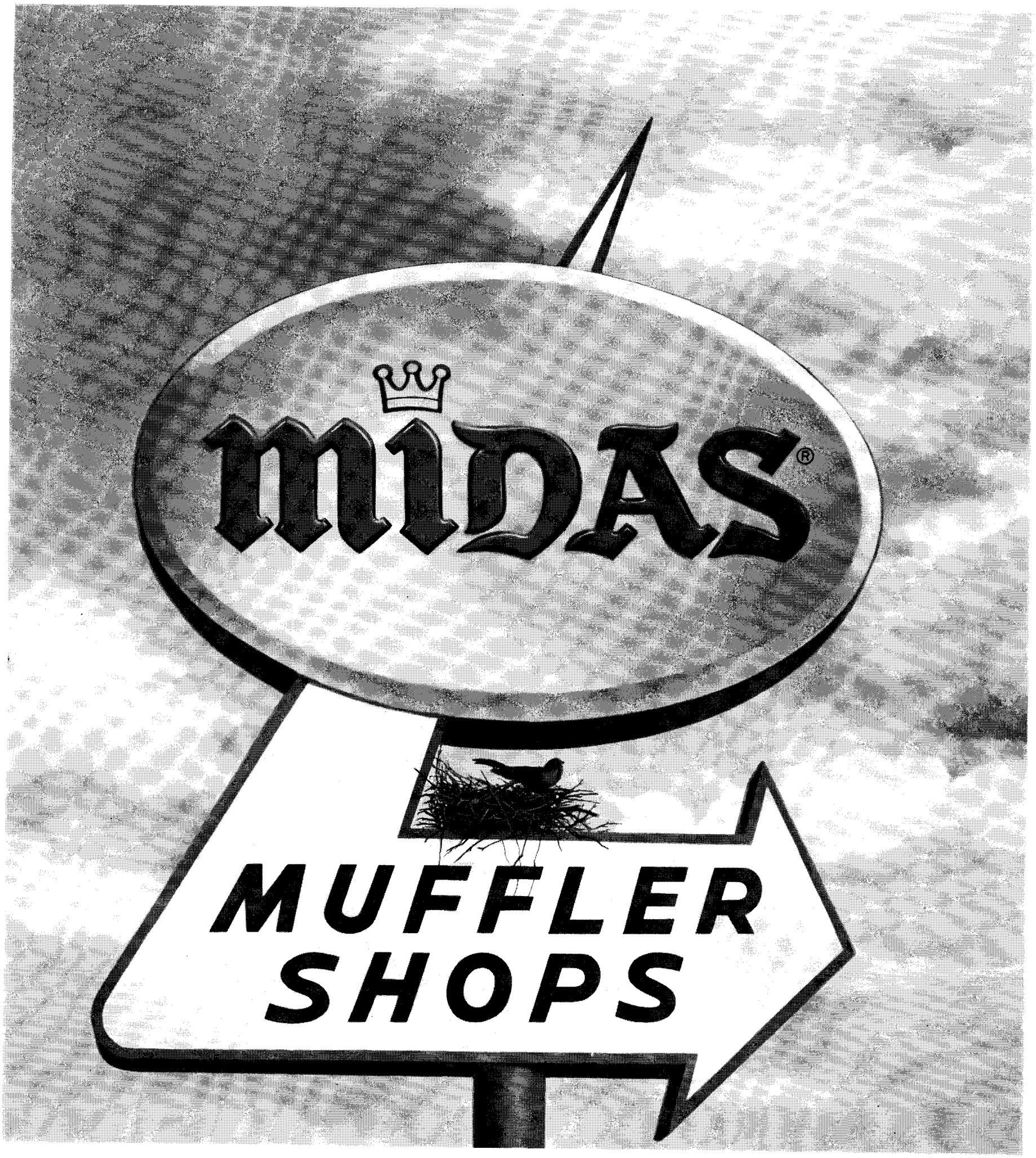

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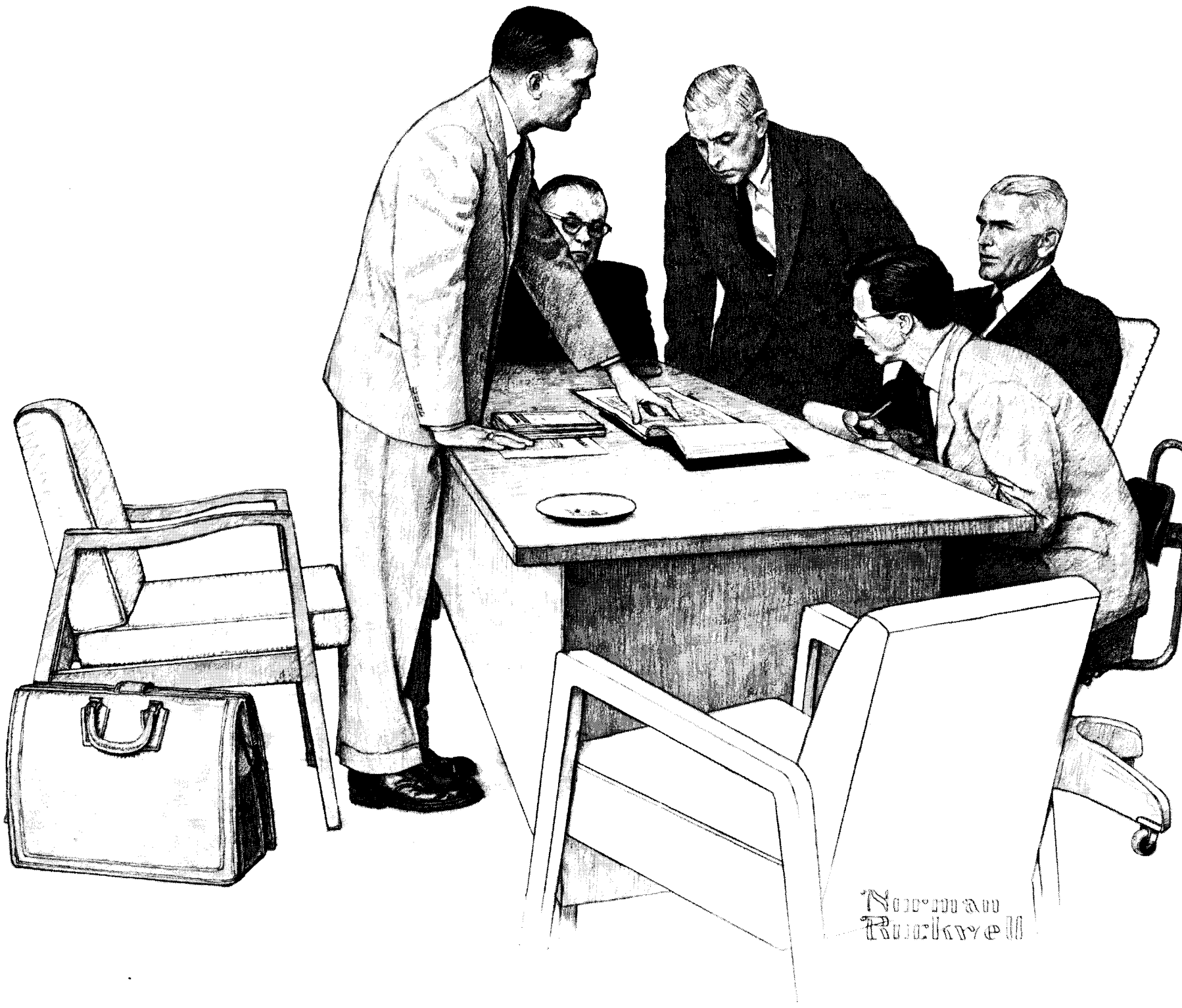

A man's deep love for his family lies behind this meeting. He's planning his estate. Making sure that it will be a *maximum* estate with *minimum* transfer costs. For this job he has sought out the best advice obtainable . . .

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Alsop on Romney. In the fall of 1960 *The Saturday Evening Post* gave a dinner in Detroit for a group of leading auto executives. Contributing editor **Stewart Alsop** spoke briefly about the political scene, and his remarks provoked an intense discussion between George Romney and an executive of another automobile firm. Finally Romney's adversary threw up his arms in a mock gesture of surrender and said in an almost pathetically plaintive tone: "OK, George, OK. I suppose you're right. But dammit, do you *always* have to be right?" Romney had been conspicuously right, of course, in his crusade for the compact car, which led to the resurgence of American Motors. Whether he will go on being right in his new career as a politician remains to be seen. But we believe GEORGE ROMNEY: THE G.O.P.'s FAST COMER will convince you that George Romney is "a remarkable political phenomenon."

Other By-Lines. **Dr. Vincent Collins** of Winnetka, Illinois, maintains it is time for many sacrosanct precepts of the medical profession to undergo major surgery. . . . **Patricia Cahn**, wife of and chief cook for Chicago-based associate editor Robert Cahn, began sampling diplomatic delicacies when she was Washington correspondent for Women's News Service. . . . Contributing editor **Ernest O. Hauser**, resident of Paris and author of THE BENEDICTINES, has written *Post* articles on three other Roman Catholic brotherhoods—the Dominicans, the Jesuits and the Franciscans. . . . New York free-lance reporter **Stanley Frank** says he gambled more writing and research time on GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS than on any of the 138 other *Post* articles he has written. . . . **Larry Merchant** writes a sports column for the Philadelphia *Daily News*. . . . Associate editor **Tom Congdon**, whom we dispatched to Bermuda for a report on frolicsome Ivy Leaguers, is Yale (A.B., '53) and Columbia (M.S., '56). . . . **Michael Shaara** teaches creative writing at Florida State University, wrote PARTISAN—his first *Post* story—in Greece, shortly after passing through the section of Yugoslavia in which PARTISAN takes place. . . . California novelist **William Wister Haines** (*Command Decision*, *The Winter War*) worked for three years with "grunts" and "pole buddies" very much like those in KILLER ON HIGH. . . . **James Mitchell Clarke**, West Coast editor of *Aero News*, makes his *Post* debut with OPERATION LOST SOULS.

The Cover. Oh, no! He *can't* expect to show the house at this hour. But he does. Bright Eyes the realtor just happened to be nearby with these nice folks and he's sorry he didn't make an appointment, but as long as he's here would it be all right if he showed them around? That's Bright Eyes' story. But the glint which artist George Hughes has painted in Bright Eyes' eyes suggests an ulterior motive: Bright Eyes theorized that this surprise attack, when the real estate is in a real state, will fluster both Alice Bluegown and the nice young folks. Thereupon they will sign an agreement of sale just to terminate the mutual embarrassment.

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LETTERS

They Do—or Don't—Like Ike

Dear Sirs:

Oh, that the words of General Eisenhower [IKE TAKES A LOOK AT THE G.O.P., Apr. 21] could be framed and hung in full view of every student in America! I believe that the Republican ideals are the true American ideals.

MRS. W. A. SMITH
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

IKE TAKES A LOOK AT THE G.O.P. says exactly what one would expect a Republican ex-President to say. The usual charges of "cradle-to-grave protection, more powerful central government, deficit spending," etc., are all there; and, of course, the Democrats are the culprits. The contradictions are there too, as per, "Moreover, the record shows that Republican eras have usually been times of national well-being and growth." Come now, general. You must have been one of the fortunate few who were eating regularly in the years 1929–1933.

SHIRLEY WOLF
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Being a Republican, it was nice for a change to read something about us. It was good to see the general's photographs; and not that other person who lives in Washington.

DALE C. LOSHER
Washburn, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It's nice to see such optimism from a man whose Presidential coattails—for the first time in a century—failed to drag in a majority of either the House or the Senate in 1956. Mr. Eisenhower seems puzzled over the undisputed fact that Democrats have many volunteer workers, and Republicans don't. It's quite simple. If I were a Republican—ugh—I wouldn't lift a hand unless I were being paid.

WESLEY BAREFOOT
San Francisco, Calif.

Texans Talk Back

Dear Sirs:

Stanley Walker's article [SPEAKING OUT: WHAT HAS TEXAS GOT TO BRAG ABOUT?, Apr. 21] is quite stinging because, like most tall tales from Texas, it does contain some truth.

R. E. DURHAM
Granbury, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

There is one other small item Mr. Walker failed to mention which Texans shouldn't brag about: Stanley Walker.

MRS. SAM BOYD
Cleburne, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I am a native Houstonian. I thoroughly agree with your article about Texas.

MARC SHABOT
Houston, Tex.

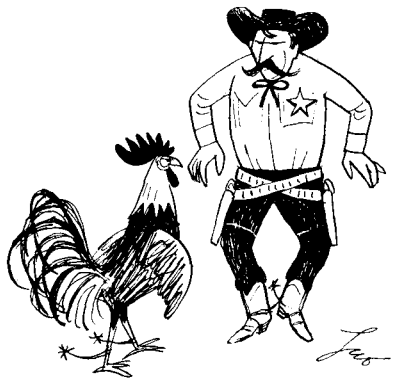
Dear Sirs:

We have been lucky enough that when some of Stanley Walker's type left the state *they never came back*. Sure wish he could have blessed us in this manner. A neighboring state has recently had a group offering free bus tickets to certain groups wishing to leave the state. May I go on record as being willing to supply his.

EVERETT EVANS
Tyler, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

All chickens come home to roost. Too bad it had to be Lampasas, Texas,



which had to receive this old sorehead rooster.

MRS. SIDNEY D. WILSON
Brownsville, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

For over twenty years I've been conned into believing that Texas was the God-given land of milk and honey. Now I find it is the never-never land of make-believe which never was—nor ever will be. Glad Stanley Walker "struck a blow for liberty." I imagine he will soon be the foremost tourist attraction, hanging by his neck from the San Jacinto Monument.

J. BREMNER
Toronto, Ont. Canada

STANLEY WALKER'S SLANDEROUS CHARACTERIZATION OF GALVESTON AS A "DECAYING" CITY SHOWS COLOSSAL IGNORANCE. FOR FOUR CONSECUTIVE MONTHS GALVESTON CHALKED UP THE GREATEST PERCENTAGE GAINS IN RETAIL SALES OF ANY TEXAS CITY AND FAR ABOVE THE NATIONAL AVERAGE. BUSINESS AND MORALE HAVE RECOVERED FROM THE "CRUEL BLOW" OF LAST SEPTEMBER'S HURRICANE. WE ARE SPENDING MILLIONS (OUR OWN MONEY) IN STREET IMPROVEMENT AND RESIDENTIAL AND COMMERCIAL CONSTRUCTION. A $10,000,000 BOND ISSUE HAS JUST BEEN AUTHORIZED FOR EXPANDING OUR GREAT DRY-CARGO PORT. . . .

IF ALL THIS BE DECADENCE, WHAT IS PROGRESS?

CHARLES B. SMITH, PRESIDENT
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
GALVESTON, TEX.

Dear Sirs:

Walker's full of New York—a horrible condition in which to be.

RICHARD LAWRENCE
Cuernavaca, Mexico

Dear Sirs:

There is a lot wrong with Texas, but the Garden of Eden had troubles too. If you like folks who are really honest and neighborly; if you like the wide-open spaces, and weather occasionally cold, but most of the time as you like it; then: You-all come!

LESLIE BURFORD
Dallas, Tex.

Reading Project Praised

Dear Sirs:

The Post has done it again—another encouraging and stimulating article about education [READING: A WAY UPWARD, by William K. Wyant Jr., Apr. 14]. As a teacher [I believe that] if all educators and school boards were as hard-working, frank and honest as in St. Louis, they too would find parents eager to cooperate in improving the schools.

CAROLINE WILLIAMS
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

An excellent, informative article. It proves that Negro intellectuals are making an important contribution to the solution of the nation's school problems. It also refutes an often-thrown challenge that upper-class Negroes have no interest or sympathy for their less-fortunate racial brothers.

Cheers for Samuel Shepard Jr. of the St. Louis school department.

EDWARD W. DIXON
Dorchester, Mass.

Natalie Wood: Pro and Con

Dear Sirs:

Bill Davidson's article [NATALIE WOOD—HOLLYWOOD THROWBACK, Apr. 7] infuriated me. Natalie Wood is an excellent actress, and I do not believe Davidson's article did justice to this dynamic performer.

SALLY M. CURTISS
East Canaan, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Although possibly a dedicated actress, Natalie Wood seems to care little about the people she tramples while attaining her goal. Cheap is the only word I can think of to describe someone who feigns a dramatic private life for publicity reasons.

JUDY NEISWANDER
Cleveland, Ohio

Wrong Impression Corrected

Dear Sirs:

The footnote accompanying my article [SPEAKING OUT: RETURN OF THE CAVE WOMAN, Mar. 3] was phrased ambiguously, and many people have interpreted it as a statement that a book called *Women In Mass Society*, of which I was the author, was to be published in the fall. Actually, the article published in *The Post* is an edited version of a single chapter in the forthcoming book *American Women: The Changing Image*, edited by Beverly Benner Cassara, to be published in September by Beacon Press. The book will also contain chapters by other women, among them Pearl S. Buck, Agnes E. Meyer and Agnes de Mille.

MARGARET MEAD
New York, N.Y.

Story Left "Afterglow"

Dear Sirs:

THE NEXT BEST THING [by N. J. Crisp, Apr. 14] is one of the finest stories you have ever had. It made thoroughly enjoyable reading and left a nice "afterglow."

MRS. DAVID B. DOBSON
Lexington, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I have never written a letter of comment concerning a magazine article or story before. There is always a first time, as they say, and this is it for me. I was so moved by THE NEXT BEST THING I wanted to tell someone about it. There are many lessons in the story, all important. This piece, so full of love

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Use Black Leaf 40 throughout your garden. It is recommended to protect roses, gladioli, mums, lilies, ferns, asters, nasturtium, marigold, dahlias, spirae, snowballs, ornamentals, shrubs, vegetables, fruit trees, and evergreens. It is a humane dog, cat and rabbit repellent too.

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LETTERS

and yet never sticky, held my interest from the first word to the last.

MRS. PHILIP A. BLOCK
Spenard, Alaska

Dear Sirs:

Seldom do we see such taste and style in short-story writing nowadays. Author Crisp brings us a most welcome return to the truly great fiction technique reminiscent of De Maupassant, Dostoevski, Dickens, Cronin.

HENRY E. TAYLOR
Dallas, Tex.

Teller Answers His Critics

Dear Sirs:

In your April 14 issue eight experts from three old and famous institutions of learning attacked [AN ANSWER TO TELLER] some ideas from my book, *The Legacy of Hiroshima* [excerpted in *The Post* as PLAN FOR SURVIVAL, Feb. 3–17]. Jay Orear, William F. Schreiber, Gerald Holton, Salvador E. Luria, Edwin E. Salpeter, Philip Morrison, Matthew Meselson and Bernard T. Feld have indeed made great contributions to physics, engineering and biology. It will not be possible to address them each time by their names. So I will call them: My Learned Friends.

The subject under discussion is the all-important question, how to preserve peace. My purpose in writing this answer is to clarify some issues and thereby to help our fellow citizens in decisions on which our freedom and our life depend.

First, there are two points on which I agree—and on which I have often and publicly agreed—with My Learned Friends: (1) We must never initiate an all-out nuclear exchange with Russia. A "first strike" cannot be justified either on practical grounds or on moral grounds. We should be prepared to resist and defeat Russian aggression, but we must not enlarge the area or the aims of any conflict. (2) We cannot rely on easy solutions. Ultimate stability will require world law. We must work toward an organized and free world community. To attain this end will certainly not be easy. It will require sacrifices, imagination, courage and strength.

I regret that My Learned Friends do not choose to emphasize our points of agreement. On the other hand, I recognize points of disagreement. For one: My Learned Friends do not believe in civil defense. I do.

On the basis of careful cost analysis I am convinced that space for one person in a mass shelter can be constructed for $200. The shelter is built six feet underground. Its occupants are fully protected from fallout and firestorm. They are also protected from blast unless a one-megaton bomb bursts on the ground within a mile or a hundred-megaton bomb within four miles. Missile defense can prevent detonation of big bombs at low altitude and the shelters are a sufficient defense against any bombs at high altitude. If we prepare we can survive.

Recovery after an attack is possible only if necessities have been stockpiled. How fast the recovery will be is hard to predict. But the needed civil-defense expenditure is only one tenth of our military budget. Do My Learned Friends really believe that this possibility should be discarded without further investigation? Do they really maintain that our shelter building will be considered by the Russians as more of an aggressive move than our possession of retaliatory nuclear bombs?

The need for testing is a further controversial point. And My Learned Friends seem to believe that the United States wants to develop bigger and more terrible weapons.

The fact is that we are after weapons which are more flexible, more easily carried, more conveniently hidden. We are also attempting to develop weapons which can shoot down incoming missiles. In short, we need the tests for defense and for the development of a reliable arsenal that can survive an enemy attack. This will remove any temptation to strike first. Our trigger fingers do not itch. But in the absence of sufficient strength trigger fingers may become nervous.

Many statements made on both sides of the argument are open to question. But one statement of My Learned Friends is in a different class. They say: "Further tests will not achieve any important reduction in weight of large weapons, for this is limited by the laws of physics." My Learned Friends are great experts. But they are not experts in weapons. In the above statement they are wrong. Their mistake is explained, in part, by the secrecy which prevents them from studying the details of this important question. It is regrettable that secrecy limits the discussion of these vital issues.

The basis of the whole controversy is perhaps best illuminated by an excursion of My Learned Friends into the field of psychiatry. They quote an expert in this field, Erich Fromm, who states in his book, *May Man Prevail?*, that fear of Russian aggression is similar to the conviction of a paranoiac that his wife, children and colleagues hate him and are conspiring to kill him. In the same book Fromm explains his long-term view of the United States and Soviet Russia. He predicts that Russia, where freedom is curtailed, and our country, where freedom is insufficiently exercised, are heading toward similar social structures. I hope that My Learned Friends do not agree with a view which finds little difference between our free country and the Soviet dictatorship.

At a time when freedom is on the defensive from Vietnam to Tibet, from Hungary to West Berlin and when the Communist empire has established an outpost ninety miles from our shores, belief in Soviet aggression is certainly not paranoia. I agree with My Learned Friends that we should not impose our will on our Russian and Chinese opponents. I hope they will agree with me that we need strength to defend freedom at home and abroad.

EDWARD TELLER
Berkeley, Calif.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

An American Hero

One Man's Crusade in Laos

•

Red Skelton: *The loneliest man in Hollywood*

•

Canines on the Couch: *Psychiatry for dogs*

ALSO:

Is College Wasted on Your Child?

The Government's Urgent Hunt for Top Talent

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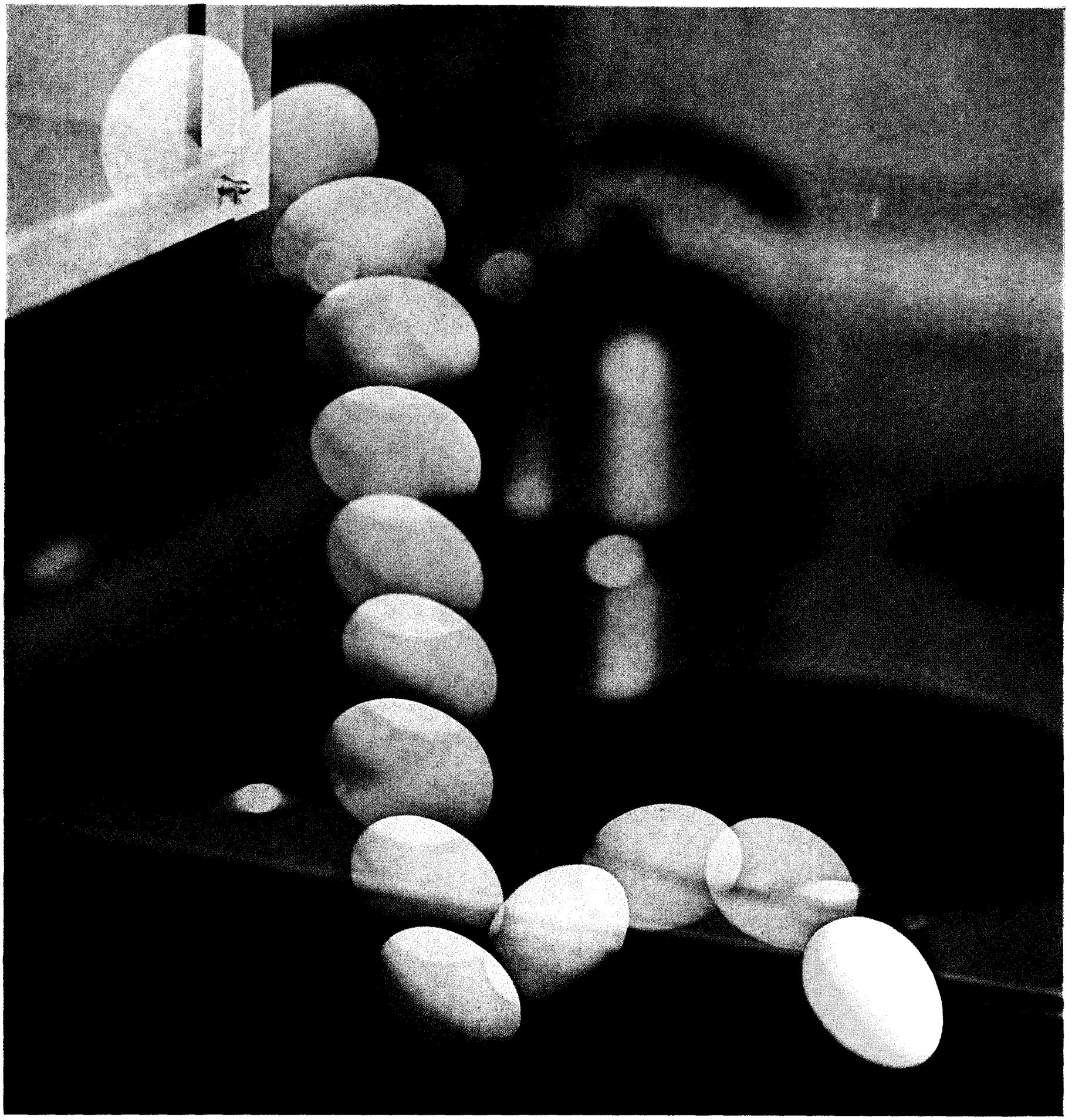

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SPEAKING OUT

Should We Let Them Die?

The toughest decision a doctor can face is whether to prolong the life of a patient who can never recover.

By VINCENT COLLINS, M.D.

Doctor Collins is chairman of the Department of Anesthesiology at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, and associate professor of surgery at Northwestern University's School of Medicine.

Does it mean death when a man's heart stops, or is there reasonable hope that the vital organ can be started up again to bring back life? When a doctor is confronted with this dread question, he must make up his mind instantly. He usually has only five minutes at most to restore circulation before the brain cells die.

If the doctor assesses the emergency correctly and acts soon enough, he can use remarkable new resuscitation techniques to bring back a complete human personality from what previous generations considered to be death. But some doctors, overestimating the power of science, are opposing the dark angel when there is no real hope for success. They hold off death, but cannot restore life. Their patients live as a carrot lives, with no thought, no feeling and no expectation of ever thinking or feeling. They linger on in hospital beds, unable truly to live again and prevented by science from dying.

The Hippocratic Oath

When it is pointed out to these doctors what a nightmare this is for grieving families, they invariably say that the oath of the great physician of ancient Greece, Hippocrates, to which physicians and surgeons adhere, requires them to preserve life at all costs. They insist that it is their duty to use extraordinary methods even when death is irreversible. I am convinced that their ill-fated efforts result from a serious misinterpretation of the Hippocratic oath, ignorance of what religion teaches, an excess of pride in modern techniques, even confusion as to what life and death are.

Anesthesiologists are trained to recognize instantly the marks of life and death in an unconscious patient—the reflexes, eye signs, respiratory patterns and the quality of heart action. An anesthesiologist works on the frontiers of death. The late Dr. Rolland Whitacre, a great Cleveland anesthesiologist, spoke for all of us when he said, "A patient may be one breath away from death." Anesthesiologists use our intimate knowledge of death to keep life going as long as there is any conceivable hope of recovery, but we know our human limitations. There is a question whether some other doctors do.

In New York City a sixty-nine-year-old physician suffered a stroke at his office. He was rushed to a hospital, where he arrived in deep coma. His heart was still beating, but he had ceased breathing. A tube was inserted through his nose into the trachea to establish an airway from the respirator to the inert lungs. The machine commenced to inflate and deflate the lungs with oxygen, to keep the patient alive while doctors analyzed his condition. The question was whether he was clinically dead, with no hope of revival to a full life, or in a state of "suspended animation"—as one doctor put it—from which the patient would awaken (by an act of God) to a full life. The question of what is life itself was interposed.

Life depends upon the integration of several functions: ingestion, digestion, metabolism, excretion, elimination, respiration, circulation and nervous and endocrine co-ordination. Arrest or seriously impair any of these functions, and death results. If disintegration of vital systems progresses to the point where the heart and lungs stop, it becomes a mockery for a doctor to maintain artificial respiration and circulation. It did not take the staff long to find conclusive clinical evidence that their stricken colleague had no hope for recovery. If we stopped artificial respiration, the patient would die.

At the end of the first day I wanted to let the comatose doctor die in peace, but others persisted in maintaining the semblance of life. They presided over the inevitable failure of the stricken man's vital systems, which broke down one by one in the presence of irreversible death. Perhaps emotional involvement in the patient's fate clouded their medical judgment; they kept the dying man struggling for three days before he found final rest.

The Living Dead

The doctor's death terminated the staff's dedicated but mistaken efforts. But what if he had existed for weeks, months or even years, kept alive by artificial means, unable to return to consciousness? There are many such cases, and hospitals throughout the United States contain pitiful examples of the living dead.

There is no doubt that every physician is obligated to fight for his patient's life while there is any hope that he can defeat death. When he takes the Hippocratic oath, he swears, "I will follow that method of treatment which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients and abstain from whatever is deleterious and wrong." How can it be judged to be to the benefit of a patient to cheat him of peace while being powerless to restore him to consciousness? Only a person who thinks of human life in terms of a senseless specimen of protoplasm in a test tube can see any merit in such a course. After all, consciousness alone means life to human beings.

Hippocrates lived about 2500 years ago, and he scarcely could have imagined the ingenious machines of today which can take up the vital work of the heart and lungs. He could not have foreseen the ethical problems posed by their use. When these machines are used wisely, doctors save lives. They can restore what a few years ago would have been a dead man to the full enjoyment of life. But they cannot be used with impunity to reverse the ebb of life when it has passed beyond the point of irreversibility.

Sometimes in the operating room, drugs, anesthesia or the shock of surgery will cause a heart to stop beating. Then the doctor is required by sound medical practice to use every device and technique to bring back his patient's pulse and breathing if he can. But he must do so within inexorable time limits set by nature.

A three-year-old girl was on the operating table when an obstruction formed in the air line which was bringing her oxygen. For five minutes, perhaps six, no oxygen got to the child. Without warning the little heart stopped beating. What had started as a routine repair of a cleft palate had apparently ended in tragedy.

A Tragic Victory

Instantly the anesthetist called for the staff anesthesiologist, who hurried to the operating room. Clearing the vital airway, he directed the surgeon to open the girl's chest. The sharp knife cut between the ribs on the left side of the chest. Rubber-gloved hands pulled the ribs carefully apart and reached within the chest cavity to take hold of the apex of the heart. Compressing the heart between his palm and fingers to substitute for the normal muscular contraction, the doctor squeezed blood into the arteries. At last the heart fluttered, stopped again and finally resumed spontaneous beating. The girl breathed. A respirator was wheeled into place to keep the rekindled flame of

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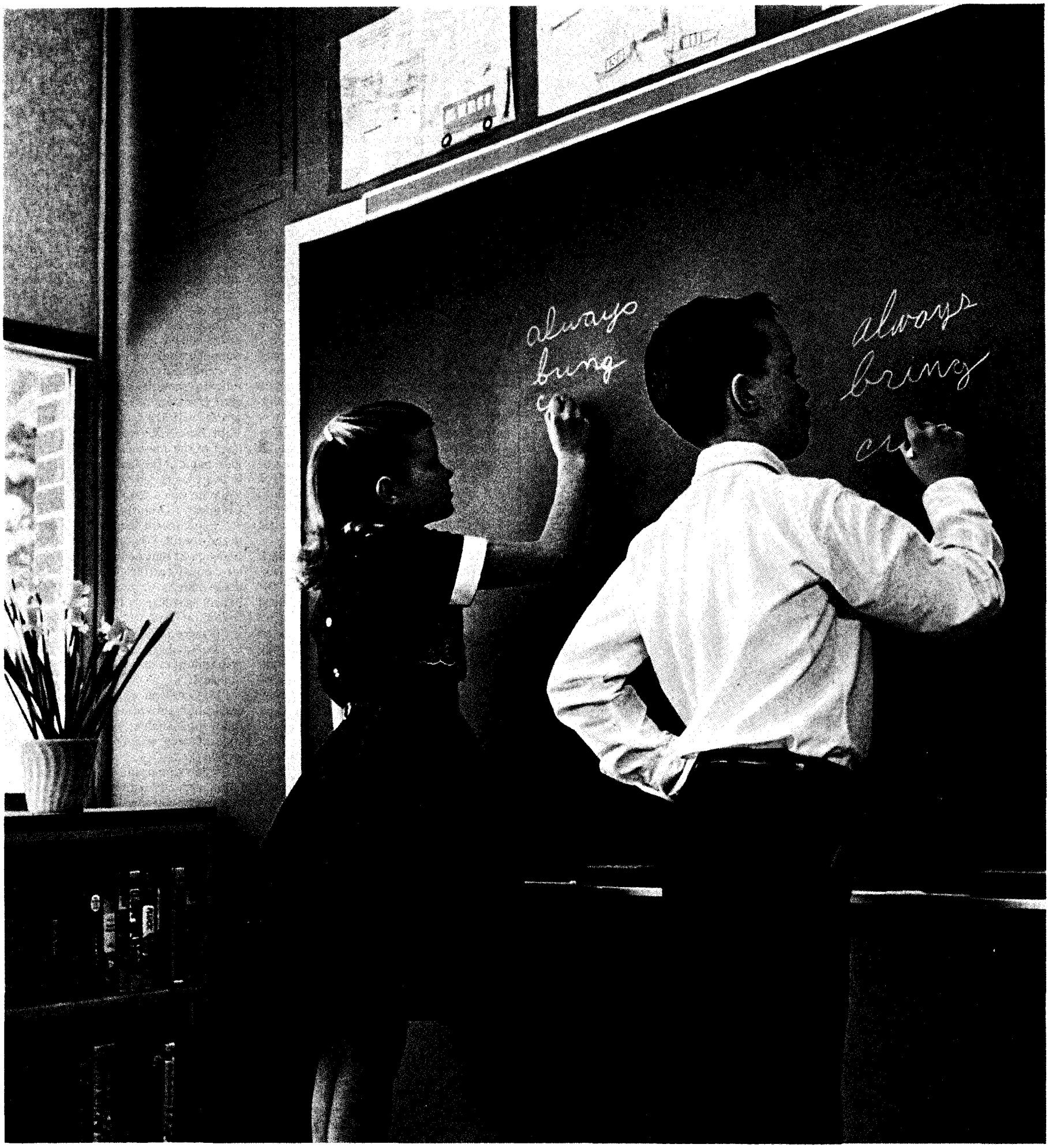

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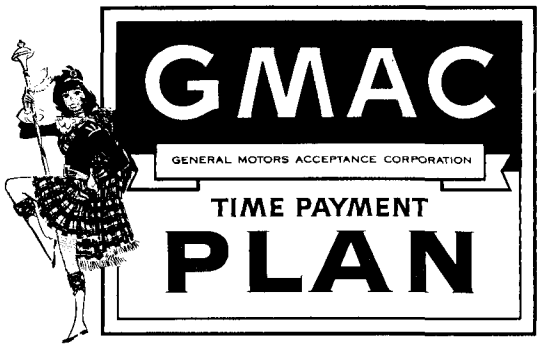

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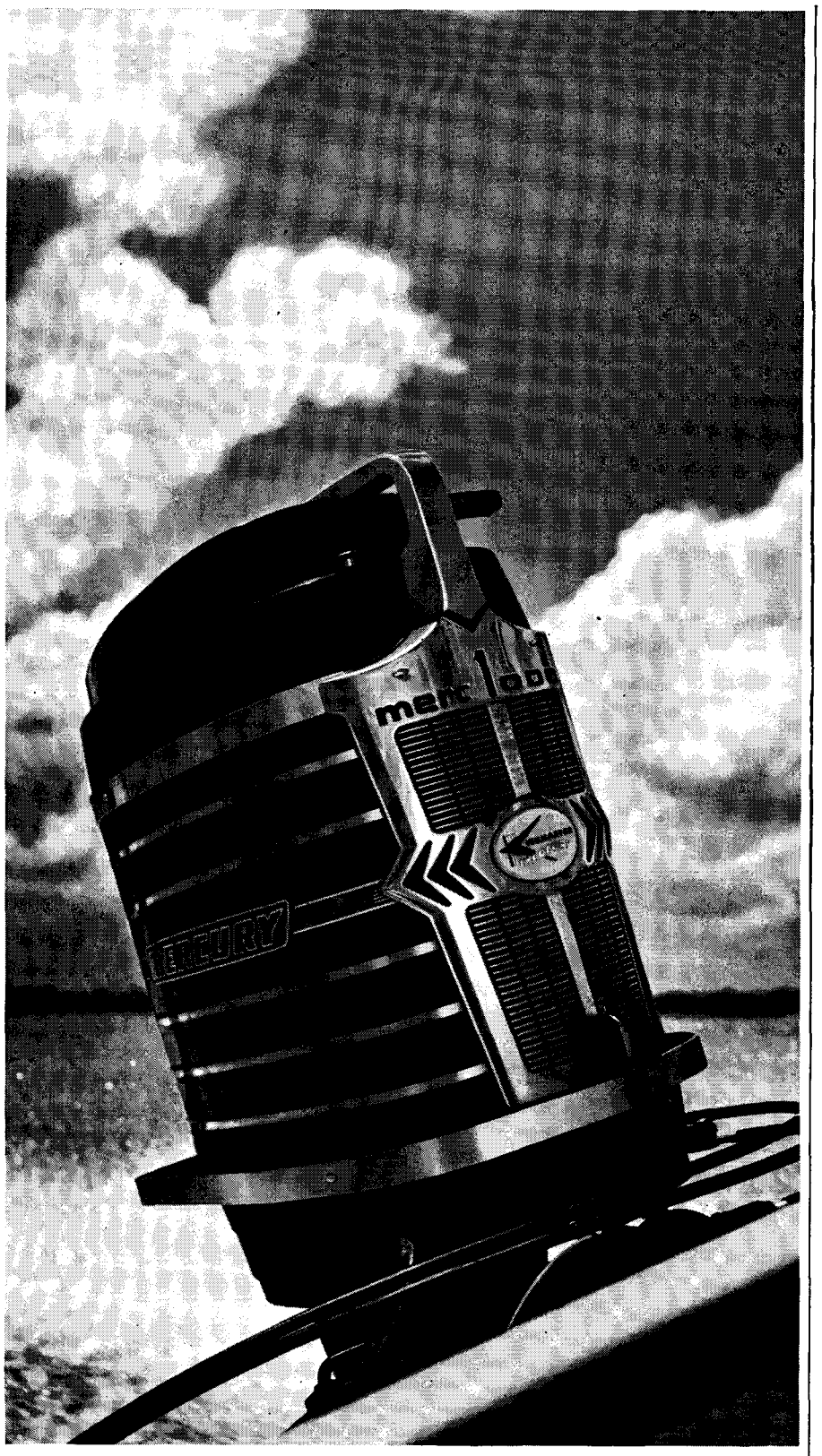

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SPEAKING OUT

life afire. Now the heart beat strongly by itself. The lungs took in air, and it seemed that medical science had won another brilliant victory over death.

Hours, days, months passed, but the girl did not regain consciousness. Her heart beat, she breathed, she appeared to live, but the bright eagerness of her mind had been snuffed out. During the terrible minutes when her heart had stopped, no oxygen reached her brain. At first a few cells died, then more and more; by the time the frantic doctors once again brought oxygen to her brain, all her faculties had perished. This was four years ago, and she has shown no sign of ever regaining consciousness. The doctors had failed to restore circulation within the inexorable time limit set by nature.

This tragic case underlines certain hard facts. When the heart and lungs stop, oxygen no longer is pumped to the brain. An adult's brain can stand up to five minutes of oxygen deprivation without extensive destruction of the cells. Children may withstand up to ten minutes without oxygen. Since the heart can sometimes be made to resume beating after as much as ten minutes of stoppage, it is possible to restore the semblance of life only to find later on that the brain has been damaged beyond recovery.

If doctors sometimes fail to bring back a complete human personality, laymen, confronted with a heart stoppage in the field, fail more often. Time is the critical factor. A half-drowned boy may be revived by mouth-to-mouth technique or by a respirator and returned to his family a whole person if action is taken soon enough. A telephone lineman who is accidentally electrocuted may be resuscitated by a closed-chest heart massage. So can the victim of carbon-monoxide poisoning or suffocation. The main thing is to begin treatment without delay and to keep it up until a doctor arrives and can judge whether the individual is dead.

Accident vs. Disease

When an accident stops the heart, there is good reason to believe the patient can be restored without damage to the brain. Doctors and laymen alike are bound to act on this assumption. But if death results from a disease, there is little hope of reversing it. At a New York hospital a man died of pneumonia, but the doctors would not admit defeat. Even though the patient's tissues were perishing, they started up the weary heart and lungs again and succeeded in keeping them going mechanically for several days before a second death took place. In the face of irreversible death such conduct is at best an illogical and ritualistic gesture.

It would have been better to have allowed the patient to pass away, as we recently did a terminal cancer case at Cook County Hospital. He was a man in his fifties, suffering from cancer of the pharynx. In the last year it had spread to his neck and jaw and was now obstructing his windpipe. Finally he could no longer breathe. A tube was inserted to provide oxygen to keep him alive. But we knew there was no hope. When it became apparent that he had passed beyond the point of return, the situation was explained to his family. He was near death, could never recover, and only the machine kept him alive. The relatives tearfully asked that the extraordinary methods be discontinued. The machine was removed, and the man died. He found peace, and so did his family.

An unconscious person who can never regain consciousness and who can only remain tenuously alive with the assistance of machines is to all human purposes dead. He is still alive biologically, of course, because biological death occurs only as the cells of the body die. Death occurs at different times in different cells and organs. Both the pneumonia and cancer patients passed the point of clinical death, only to have their biological death postponed by the action of machines. When it became evident that the patients could not recover and that, in fact, their systems were continuing to decline, one group of doctors chose to play God. We chose instead to accept the decision of God.

Doctors who in the face of irreversible death behave as did those who attended the pneumonia victim defend themselves by demanding, "Are we not required by religious morality to do this?" Protestant church leaders deny that this is true, and in 1957 no less a Catholic theologian than Pope Pius XII agreed. Dr. Bruno Haid, chief of the anesthesia section of the surgical clinic at the University of Innsbruck in Austria, raised the question in Rome while he was attending the International Congress of Anesthesiologists.

"Sometimes it happens," he explained to the pontiff, "that there is no hope for a patient and that he lingers for days, kept alive only by artificial respiration. In such cases there is sometimes doubt that the patient is still truly living."

Doctor Haid asked these questions:

"Is there a right, or even an obligation, to use modern apparatus for artificial respiration, even if the case is considered hopeless?

"May one legitimately remove artificial-respiration apparatus, with certain death following, when after several days the state of deep unconsciousness does not improve?

"When can an individual whose circulation depends entirely on artificial respiration be considered dead? To consider him dead must one wait for blood circulation to stop without the assistance of artificial respiration?"

The pope, speaking to the anesthesiologists, replied that the technique of reanimation "is not in itself immoral, because the patient, if capable of personal decision, could give the doctor authorization. On the other hand, since this form of treatment goes beyond ordinary methods, one cannot maintain that it would be obligatory."

He went on to state that artificial-respiration apparatus could be removed because "there is no direct disposing of the life of the patient, and no euthanasia, which would never be legitimate." In reply to the question of when death occurs, he said that for theological purposes, "Human life continues for as long as its vital functions, distinguished from the simple life of the organs, manifest themselves spontaneously without the help of artificial processes." He left the task of determining the exact instant of death to the physician.

Anesthesiologists attending the congress were of several faiths, but they all accepted the pope's views. Since neither the Hippocratic oath nor religious precept requires that doctors keep alive utterly helpless lung and heart systems which no longer can support a conscious man, it appears ironic that doctors, hospital space and equipment are sometimes devoted to this bitter task. THE END

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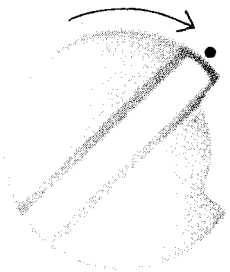

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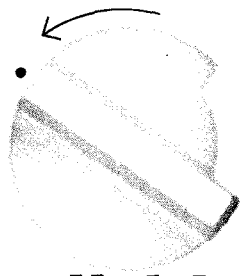

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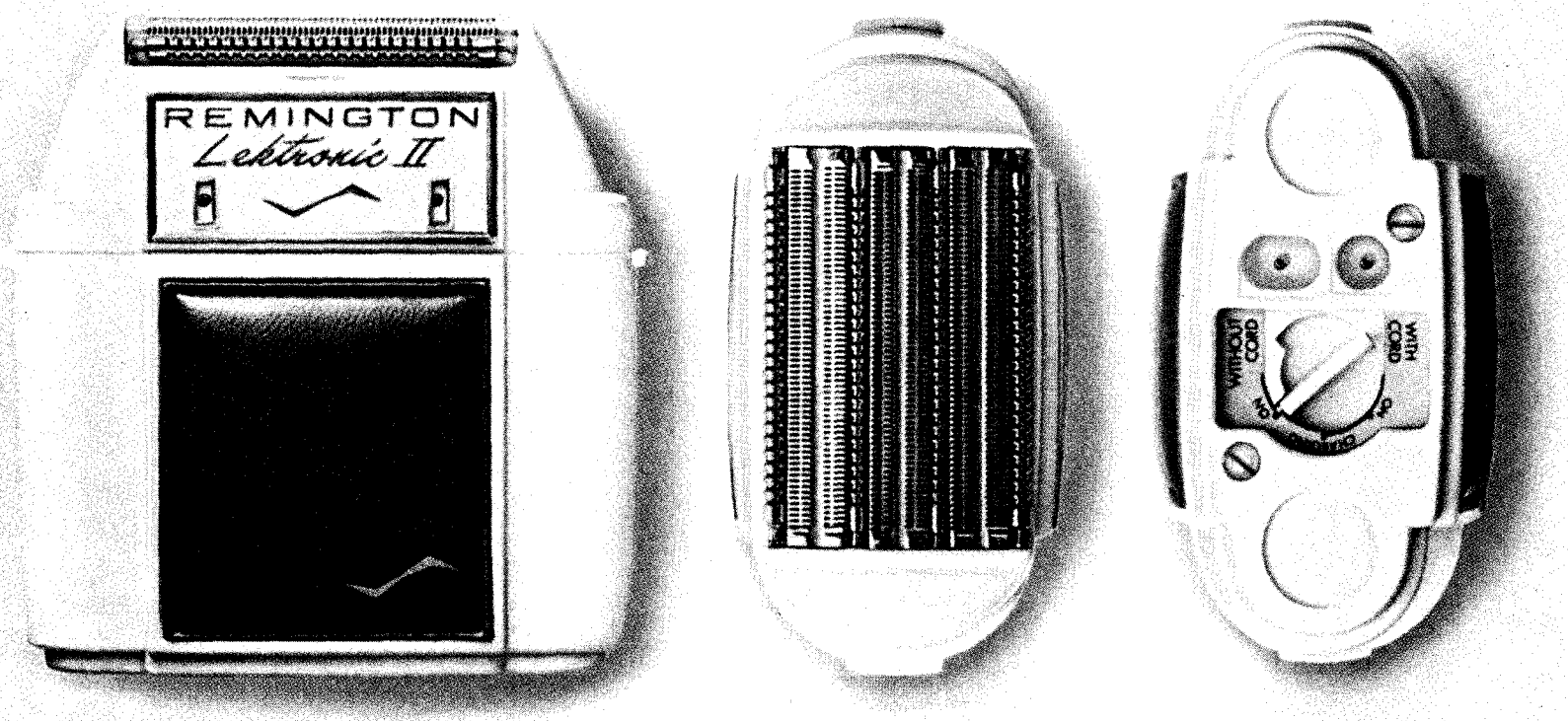

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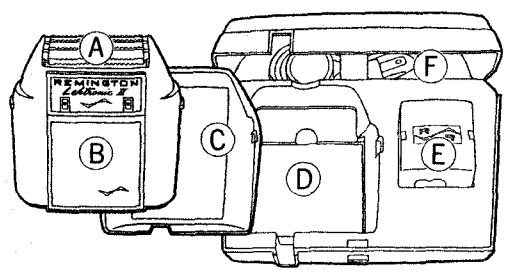

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The Saturday Evening POST
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GEORGE ROMNEY: The G.O.P.'s Fast Comer

A report on Michigan's extraordinary political newcomer whose winning ways have already cast him as a leading contender for the 1964 Republican Presidential nomination.

By STEWART ALSOP

George Romney, prophet of the compact car, Mormon Church leader and Republican candidate for governor of Michigan, is a most unusual politician. He is more than that. He is about as remarkable a political phenomenon as has appeared on the American scene in a couple of decades.

He has most-unusual personal customs and characteristics. For example, there is his odd habit of chasing three golf balls around a course near his home at dawn every day, in all weather short of deep snow. Or there is his habit of riding around Michigan in his pajamas, sound asleep on the horizontal folding seat of his Rambler and, according to his driver, snoring lustily. Then, on a higher level, there is his custom, which is certainly unusual, of embarking on a twenty-four-hour fast when confronted with an important decision.

But what makes George Romney a truly remarkable political phenomenon is one simple fact. He is already, two years in advance and holding no public office, a leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1964. What is more, in the view of some political observers—including this one—if he is elected governor of Michigan, Romney will be *the* leading candidate for the nomination. This despite the fact that there are certain reasons why he is by no means an ideal presidential candidate.

This Romney phenomenon, this sudden blossoming of the chief executive of a middle-rank corporation into a major national political figure, needs explaining. Part of the explanation is painfully obvious. In the private opinion of most Republican professionals no one is going to beat John F. Kennedy in 1964. Since somebody has to be the sacrificial lamb, there is an understandable tendency to let George do it.

But that is not the whole explanation of the Romney phenomenon. Another part of the explanation lies in Romney himself—above all in Romney's unique talent for transforming, indeed transmogrifying, essentially simple ideas.

Take, as an example, Romney's greatest achievement to date—his rescue of the beleaguered American Motors Corporation, which was tottering toward bankruptcy when he became its president in 1954 and which is now highly profitable. Romney's achievement was based on a simple idea—the idea that a lot of Americans might want to buy a smaller and more economical car than those being produced at the time by the big automobile companies.

To any other businessman this idea might have seemed just a good way to sell Rambler cars and make a profit. Not to Romney. The idea was transmogrified by Romney into a doctrine and a crusade—the doctrine of the "compact car," the crusade against the "gas-guzzling dinosaurs" produced by his competitors. Thus out of a simple idea Romney made something that was not only profitable but also new, glittering, exciting.

Romney's ideas about politics, economics and government are as uncomplicated and easy to grasp as the idea of the compact car, and some of them are by no means novel. But when Romney is talking about the need for "citizen participation in government," for example, which is one of his favorite ideas, or about the need to outlaw industry-wide collective bargaining, which is another favorite, he can make these ideas, too, sound new, glittering, exciting.

This peculiar talent is something the beleaguered Republican Party badly needs. And the thought is beginning to occur to a good many Republicans—among them former President Dwight Eisenhower, one of Romney's warmest admirers—that it is just conceivable that Romney might do for the Republican Party what he did for American Motors. This is the other part of the explanation of the Romney phenomenon.

The secret of the Romney talent for taking a rather ordinary idea and making it seem a revelation lies in his personality, which conveys an almost overpowering impression of earnestness, conviction and just plain goodness.

When I interviewed Romney recently, I found myself wondering why his face, which is handsome, expressive and curiously old-fashioned, looked so familiar. Then I saw why. Part Romney's hair in the middle, put a turtleneck sweater on him and a football under his arm, make him twenty-one instead of a remarkably well preserved fifty-four, and there you have a college hero of the era of Frank Merriwell at Yale—courageous, right-thinking, true blue. And Romney is all those things. There are times when Romney seems almost too good to be true.

Romney's personal magnetism advances his campaign for governor. Can it take him to that goal, and even far beyond?

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Romney's talent: Taking an ordinary idea and making it seem a revelation.

Romney stumps the state to rally party workers from small towns and rural areas. He counts on these traditional Republican strongholds to offset Democratic power in Detroit.

Not everybody likes George Romney. Like other businessmen-turned-politicians, he is extremely sensitive to press criticism. He is given to writing letters to editors or buttonholding publishers to protest a newspaper story. As a result Romney is not universally popular among Michigan newspapermen, who like to recite a rather scurrilous little verse about him, which goes in part:

I wear my silk pajamas in my Rambler when it's hot.
I wear them insulated in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall,
I jump into my compact car with nothing on at all.

Romney is frankly and loudly hated by at least one powerful political figure in Michigan—Gus Scholle, president of the AFL-CIO Council. Scholle's feelings about Romney are obviously personal as well as political. "He's as big a phony as ever hit this state," Scholle says, "and please quote me." But Scholle and the scoffers in the Michigan press corps are in the minority. Almost everybody else who knows Romney likes and admires him.

The pro-Romney majority even includes United Automobile Workers' President Walter Reuther, who has told mutual friends that he has respect and even affection for Romney as a human being. Reuther did everything he could to prevent Romney from running for governor. One reason is obvious: Romney has a better chance of being elected than any other Republican in Michigan and, if he wins, Reuther's fourteen years of dominant political power in Michigan will come to an abrupt end. But Reuther also gave one mutual friend another reason: He hated, he said, "to see George get cut up in politics."

Now that Romney is a candidate, Reuther and his allies and henchmen will do everything possible to defeat him, however badly Romney may be cut up in the process. There are national as well as local reasons why Reuther and company want to keep Romney out of big-time politics. "If George had his way," says one Michigan labor leader, "he'd cut our throats—in a nice way, of course." This is mere hyperbole, but when Romney talks about the "disease" of excessive union power, you can see why the union men want to nip his political career in the bud.

An Overpowering Earnestness of Manner

It is difficult to reproduce the way Romney talks in cold print, because print does not convey the overpowering earnestness of his manner. "My natural tendency is toward intensity," he says. "When we were first married, my wife Lenore kept telling me to calm down, but now she realizes that's just the way I am. If I get into a discussion, I get into an intense discussion."

Like other intense and persuasive men (the name of Lyndon Johnson comes to mind) Romney seems to feel a need to grasp some portion of the anatomy of the object of his persuasion. During a drive of an hour and a half from Lansing to Detroit, in the back of a Rambler, Romney had hold of my right foot most of the time—I had crossed my right leg over my left knee. To emphasize his points, Romney would give my foot a vigorous shake.

There were certain points he emphasized with a particularly vigorous footshake. Since talking to him, I have read a good many of his speeches and a number of interviews with other reporters. Again and again the same basic ideas I heard on that drive in the Rambler appear. The Romney credo boils down to five basic Romneyisms. When he talks of other matters, Romney is occasionally fuzzy and unclear. But when he is Romneyizing, he is always articulate, always filled with a passionate conviction.

Romneyism No. 1 is that the American political system is "divinely inspired." Romney believes this, quite literally and simply, as part of his Mormon faith. To some interviewers he has quoted the Mormon leader Joseph Smith to prove the divine inspiration of "our basic political and social instruments." Because our system is divinely inspired, it is destined to spread over the earth and "remove peoples everywhere from bondage."

This Romneyism No. 1 is the basic Romneyism, the belief to which all his other convictions are related. More than with most men, Romney's convictions derive directly from his personal history.

Romney's Mormon grandfather had four wives and thirty children. His father, who was monogamous, settled with a group of Mormons from the Southwest in Colonia Dublan, in Mexico, about fifteen years before George was born—his Mexican birth raises some constitutional questions about his eligibility for the presidency. When Romney was five years old, the Mormon settlers were chased out of Mexico by Pancho Villa. Thereafter, growing up in Idaho and Utah, Romney was taught that his religion was the most important thing in his life. In 1927, twenty-year-old George Romney went to England and Scotland to spend two years preaching his Mormon faith. Not even Gus Scholle doubts the deep sincerity of that faith.

Religion: The Key to the Candidate

"The more you see of George Romney," says one who sees a lot of him, "the more you realize his religion is the key to the man. If he does something unusual, you can be pretty sure he's just doing what *The Book of Mormon* says."

A friend recalls a dinner-table conversation between Romney and an American Motors vice president at the time of the company's greatest trouble. Romney was ebullient, bursting with confidence in the company's future.

"But George," the vice president broke in, "look at the figures. What's going to save the company?"

"God," replied Romney without a moment's hesitation. "He meant it too," the friend explains. "The way George sees it, God is on the side of people trying to do an honest job, and He won't let them down." As this suggests, Mormonism helps to explain Romney's unshakable confidence in George Romney, which is one of his most marked characteristics.

Mormonism explains a lot of other things about Romney. It explains those dawn rounds of one-man, three-ball golf. The body, according to Mormon precepts, is the "temple of the spirit," and Romney is determined to keep his spirit's temple in good repair. His religion explains that too-good-to-be-true quality which irritates scoffers. In accordance with Mormon precepts Romney will touch no stimulant, not even tea, and he gives a tenth of his big income to the church. Mormonism also explains probably the best known incident of Romney's career so far—his twenty-four hours of fasting and prayer before he announced last February his decision to run for governor.

For weeks previously, Romney had been making audible political noises, and almost everybody assumed that he had already made up his mind to run. When Romney's fast hit the headlines, it looked like an act. "The big clown," said Gus Scholle, "he thinks he has a private pipeline to God."

The fast wasn't an act. Romney really had not made up his mind to run. Once before, early in 1960, everybody had expected Romney to announce his candidacy, that time for the Senate, and Romney had withdrawn at the last moment. His close friends insist that Romney might have made the same sort of last-minute decision not to run after his day of fasting. As for the fast, Romney was "just doing what the book of Mormon says." "It is the regular practice of people of my faith to fast and pray before an important decision," Romney explains. When alert reporters found out about the Romney fast, and the story hit the headlines, Romney was hurt and angry. "It was a private thing, a personal thing," he says.

But although the famous fast was not an act, it looked like an act. Mention Romney's name these days, and someone is likely to bring up "that fasting act." The net effect was certainly bad medicine for Romney politically. There are other reasons, as we shall see, why Mormonism is not an ideal religion for a potential presidential candidate. The fact remains that his faith is central to all his thinking, political and otherwise.

So much for Romneyism No. 1. Romneyism No. 2 is its counterpoint. Despite its divine inspiration, Romney believes that the American system is endangered. The danger springs from the fact that "the political parties are not run by citizens any more—they're run by the special-

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After a day of fasting and prayer last February, Romney announced his candidacy for governor. A student volunteer (left) approved.

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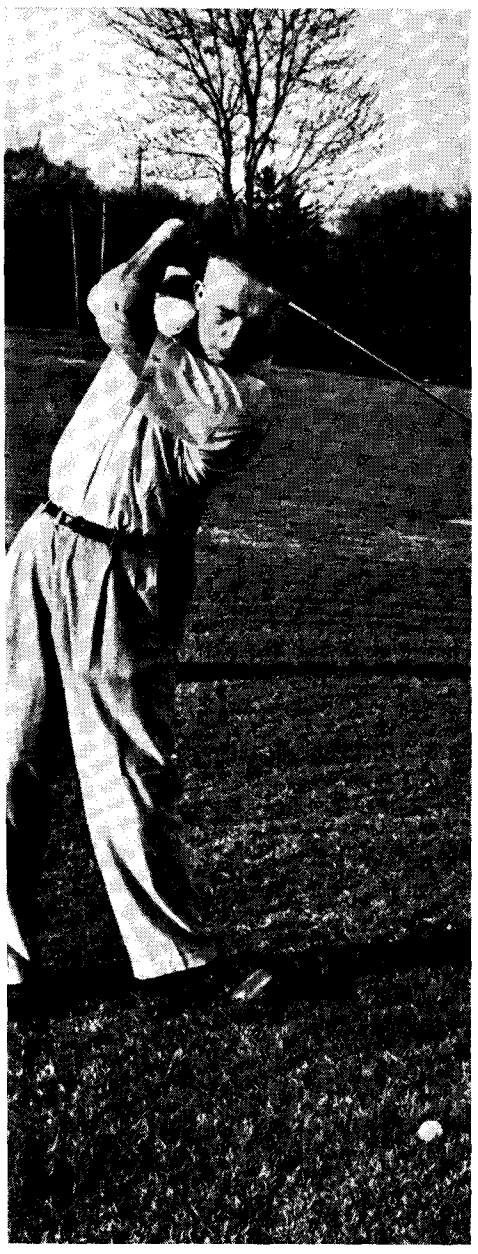
"My natural tendency," says the hard-driving candidate, "is toward intensity."



Romney gets set for a wallop during a seven A.M. round of golf on a course near his home. His game is a "compact eighteen holes": He plays six holes with three balls.

interest groups, and that's *wrong*." Underlying this conviction is a rather De Gaulle-like distrust of political parties and politicians. "Unfortunately," Romney said on a television program in February, "politics has developed a very low status in our society. The ethics of people engaged in politics has been on the low side."

Again, as always with Romney, it is easy to find in Romney's personal history the point of origin of this second Romneyism. In 1929, after his stint as a missionary, Romney went to Washington in pursuit of his childhood sweetheart, Lenore LaFount, whose father held an appointment under Hoover. The pursuit was eventually successful, although Romney had to follow Lenore to the West Coast before he finally persuaded her to marry him. He now says that this was "the best selling job I ever did in my life." No doubt it was—Lenore Romney is a woman of great charm and, like the four attractive Romney children, she certainly will be a major political asset.

A Rude Shock to Youthful Idealism

Wooing Lenore in Washington, Romney needed a job. He answered a want ad and as a result found himself working as an assistant to Sen. David Walsh, a Massachusetts Democrat. This sudden, firsthand exposure to the political realities came as a rude shock to the idealistic boy who had been brought up to believe that the American political system was divinely inspired. "The differences between the parties weren't really based on principle," he says, his voice still ringing with indignation at the memory. "The differences were sectional or economic or based on special interests, and that's *wrong*."

Romney's indictment of the political parties includes his own—or did until recently. The Republican Party in Michigan, he says, has been run by the Michigan manufacturers, just as the Democratic Party has been run by the unions. But there is good hope, he maintains, that the Republican Party can be transformed into a "real citizens' party"—there is no such hope for the Democrats.

Romneyism No. 3, which embodies the Romney cure for the "low status" of politics, envisages "voluntary cooperation" and "citizens' participation" in the affairs of state. These two phrases, which are among Romney's favorites, begin to appear in the clips about Romney in the Detroit newspaper files of the war and early postwar period.

Romney moved to Detroit in 1939, after a few Washington years as a representative for the Aluminum Company of America. From 1939 to 1948 he worked for the Automobile Manufacturers Association, most of the time as general manager. During the war he was director of the Automotive Council for War Production, and this experience of "voluntary cooperation" and "citizens' participation" still greatly influences his thinking.

Romneyism No. 4 also dates from this period as a trade-association representative. Romneyism No. 4 is that the American economic system is not capitalism—it is "consumerism." Consumerism, Romney says, provides "economic choice," which is the economic counterpart to democracy—just as the voter can choose between candidates, so the buyer can choose between products.

Romneyism No. 5 is that the economic system of consumerism is endangered, just as the political system is endangered. The danger springs from the "enormous aggregations of power" in both the labor unions and the big industries. These aggregations of private power threaten to destroy the right of the citizen to economic choice. They also undermine local initiative, invite Federal intervention in the economy (as in the steel-price battle) and lead to "statism."

In the old robber-baron days, Romney says, the private power of big business was excessive. Even today, he believes, where one corporation—he cites General Motors as an example—threatens to dominate an industry, it should be split up in a "nonpunitive" way. But he believes that the real threat to "consumerism" springs from the power of the unions to call industry-wide strikes.

"The labor laws are premised on the principle of monopoly," he says, "and the antitrust laws are premised on the principle of competition. As a result, there are no limits put on collective bargaining." This creates an imbalance which is threatening the American economy. The cure is to outlaw all industry-wide bargaining—"if there is a strike against Bethlehem Steel, say, it ought to be run by the workers of that company, not by outsiders." At the same time the antitrust laws should be administered in such a "nonpunitive" way as to ensure competition in the major industries.

I asked Romney, on that drive in the Rambler, whether he wasn't opposing the irreversible trend of the times toward greater concentrations of power.

"Well, I don't say there is this one way to do it and there is no other way," he said. "All I say is, there are two problems. One is the problem of industry-wide bargaining, which gives the unions monopoly power. The other is the problem of getting real competition in the marketplace. All I say is you've got to find solutions to these problems, or the competitive system, the mainspring of our system of consumerism, will break down. The only alternative to free competition is absolute authority, statism. America has grown because of competition, the division of power—that's why I've always fought excess power, private or public." At this point he gave my foot a particularly vigorous shake.

This fifth and final Romneyism obviously reflects several periods in his career. His job with Alcoa, as he says, got him thinking about the problem of monopoly and the antitrust laws because in those days Alcoa was frequently under attack as a monopoly. He got a good many of his ideas about labor during the war and postwar period. In 1946 he said that union labor was "exhibiting many of the monopolistic traits as diseased and contagious as those which characterized the industrial picture during the robber-baron era"—which is essentially what he says today. It is easy to see why Gus Scholle, who is an all-out union man and who was Romney's opposite number for labor in wartime, disliked Romney from the start.

Romneyism No. 5, which will certainly be Romney's main talking point if he ever runs for President, obviously began to take on final form during the years when Romney was first heir apparent and then president of American Motors. The experience of being hedged in between the power of Reuther's great auto union and the two giant companies, General Motors and Ford, certainly influenced his ideas about "vast agglomerations of private power."

You may make what you will of Romney and his Romneyisms. A union man dismisses him as a "shallow man trying to think deep." An auto executive who knows him well—and who is no fool—strongly believes that Romney has the stuff in him to lead not only Michigan but America out of a time of troubles.

Romney Sidesteps the Question

When asked whether he considers himself a liberal or a conservative, Romney ducks the question. By any generally accepted standard, the answer to the question is that he is a conservative. What he says, in effect, is that, because "our labor laws are based on the principle of monopoly," labor is getting too big a slice of the national economic pie—and that is certainly a conservative position. That is also why Reuther and his allies are marshaling all their forces to beat Romney in November, while most of the auto executives—including those of General Motors, which Romney has said should be split up—are pro-Romney. But in Romney's mouth, conservatism has a certain freshness which it lacks in the mouth of, for example, Sen. Barry Goldwater. Moreover, Romney has a knack for translating his ideas, whether about compact cars or about "citizens' participation," into reality.

Take, for example, "Citizens for Michigan." Romney has been the heart and soul of this nonpartisan, better-government outfit. Such organizations usually accomplish zero. But Citizens for Michigan has accomplished a great deal. Its chief accomplishment has been the calling of a Constitutional Convention, in which George Romney has been the dominant figure, with the object of ending the government paralysis which is built into the state constitution.

Citizens for Michigan has accomplished a great deal for one main reason. With a big assist from American

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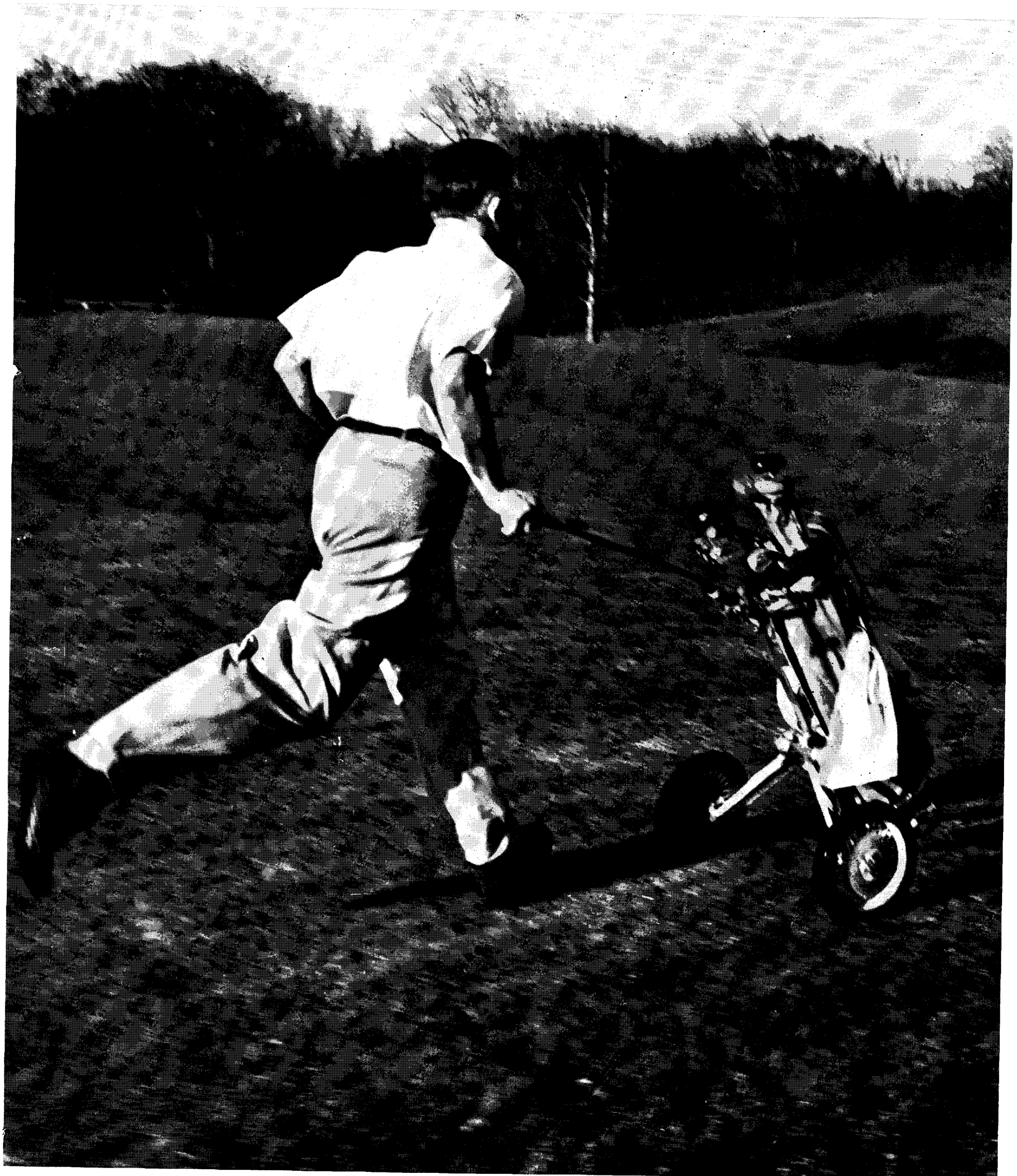

Hustling a golf cart toward his next shot, Romney vigorously observes the Mormon precept to maintain a fit body as "the temple of the spirit."

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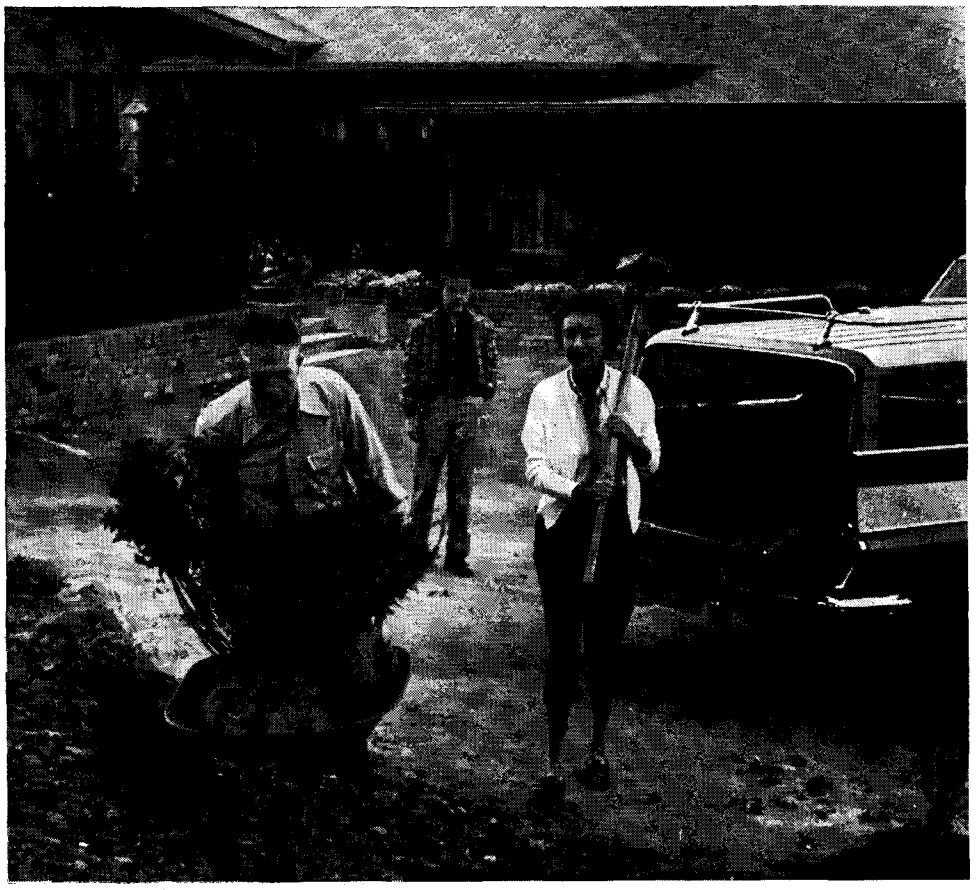

Before he entered politics Romney had time to work in his yard. "I couldn't help wondering," says the author, "if these people really know what they might be in for."

The candidate and his wife Lenore at home with their married daughters Jane (kneeling) and Lynn, their sons-in-law, grandchildren and son Mitt (standing). The Romneys' older son Scott (not shown) is a Mormon missionary in England, as was his father. Since Romney started on the campaign trail, such family gatherings are rare.

Motors vice president Ed Cushman, who is Romney's closest friend and who is also a friend of Reuther, Romney persuaded Reuther that the U.A.W. should be represented in Citizens for Michigan. Reuther agreed to this "voluntary cooperation" over the bitter opposition of Gus Scholle, who predicted that Romney would use Citizens for Michigan to promote his own political career. Since Romney announced his candidacy, Scholle has been saying, "I told you so." But other labor leaders do not believe that Romney planned to use Citizens for Michigan to advance his political ambitions.

"Sure, George is ambitious," one of them says. "When he sees the brass ring coming round, he can't help grabbing for it. But he didn't plan it that way."

There are three possible brass rings in Romney's future: the governorship of Michigan, the Republican presidential nomination, the presidency itself. What chance has he of grabbing them?

Among Washington commentators, there is a tendency to assume that Romney is already as good as governor. Not so in Michigan, where Romney's friends and enemies agree that Romney is the underdog, in his contest with the Democratic Party's youthful incumbent, Gov. John Swainson. In that contest Romney starts behind a whole series of eight balls. His religion is one. *The Book of Mormon* rules that Negroes as the "sons of Ham" and an accursed race, are not eligible for the priesthood. Romney says that "I have always opposed discrimination and favored civil rights," and he can prove it.

But pink sheets on Romney and Mormonism are beginning to circulate already in the Negro areas of Detroit, and this will do Romney no good among Detroit's huge Negro population. The fact that Romney is not a veteran is another eight ball. Swainson left both legs behind in Europe, during World War II, and he likes to point out that there are more than 1,000,000 veterans in Michigan.

Like Richard Nixon in California and Nelson Rockefeller in New York, Romney also has a hard core of embittered right-wingers to contend with. His problem is complicated by the fact that the Republican conservatives from the overrepresented rural districts forced him to compromise, in the Constitutional Convention, on certain issues, particularly on the vital issue of reapportionment. Romney's compromises could cost him the votes of independents and Democrats.

A Republican vs. Democratic Majorities

Those are the votes he desperately needs. For Romney's biggest eight ball is the simple fact that, in Michigan as in the nation, the Democratic Party is now the majority party by a healthy margin. Thus Romney, to win, must cut into the great Democratic majorities in the cities—above all, heavily unionized Detroit, where the labor vote is decisive. It will be hard for the Democrats and their union allies to picture Romney as viciously anti-labor, in view of the fact that Reuther himself called the 1961 American Motors-U.A.W. contract "the most significant and historic collective-bargaining agreement ever signed in the United States." But Romney is a Republican and a corporation president, and that may be enough to ensure the normal Democratic majority in the unionized cities.

Against these drawbacks must be balanced the support of most of the press, Romney's reputation as a public-spirited citizen, his attractive personality and perhaps above all his messianic powers as a salesman of his ideas. Most observers in Michigan believe the balance is slightly against Romney—say, six to five.

If he is elected governor, what are his chances for the presidential nomination? That will depend in part, of course, on the record he makes as governor. But as one of his friends says, "George has a real genius for getting things moving," and Michigan, like American Motors when Romney took over, has nowhere to move but up.

Romney's chances for the nomination will also depend on the line he takes on foreign and defense-policy issues, which these days are the overriding issues. Romney is less detailed and articulate when talking about these issues than he is when he is preaching his Romneyisms. And yet

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there is one clear theme visible in almost everything he has said about foreign policy. Take three Romney quotes to illustrate this theme.

In 1947, when the Marshall Plan was first announced, Romney returned from a trip abroad to state that the European nations would "need the American concept of competitive, cooperative capitalism more than dollars, materials or machines."

In 1949, in an address at the University of Utah, Romney asserted, "scoffers and doubters to the contrary," that "America was discovered, the Constitution written and the West settled . . . as part of a Divine Plan to remove peoples everywhere from bondage." In 1959 he used again almost the same words in another speech in Utah.

In 1960, in an address to a Kiwanis convention, he asked the rhetorical question: "Is it coexistence and accommodation or is it victory and a worldwide application of our principles that we believe in?"

"The American Concept" in Foreign Policy

As these words suggest, Romney's foreign-policy thinking goes back in its essentials to Romneyism No. 1—the Mormon thesis that the divinely inspired American system will lead to the adoption of "the American concept," and the "worldwide application of our principles" will in the end "remove peoples everywhere from bondage." Romney is as convinced that the American system is destined to prevail throughout the earth as Khrushchev is convinced of the inevitable global triumph of Communism.

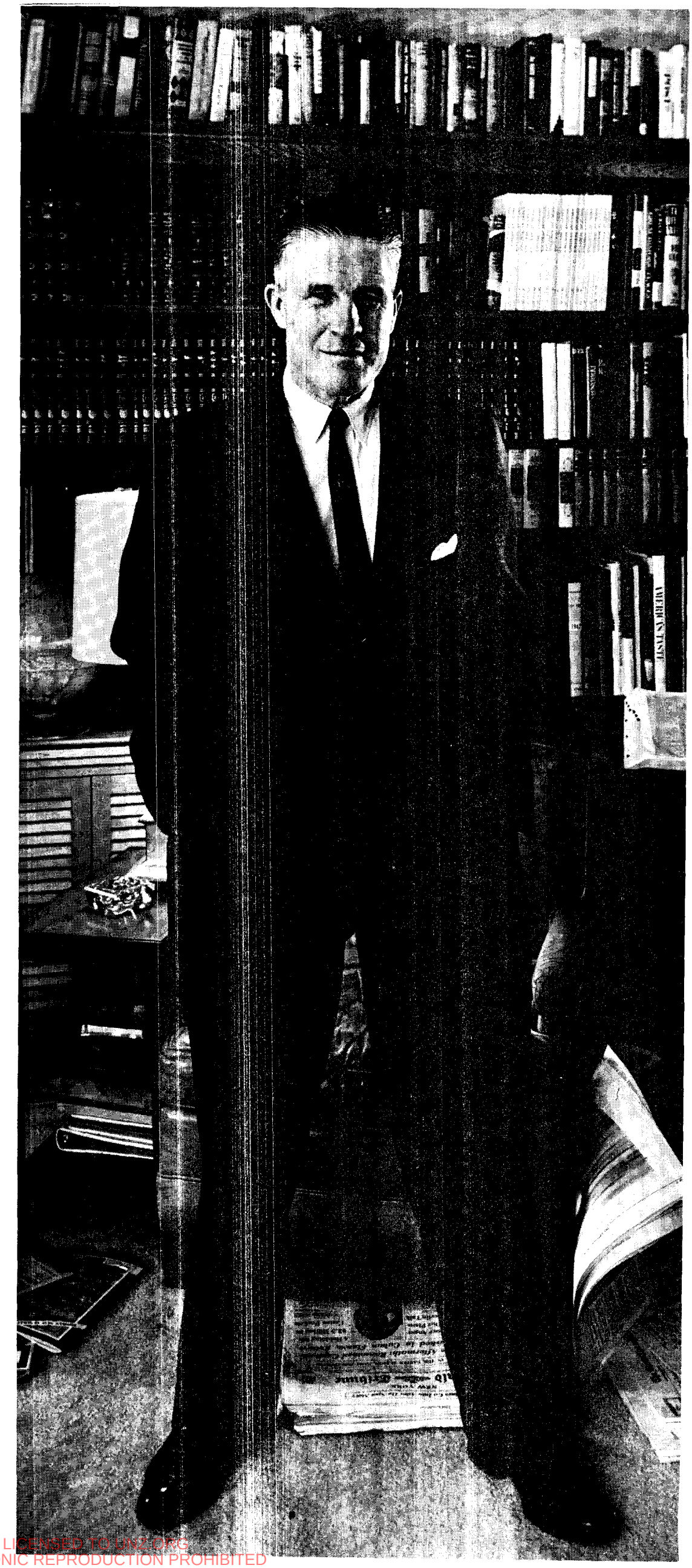
If Romney becomes a serious presidential aspirant, his foreign-policy line will predictably be based on Romneyism No. 1. The details remain to be filled in—it is hard, for example, to see just how "our principles" are to be applied to such complex situations as those in Berlin or Southeast Asia. But given Romney's evangelical fervor, this basic Romney theme might be a surprisingly effective one. His lack of experience in foreign policy is now the greatest bar to a Romney presidential candidacy. Yet if Romney turns this drawback into an asset, it will not be the first time he has done so. Romney has other drawbacks as a potential presidential candidate—his Mexican birth, the Negro-Mormon equation, his big-business background. And yet my guess is that, if Romney is elected Governor of Michigan and no new face suddenly emerges to fill the Republican vacuum, the odds actually favor his getting the Republican presidential nomination—say, six to five.

What chance would he then have of beating John F. Kennedy? One in five? Or is that too generous? In any case, Romney is a very long shot indeed, as far as reaching the White House in 1964 is concerned.

When I said good-bye to George Romney and his wife in their suburban house, after that drive from Lansing, the scene was cheerful. The Romney house is unpretentious, aseptically neat, and two laughing grandchildren clung to Mrs. Romney's skirts. But I couldn't help wondering if these people really knew what they might be in for.

Big business—in Detroit especially—has been likened to a jungle. But the struggle in that jungle is less fierce and surely less painfully public than the struggle in the jungle of big-time national politics, where the stakes are not control of a company, but control of a nation. It was easy to imagine what might lie ahead for this oddly naïve and idealistic businessman and his pretty, rather shy wife—the loss of peace and privacy, the physical exhaustion, the moments of heady triumph, and at the end, more probably than not, the moment of bitter failure before the watching world.

But no one can really predict what may lie ahead for George Romney, who is a most remarkable fellow with a habit of coming out on top. He has certain great political assets. There is that earnestness, which leads everyone but Gus Scholle to call him "sincere," and that visible goodness. Visible sincerity and goodness are huge political assets, as Eisenhower proved. Add that curious talent for transmogrifying simple ideas and that "intensity" which makes Romney eager to play David to any Goliath who happens along, and you have a politician who could go far—who could even, just conceivably, in 1968 if not in 1964, go as far as any politician can go. THE END



Romney's "visible sincerity and goodness" plus rugged good looks may provide the voter appeal he needs to win.

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Washington hostesses serve their national specialties as

Diplomatic Delicacies

By PATRICIA CAHN

A candle-lit buffet table at the Finnish Embassy lures top Washington officials: at center, Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark.

One day last October eight young women darted about the kitchen of the Embassy of Nigeria in Washington, D.C., concocting African delicacies to be served that night at the new nation's first anniversary party. The women, wives of embassy officers, had worked for days in the newly purchased embassy preparing the African specialties. The ambassador's wife, Mrs. J. M. Udochi, although expecting a baby at any moment, had worked in the kitchen almost continuously until late the night before the party. She then was hurried off to the hospital to give birth to her third child.

The kitchen was a kaleidoscopic blur as the women, dressed in their flowing, brightly colored Nigerian gowns, completed their preparations. Two of the women ground black-eyed peas in an electric blender while another beat the pea-and-spice mixture and dropped it by spoonfuls into hot fat from which it emerged in puffy, egg-shaped *akara*. The embassy cook, a Jamaican woman, was frying thin slices of bananalike plantain and piling them on paper toweling to crisp. Great pots of jollof rice were being prepared by other wives, and bite-size, delicately sweet cooky-like *chin-chin* were already piled in silver serving dishes.

At six P.M. the embassy residence was crowded with diplomats from almost a hundred nations. The standard catered items like roast beef, turkey and shrimp were passed over lightly by the guests. And if the rate at which the platters of homemade *akara*, jollof rice, plantain chips and *chin-chin* were emptied and refilled is any measure, Nigeria's first birthday party was a diplomatic success.

Every day at least half of the 102 embassies and legations in Washington, D.C., put on affairs ranging from formal dinners to breakfasts, coffees, brunches, lunches, teas, cocktail receptions or after-theater suppers. Each throws a whing-ding on its country's national holiday; and every time a visiting potentate—or camel driver—comes to town there is a round of festivities. The heavy schedule builds up competition among embassies to lure officials to their parties and make the occasions outstanding enough to create goodwill for their country. And more often than not, it is the hostess herself who makes the bid for distinction by preparing the specialties of the house.

At the Paraguayan Embassy, the ambassador's wife, Mrs. Juan Plate, takes pride in the fact that the entire menu, from the hors d'oeuvres to the after-dinner chocolates, is always home-prepared.

"In my country it is considered much more elegant if everything is homemade," says Mrs. Plate.

"Homemade" is hardly the term to describe her culinary works of art. At a recent tea for wives of ambassadors and State Department officials, the long dining table was spread with more than fifty kinds of delicacies which Mrs. Plate had spent three days preparing. There were tiny croquettes, puffy crab-filled pastries, exquisitely decorated candies, each in its own gold or silver foil cup, handmade by the hostess.

"I like it best when my husband entertains men," says Mrs. Plate. "Then I can stay in the kitchen and make everything perfect."

The wife of Thailand's Ambassador Visutr Arthayukti is another artist with foods. She performs magic with vegetables, and her masterpieces are to be seen rather than eaten. Mrs. Arthayukti transforms such mundane garden staples as carrots, summer squash and cucumbers into exotic "floral" arrangements.

"It is traditional in Thailand for Siamese young ladies to study the art of vegetable arranging," said Mrs. Arthayukti as she showed me the buffet table centerpiece she had made for a reception. Carrots were intricately carved to resemble lilies, summer squash were dressed up to look like lotus blossoms with stamens made of tiny carrot sticks. Asparagus tips gave height and form to the arrangement, and cabbage leaves were carved into lacy fanlike designs.

The young ambassador of Iran, Ardeshir Zahedi, and his wife treat guests to an exotic atmosphere complete with flute music, rich Persian rugs and foods from Iran. But last summer, while his wife was in Europe, the ambassador surprised his guests by personally grilling chicken and veal kebabs at an outdoor party.

The large buffet table was heaped with Persian delicacies, including crunchy white rice with walnut sauce, meat patties and Ambassador Zahedi's *pièce de résistance*, brought sizzling from the charcoal grill: veal marinated in a mixture of sour cream, onion juice and spices, and chicken marinated in lemon and onion juice. The skewered strips of meat were grilled one minute per side over the smoking charcoal.

The guests gathered around huge brass trays and sat on pillows placed on the exquisite Persian rugs which covered the flagstone patio. The more adventuresome mixed butter and a raw egg into their steaming hot rice and sipped a drink made of yoghurt, soda water and fresh mint.

At the Embassy of Ghana specialties such as peanut soup have added to the popularity of dinners. When I asked her how she makes peanut soup, Mrs. W. M. Q. Halm, wife of the Ghanaian ambassador, said, "I cannot tell you how I do it. You come and I will show you."

On the morning I arrived at the embassy the butler showed me into the kitchen where Mrs. Halm and three of her daughters were preparing a chicken and other ingredients for the soup. Mrs. Halm began by dumping a pint of smooth peanut butter into a saucepan. She added boiling water and stirred the mixture over a medium flame.

I asked how much water she used. "Oh, never mind the amount," Mrs. Halm replied; "you just put some in and you must be stirring, stirring, stirring."

"Peggy," she called to her eldest daughter, "I must have a longer spoon." Peggy brought a stainless-steel spoon.

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Halm. "Bring a *ginginchou*."

Peggy then brought a long, slender hand-carved implement with a slightly *(Continued on page 60)*

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At the Peruvian Embassy Ambassador and Mrs. Fernando Berckemeyer (right) receive their guests in an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Their French-trained chef Stanley Baudon (background) prepares "the most impressive dinners in the diplomatic corps." Few would disagree.

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Homespun Girl: Seldom since the era of the gingham frock and the butter churn has Indiana seen the likes of home-economics student Linda Markins, 21. Judged one of the country's six outstanding 4-H Club members—among 2,300,000—Linda last fall won a silver tray for "achievement" and went to Washington two months ago to report on 4-H accomplishments to the Under Secretary of Agriculture. An only child in what her mother calls "a common-run, ordinary family," Linda grew up in Gaston, Indiana (pop. 900), where her father manages a farm-implement store. At eleven her baking won a blue ribbon at the Indiana State Fair; since then she has collected a wallful of ribbons and awards—not only for homemaking but for skills in such dissimilar fields as electricity, forestry and photography. Now a junior at Purdue University, with close to a straight-A average, Linda hopes "to try my hand in journalism, as a food or fashion editor." She will know whereof she writes: In twelve years of 4-H work Linda has whipped together 173 garments—including the dress she's wearing here—and has canned 2731 jars of food. PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY.

Tele-Professor: Brimming with animation, TV teacher George Fischbeck, 39, makes science exciting for 18,000 New Mexican schoolchildren. On his four programs a week, beamed from Albuquerque to classrooms across half the state, George jokes and wiggles his moustache to pep up topics like Metamorphic Rocks and Inorganic Compounds. "Get children to smile," he says, "and you can teach them anything." Three years before the camera have made George a showman. "I don't like to boast," he says, "but I've had more experiments flop than anybody around. The kids love it." And almost effortlessly they absorb large amounts of information. In 1961 Ohio State U. named George the best general-science teacher on television. As a boy, the son of a New Jersey farmer, George had no interest in science. He became an electrician; then, in 1942, a GI. After the war he drifted from Maine to Hawaii, pursuing, at a half dozen colleges, his interest of the moment—engineering, fine arts, business. "None of it was wasted," says George. "Every day some part of what I learned helps me." He won a B.A. and an M.A. at the University of New Mexico and in 1950 settled down to teaching general science at an Albuquerque junior high school. George lives near the school with his wife and six-year-old twin boy and girl. "Our home is pueblo style," he says. "You know, a mud house." He teaches at school in the morning, hops over to the local educational TV station in the afternoon to tape a show. One set of programs is for sixth-graders, one for ninth. "When the classroom teacher is on chemistry," George says, "we're on chemistry. But no teacher has to use us. We aren't usurping the teacher's right to teach—just helping out." Most teachers are grateful for the help; so are the youngsters. Wrote one admirer: "I'm 48 inches tall, weigh 67 pounds and watch you with all my might!" PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK FIELDS.

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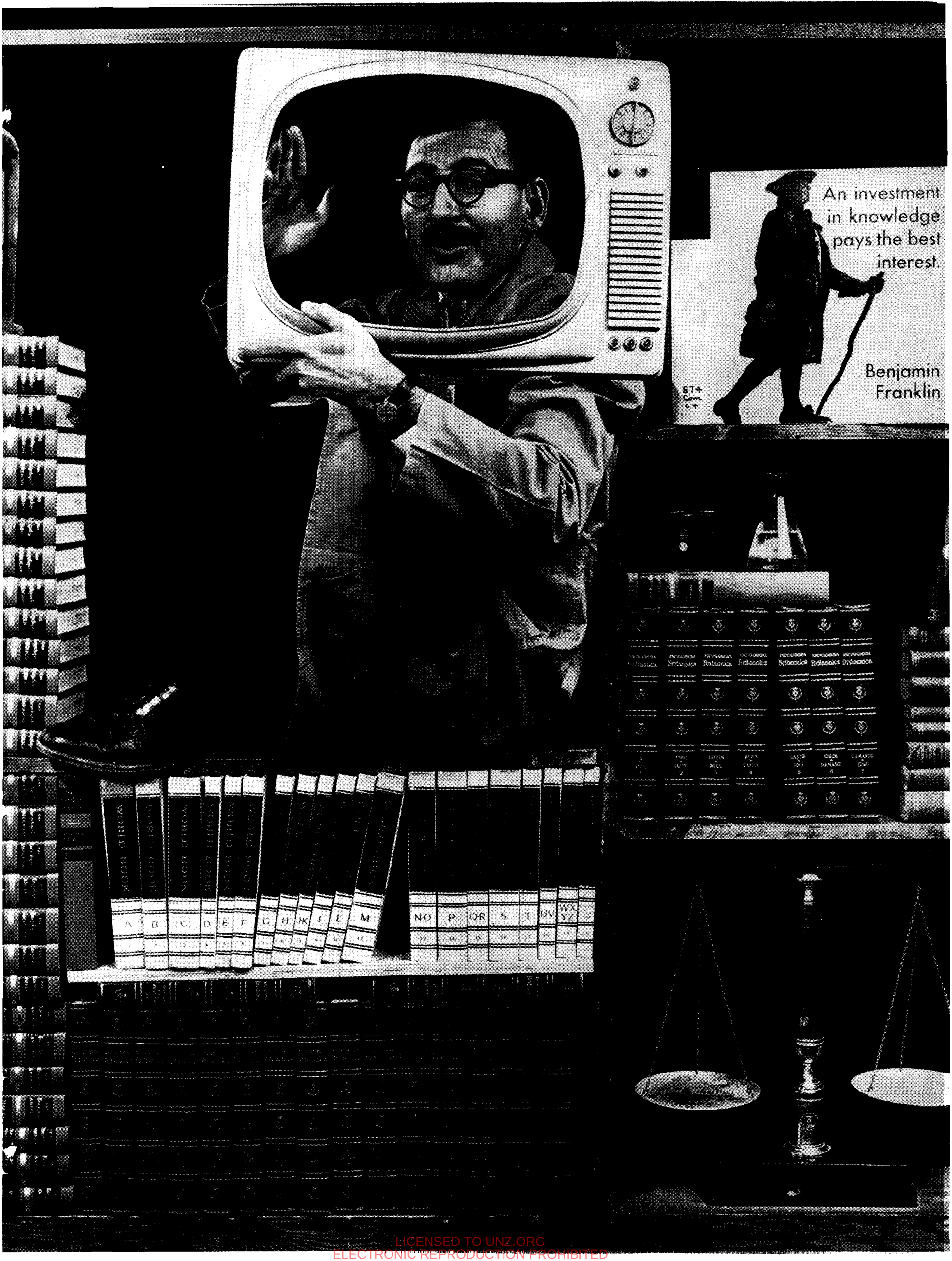
An investment in knowledge pays the best interest.
Benjamin Franklin
WORLD BOOK
ENCYCLOPEDIA Britannica
A B C D E F G H I J K L M NO P QR S T UV WX YZ

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Polo Whiz: Thundering over the playing field, Mark Cunningham, 15, rides on the ball in a practice romp at Valley Forge (Pa.) Military Academy. Awarded a two-goal indoor rating by the U. S. Polo Association (ratings are expressed in scoring handicaps; ten goals is tops), Mark is the youngest rated polo player in the country. As a plebe at Valley Forge this year he scored 83 goals, nearly doubling the school's individual scoring record, once racked up 11 goals in one game. "He's head and shoulders above any player I've coached," says ex-cavalry officer Bud Fischer, Valley Forge's polo coach. "I've never seen a rider his age with better coordination of his mount and mallet." Shy and reticent afoot, Mark turns fearlessly bold on horseback. "Mark and I both play an aggressive, all-out game," says his father, Washington, D.C., business executive T. Halter Cunningham. (Last fall father and son played opposite each other for the first time, and dad outscored Mark, 5–3. In January, with three more months of competitive experience, Mark again met his dad, outshot him, 4–2.) Mark learned to ride at age 5, began playing polo on his family's farm near Germantown, Md., when he was 10. A fair student, Mark concentrates mostly on polo, plans to pick a college that has a polo team. Around girls he is overcome with shyness. "But," he says, "if I could find one who played polo, it might help." PHOTOGRAPH BY GUS PASQUARELLA.

Washington Impresario: Backed by a trio of her seasoned actors, producer-director Zelda Fichandler, 37, presents capital drama to Capital theatergoers. Raved a *New York Times* reviewer of the theater Zelda founded: "New York may pride itself on the richness and variety of its theatrical fare, but it has no permanent company to compare with Arena Stage." Boston-born Zelda grew up in Washington, majored in Russian at Cornell, took graduate work in economics and drama at George Washington U. In her last year of study she determined to do something about "the dismal situation" of the theater in Washington. With a group of enthusiasts, including her husband Tom (an economist) and her drama professor, she borrowed money, rented a small movie house and turned it into a square theater-in-the-round. The first Arena Stage production, *She Stoops to Conquer*, opened in August, 1950. It was a hit, and the Arena was on its way, with Zelda in command. Later Zelda floated a $225,000 bond issue, raised enough more from banks and foundations to build an $800,000 theater, the first new playhouse erected in Washington since 1895. It opened last fall. Although Zelda now has a full staff—including her husband, who quit his job in 1960 to become administrative director—she checks on every detail: "Only one person can make the decisions." She reserves as many evenings as possible for her two sons and for reading. "By nature I'm a student," she says. "I want the time I spend to feed me in some way." Her ambitious goal: "an acting company in the grand tradition of the Old Vic." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS.

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BY MICHAEL SHAARA

Partisan

He had left her to the mercy of the enemy. Could he hope to find her unchanged?

He crossed over the border at Trieste. He was driving a white Mercedes registered in Italy, but he was an American. He stood under a great white concrete star while they checked his passport—the sight of the thing, monolithic, slope-shouldered, not at all like American stars, made him slightly uneasy.

He had never been in a Communist country before. The customs officers were silent and unsmiling, but polite. They did not check his car or his luggage. He saw other tourists come up to the gate, three Germans in a Volkswagen. One got out and wanted to take pictures, but the guard shook his head and became suddenly quietly uncivil, and their car was searched. It was still standing there when the American drove off. No one wished him a pleasant stay in Yugoslavia.

He drove south to Rijeka. It was a new asphalt road, and he made good time. The country was rocky, hilly, very poor. He began to see extensive ruins, the first he had seen in Europe. All along the road there were roofless stone houses, sometimes alone in gray, barren fields, sometimes in clusters of three and four. The American knew something about this; he had fought here during the war. There had been bitter partisan action in these hills, and the Germans had fought back with reprisals. And of course the Germans were always thorough. No one came back after the war to rebuild, because there was no one left. When the Germans suspected a house of partisan activity, they came and shot everyone in it and then satchel-charged the house. They did that sometimes to whole villages. When the roofs blew off, the gray walls still stood, and the American passed them now one after another—dumb, murdered ruins with bushes growing inside. In the cool, gray stillness of the day he felt a gathering chill. He was beginning to remember.

His name was Lawrence Bell. In that summer of 1960 he was forty years old. At the beginning of the war he had been twenty-one. He went into the first-formed paratroop division, served with some distinction, went on from there into the Rangers and finally was transferred to the OSS.

He had parachuted into Yugoslavia early in 1944 with a small knowledge of Croatian and some arms and explosives. He was there to teach partisan bands everything he knew about demolition. He stayed on through the summer and fought often with a small group based in the bare rock mountains above Godice, a few miles in from the Adriatic, near the great resort area of Split.

It had been a very bad time. The people in the villages had been caught between the two fires, the partisans and the Germans. Toward the end he had begun to feel that he was killing more Yugoslavs than Germans. But the group he fought with was very good, under the leadership of an intense, honest, murderous old man named Lalic, who resented him at first, not because he was young, but because he was a foreigner, yet who approved of him enough in the end to give wordless sanction when an affair developed between Bell and one of the Lalic women.

Not a woman, really; she was only a girl, only seventeen. It was a long time ago, so long he could not remember her face, but only the size of her—firm, tall, so very young. He remembered not the things they said, but the yellow light of the afternoon, the fear he felt of the coming dark while he held to her on the grass behind gray rocks. All he could really remember was one warm afternoon alone with her in the mountains. They walked hand in hand and ate blackberries until her lips were blue, and he remembered kissing the blue lips. Her name was Melitta. He remembered that he had called her "Mel," and it made her laugh, but he still could not see her face.

He had never been in love with her. He needed her desperately at the time, but he knew even then that he was not in love with her, not a Slav peasant, not him. He did not believe either that she really loved him. She was too young to know about love. He was beginning to be very fond of her, and then one night he was wounded in a raid on the naval base at Ploce. He was hit in the legs and stomach and he knew enough about wounds to know that he would probably die.

They got him back a little way into the mountains, and the old man, Lalic, used the radio and called for help. It was a risky thing; the Germans were all around and getting closer, but Lalic and the men carried him down through the night, and a seaplane came in on the Adriatic and picked him up. He did not remember much of that night—he was in considerable pain—but as the plane took off, he was sure he heard shooting. He never remembered saying good-bye to Melitta.

He was taken back to Africa, and the medical people pulled him through. He was in a hospital all that winter and he heard nothing of the group at Godice. He was told by headquarters that radio contact with Lalic had been lost. For a long time he hoped that Lalic had lost only the radio, and it occurred to him finally with a shock that he was very fond of that brutal old man. He would lie awake in the night thinking of them all back there in the hills, thinking of Melitta.

But the Army nurses were very nice and very pretty, and he was a long time in hospitals and he thought less of them all when he was sent back to the States. He did try to find them when the war ended. He wrote several letters to the old village, Godice, to all the names he could think of. But then the country went Communist, and he never got an answer.

The years went by; he met a wealthy girl from New Jersey; he got married. He was not a man to talk about what had happened in the war and he never told his wife about Melitta. After a few years he no longer thought about her, although he sometimes wondered, whenever Yugoslavia was in the news, if any of the old group had survived. They had been good men. When he had been with them, he had been a pretty good man himself. He stayed married for ten years. He had one child, a son, to whom he was very close. His wife divorced him in 1958. He never clearly understood why that happened; but after ten years, there was nothing left to live with, and he was not even sure if anyone was really to blame. She left him, she said, "while there was still time." He did not mind her loss so much as the loss of his son.

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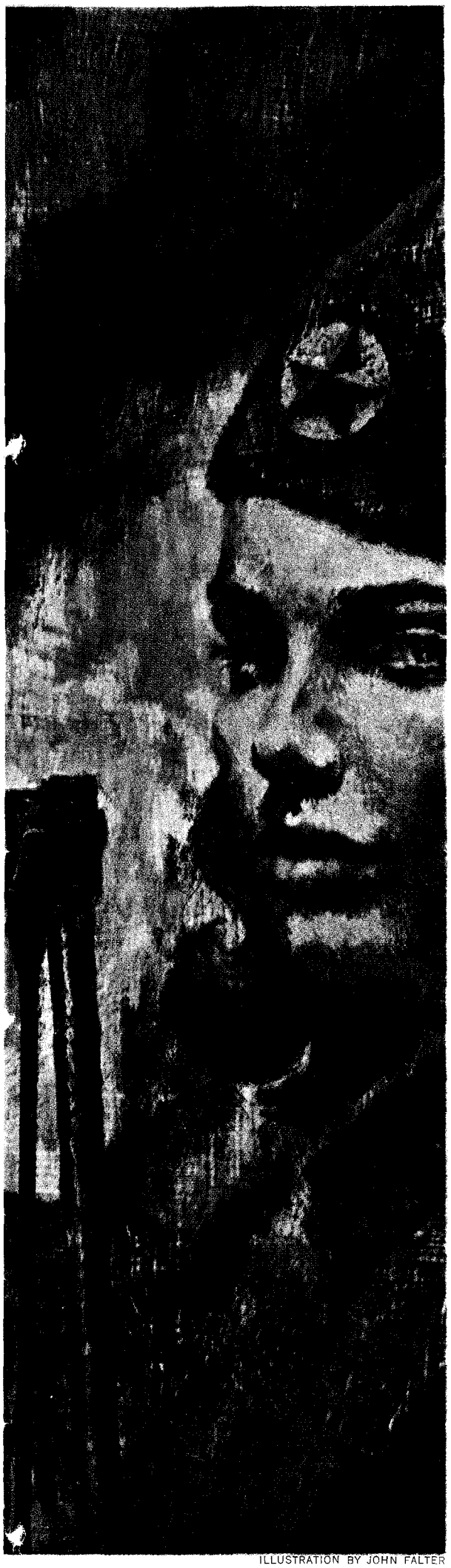

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FALTER

There was no time now for another son, another family. He had mellowed a great deal over the years; he had become gentler and more thoughtful. There seemed to him to be something strongly indecent about having more children, by another woman. He did not know why. But he knew it was all done—he would not marry again. He had nothing much to do then but his work, which was now no longer important. When he came to his fortieth birthday, he had become a silent man, no longer an optimist.

In the summer of 1960 he suddenly took a long vacation. He went to Europe and then on to Yugoslavia, moving instinctively, not so much out of curiosity as because he really had nowhere else to go. Coming down through the windy rock, past the roofless houses, he felt for the first time in years the old emotion slowly stir. He wondered if any of them were alive. He wondered if *she* was still alive.

He stopped for the night in Zadar. For the first time he was truly aware that he was in a Communist country. The town was bleak, grim, without store fronts, cluttered with rubble. The few cars he saw on the streets belonged to German tourists; he began to see that German tourists were everywhere. There was a grave irony in that—the wealthy Germans strolling once more among the rocky ruins.

Dark people, poorly dressed, stared silently at him as he passed. Children waved, grinning. He guessed that only important people drove cars in this country—commissars and the like, or tourists. He saw several policemen, large clean men in white shirts and blue trousers. He saw them always alone, standing withdrawn and cold, with a hard, watchful indifference. He was to realize later that the entire time that he was in Yugoslavia he never saw anyone speak to a policeman.

In the hotel the desk clerk spoke to him first in German, but when he pulled out the American passport, the man's face cracked into a startlingly unexpected grin. The clerk, short, thick, heavily mustached, was obviously delighted to see an American. He pumped Bell's hand and led him personally to his room, helping him carry his luggage. They went down a long dark hall beautifully laid out in smooth stone and marble, lighted in the latest, softest, most indirect fashion. There was a deep red carpet on the floor, but it was surprisingly dirty. There was all over the hotel a confusing mixture of opulence and neglect—a beautifully designed patio, filthy tablecloths, potted plants in great urns, dying. The clerk shook his hand energetically when leaving; Bell sensed no need for a tip. "*Dobar* America," the clerk said happily, and it was a moment before Bell remembered the word: "*Dobar*"—"good." Good America. At this bit of unexpected warmth he suddenly felt very good. There had certainly been little warmth at the border. But when he lay awake that night, he did not think about it. He was remembering Melitta.

The next morning when he came down to leave, there was a small crowd gathered around his car, old people and many children and several men from the hotel. They were all smiling: an old man came up and took his hand. "You American, you stay long here Yugoslavia. Too many Germans. You stay, swim, have good time. I live San Francisco," he prodded himself joyfully, "long year, many time." Bell thanked him. He shook hands all around, trying to remember some Croatian, but all he could remember was "*falla*," "thank you." He left feeling very good. It was a rare thing to be liked just because you were an American. He could not understand it. He knew that they were a loyal people, a stubborn people, and he guessed that was it—the war; they were still fond of their allies. And then, he thought, considering the many armies that have come this way, *I guess we're the only people they know of that never did them any harm.*

He went out of Zadar and down the lovely Dalmatian coast. That was another thing he had long forgotten—how beautiful it was. The road was pretty bad, but on his right the Adriatic gleamed a magnificent blue-green, and great rock islands lay long and gray across the sea. When he came down close to the water, he could see people wading, swimming—and he remembered with an abrupt, explosive shock one day with Melitta down in the sea, a day in August toward the end, very bright, very hot, and Melitta standing to her waist in the cool fragrant water and gazing up at him with a shattering look of devotion, hands on hips, her long hair washed sleekly down over the bare brown shoulders, the wide, the lovely smile, and he could see it all so clearly he felt a physical thrust into his stomach.

The vision vanished. He was alone again on the long, dusty road. He looked up from the sea toward the gray mountains inland, saw clouds clustered as if snagged on the sharp rock peaks. He began to feel a deep edge of excitement.

He made Split that evening. He drove past the great stone columns of the Palace of Diocletian, went by just at sunset, saw the ragged children of the People's Republic playing in the rubble below the vast Roman stones.

This was beginning to be his country; from here on in he would recognize the land. But here also the coast was crowded with tourists, still mostly German, thronging the streets so thickly he had trouble driving through. He checked into another hotel, and it was the same as the first, beautifully designed, badly neglected, and the clerk again was delighted to see an American. He spoke fairly good English, welcomed Bell to the hotel. There were three men lounging sleepily behind the desk. They all waked at the same time and smiled at him. He felt a broad grin break over his own face. He could not get over how pleased they were to see an American.

He went down that evening to sit in the restaurant out near the sea. Tourists still moved down the wide street, empty of cars. Many of them were Yugoslav, strong brown people, many quite tall, most of them poorly dressed. He noticed that many of the men were unshaven, but the girls were invariably neat and clean. He was lightly surprised to look down the street and see a bright neon sign—Hotel Bellevue.

Late in the evening the crowd had begun to thin, the tables near him were empty. He sat drinking small glasses of slivovitz—Yugoslav plum brandy—and listening to the quiet sea. A tall, thin waiter in a shabby white jacket came over and regarded him fondly.

"You first time Yugoslavia?"

"No. I was here in the war."

"The war. You here?" *(Continued on page 54)*

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The Benedictines

For more than fourteen centuries the Black Monks have been guided within their cloisters by the ancient motto *ora et labora*—pray and work.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Monks at St. John's Abbey in Collegeville, Minnesota, intone an ancient, haunting Gregorian chant in celebration of Candlemas, the day on which the candles of the church are blessed. St John's Abbey, one of thirty-four Benedictine monasteries in the United States, is the world's largest establishment of the brotherhood.

Photographs by Jacques Lowe

ROME.

Monks are not a Christian invention. Centuries before Christ, in India and other Asiatic countries, men went into the wilderness to live there singly or in groups, acting out a deep human urge to turn away from the world's troubles and commune with the eternal. Today, in a world charged with pressures and anxieties, the monastery cell seems more than ever a safe haven where man can find the inner peace the century denies him.

Of the four principal religious brotherhoods within the Roman Catholic Church, the Benedictines—called the "Black Monks" from the color of their ankle-length cowled habit—have found perhaps the most harmonious formula for voluntary freedom-behind-walls. Their three great friendly rivals tend to emphasize specific aspects of the human personality—the Dominicans, the intellect; the Franciscans, heart; and the Jesuits, will. The followers of Saint Benedict, who have been around far longer than those three organizations, manage to strike a happy balance between the active and contemplative sides of the religious life.

Guided by their motto, *ora et labora*—pray and work—they undertake whatever labors are compatible with their cloistered existence, but in their daily rounds never lose sight of their chief purpose: the cleansing of the soul.

Now 1433 years old, the brotherhood, whose founder was Saint Benedict of Nursia, still shows a vigor that would do credit to many a younger outfit. Its growth in modern times has been remarkable. Where there were 6400 Benedictine monks in 1910, there now are 12,200. The number of Benedictine monasteries has risen from 156 to 237 in the last fifty years.

One in every four Benedictines is an American. Ever since Benedictine monasticism was brought to the United States in 1846 by Dom Boniface Wimmer, a monk from Metten in Germany, it has had a powerful attraction for Catholic Americans from every walk of life. There now are thirty-four Benedictine monasteries in the United States, populated by 3050 monks. Although the brotherhood's most famous house is ancient Monte Cassino in Italy—rebuilt since its wartime destruction—the world's two largest Benedictine establishments are in the United States. One is St. John's Abbey at Collegeville, Minnesota, with 395 monks; the other, St. Vincent's Archabbey, at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, with 275 monks.

The Benedictines' principal venture into the outside world is concerned with education. Of the twenty-seven schools and colleges they sponsor in the United States, two of the best known are Portsmouth Priory School, at Portsmouth, Rhode Island—one of New England's fancier boys' schools—and St. John's University, at Collegeville, Minnesota. American Benedictines also maintain houses of retreat, run foreign missions, and publish such religious periodicals as *Worship*, *Marriage* and the *American Benedictine Review*.

"The monk's life is a life of praising God and of continuous self-perfection," a young American Benedictine said to me. "But he performs a function in society as well—reminding people, regardless of their creed, of those higher values which modern man tends to forget. Everyone today secretly yearns to return to a more simple life. The monk, by the very fact of his existence, proves that it can be done."

Strictly speaking the Benedictines are not an order. True, scattered monasteries started to form alliances, or "congregations," as early as 500 years ago. And seventeen of these associations, comprising some 95 percent of the world's Benedictine monks, now form the Benedictine Confederation with headquarters at St. Anselm's Pontifical College in Rome. But the Confederates do not march as one army. They have no "general," no quasi-military hierarchy, no centralized administration. And though their Abbot Primate—the incumbent is an amiable Swiss, Dom Benno Gut—takes equal rank with the great chiefs of the religious orders, he is primarily a spokesman elected for a twelve-year term to represent the Benedictines at the Vatican.

A Lifelong Attachment

Because the typical Benedictine monastery is presided over by an abbot it is referred to as an "abbey." Each house is a self-sustained unit, living off tuition fees, compensations for parochial work, publishing revenues, or income from its farms. The individual Benedictine's abbey is his home. Cut off from family and friends, he vows lifelong attachment to one monastery and can transfer from one house to another only with the permission of the Holy See.

Inside the monastery the Benedictine's day is built around the *Opus Dei*, the Divine Office, meaning the celebration of the common service. The monk is never absent very long from the high altar. The average daily schedule calls for about four hours of common services, plus half an hour for low mass said individually by each monk who is ordained.

On a typical workday at St. John's, as at all Benedictine monasteries, the monks rise at 4:15 A.M., recite *Matins* at 4:30, chant *Lauds* at about 6:50, and celebrate Conventual Mass at 7:30, after which they sit down to breakfast. Other liturgical services are *Prime* at 9:05; *Terce* around 10:00; *Sext* at 12:50 P.M.; *None* at 2:35 P.M.; *Vespers* at 5:20; and *Compline* at 7:30.

Even to the non-Catholic there is something satisfying about a Benedictine church function. Every gesture, every move, is executed with

A monk at St. John's Abbey takes solemn vows that bind him for life. Prostrate beneath a black shroud to symbolize his death in the secular world, he commits himself to a life of service to God.

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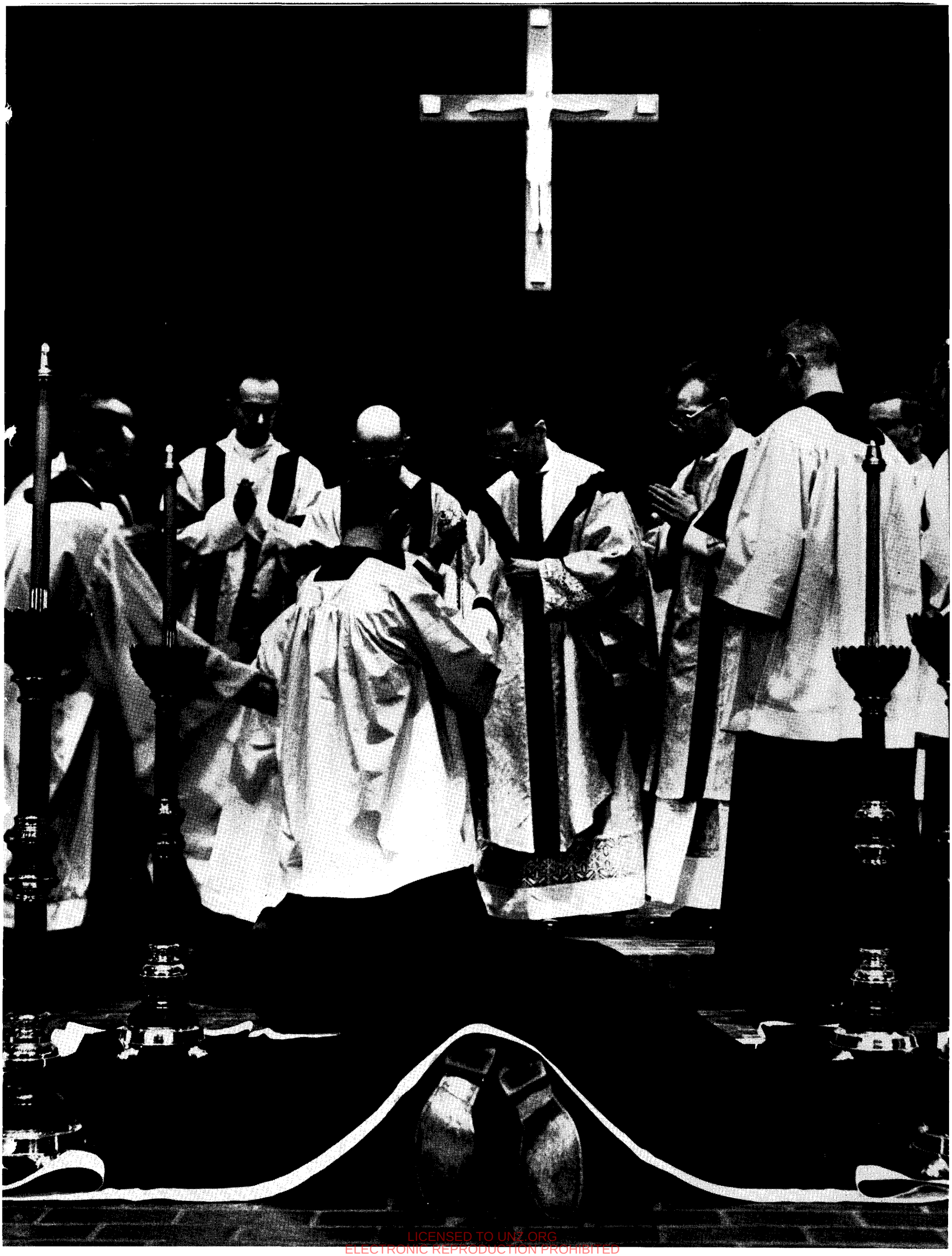

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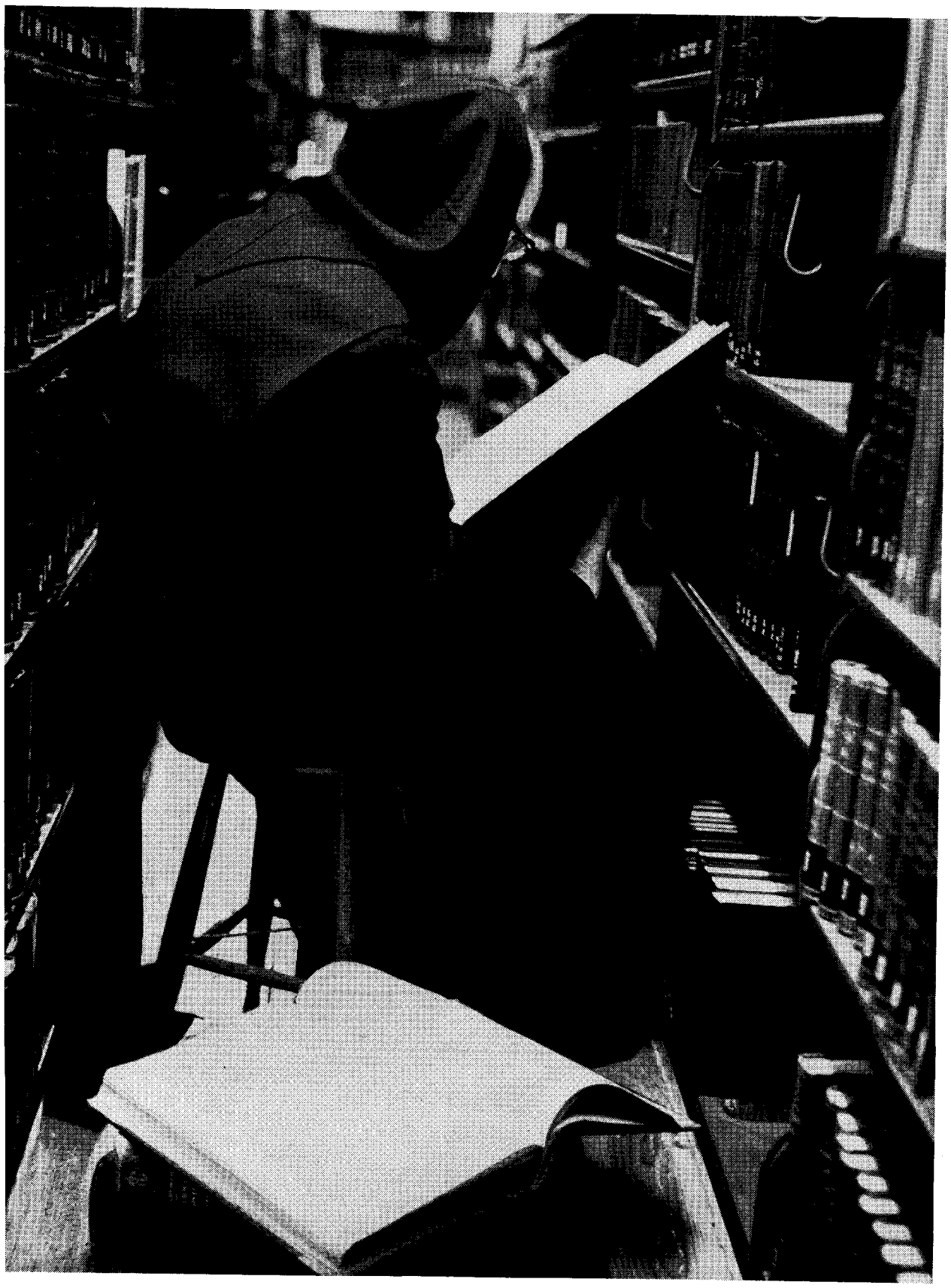
"Everyone today secretly yearns to return to a more simple life. The monk proves that it can be done."



A Black Monk studies in the library at St. John's Abbey. The monk's academic regimen is an intensive six-year course taught mainly in Latin. After a year of advanced study or pastoral work, the monk assumes whatever lifelong task his abbot assigns to him.

measured grace. Masters of ceremony and voice teachers—monks themselves—are attached to every abbey. A sung mass in any of the larger Benedictine churches becomes a feast for ears as well as eyes.

Indeed, the best-known aspect of modern Benedictinism is the revival of Gregorian chant. This free-rhythmed, monodic, haunting music—said to have found its first promoter in Pope Gregory the Great—dates back to dim antiquity, springing perhaps from Hebrew hymns heard in the synagogues of ancient Rome. Long smothered in a mass of corruptions, Gregorian plainsong was resurrected by French Benedictines during the second half of the last century.

I had my first glimpse of the monastic world at Subiaco, in the green hills some fifty miles east of Rome. There, halfway up the steeply rising side of a deep gorge, stands the old monastery of the Sacred Cavern, dear to the hearts of Benedictines. The landscape here behaves as if the modern age had never happened. Along the narrow road that winds up to the sanctuary, you encounter simple farm folk—an old man leading a donkey laden with firewood, a woman balancing an earthen vessel on her head. You pass the ruins of a palace erected by the Emperor Nero. The road decides to peter out. You leave your car and walk up to the monastery gate. A friendly Benedictine monk bids you come in.

It was at this spot that young Benedict of Nursia, a Roman student repelled by the wicked life of the capital, found peace in the untouched wilderness. Your guide shows you the dark grotto where the Saint spent some three years in solitary prayer, and the thornbush into which he threw himself, according to the legend, when the temptations of the flesh threatened to get the better of him.

Saint Benedict the Man

What kind of man was Benedict? We know little about the person whose achievement was to prove so durable. Most of the clues to his life—approximately from 480 to 550 A.D.—we owe to the *Dialogues* of Pope Gregory the Great, who wrote a generation after Benedict's death and with small heed of historic accuracy. However, we possess Benedict's "Rule" in which he charted a whole way of life.

There had been Christian monks before his time, especially in the Middle East, but they had followed a routine so full of self-inflicted torment that few could stand it. Benedict made it possible for the average Western man to lead a chaste, devoted life without turning "unnatural." For one thing, having himself experienced the rigors of solitude, he insisted on monks' living together in communities. His concern for the monks' adequate sleep, "each one in a separate bed," revolutionized the prior monkish custom of night vigils interspersed with bits of uneasy rest on rocks or planks.

One finds the same touch of humanity in Benedict's good-humored observations on the subject of liquor—I am quoting the Rule in the translation of Abbot Justin McCann—"We do, indeed, read that wine is no drink for monks; but since nowadays monks cannot be persuaded of this, let us at least agree upon this, to drink temperately and not to satiety." (The cordial known as "Bénédictine," incidentally, is not produced by monks but by a French distiller using a formula worked out in bygone days at the now defunct abbey of Fécamp in Normandy.)

Benedict set down his ideal of the abbot as a father figure. Elected by his fellow monks for life, the chief should rule with paternal wisdom, never

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forgetting that he has to account to God for the souls under his protection. With a surprising talent for democratic government, Benedict stipulates that the abbot must call together all his monks and hear their counsel before making an important decision. Today this rule is observed whenever the monastery's activity is to be changed, or when the abbot contemplates a financial transaction involving a large sum.

Watch Fires in the Night

Before Benedict died he had set up no more than fourteen monasteries, all of them in Italy. Still, as we now look back on it, there is something in his accomplishment that strikes us as uncannily providential. Western civilization was ready for collapse. Asiatic hordes stood poised all along Europe's eastern edges, ready to sweep across the continent, drowning a brilliant culture in a sea of barbarism. The Dark Ages were closing in. Was Benedict, in causing erudite, devoted men to seek asylum behind monastery walls, lighting watch fires that would keep burning through the night?

For some 500 years the Western heritage was guarded almost exclusively by Benedictine monks. It was in England that the founder's message first caught on. A Roman monk named Augustine in 597 set up a monastery at Canterbury and thus established the future center of the English Church. As Benedictinism spread all over Europe in the centuries that followed, the monks made it a point to show by their example not only how to pray, but how to work. Most monasteries operated what we would now call model farms, introducing "modern" farming and cattle-raising methods. Nor was that all. Every abbey had its own writing room, where learned monks spent their lives copying Latin manuscripts. Much of what we possess today of Tacitus, Vergil, Ovid, Horace, and Cicero would have been lost, had the good monks not done their homework.

But if Saint Benedict had returned to life in the Middle Ages, he hardly would have approved of what his followers were up to. Reform was badly needed and it came—to the brotherhood's everlasting credit—from within. Of the many attempts to lead monasticism back to its spiritual sources, the most spectacular was the reform initiated, before the year 1000, by the French abbey of Cluny. A second great renewal swept the brotherhood in the twelfth century, carried forward by one of Saint Benedict's most famous followers, Saint Bernard of Clairvaux. This movement actually led to the creation of a separate order, the white-robed Cistercians, and that vigorous branch, in turn, brought forth the most ascetic offshoot of the Benedictine tribe—the Trappists, well represented in the United States.

There is no room here to discuss other variations on the Benedictine theme, such as the Camaldolese, Vallombrosans and Sylvestrines—small groups remaining outside the Confederation; and the white-robed Olivetans who came in two years ago. Nor can we deal here with the worldwide, busy army of Benedictine nuns, now numbering some 20,000, including about 6000 in the United States. Suffice it to recall that all varieties were hit alike by the antireligious persecutions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which closed hundreds of European abbeys, many of them forever. It was not until the last 100 years or so that the much-chastened Benedictines could resume their work, making their most impressive showing in modern times in Germany, France and the United States.

Like all Catholic orders, the followers of Saint Benedict believe that it takes a vocation—a

"The man we want is a well-balanced, well-adjusted person who can get along with people—or without them."

Monks at St. John's Abbey consider a nontheological problem. Their founder, St. Benedict of Nursia, insisted that the monks live together in communities, making it possible for an average man to lead a chaste, devoted life without becoming "unnatural."

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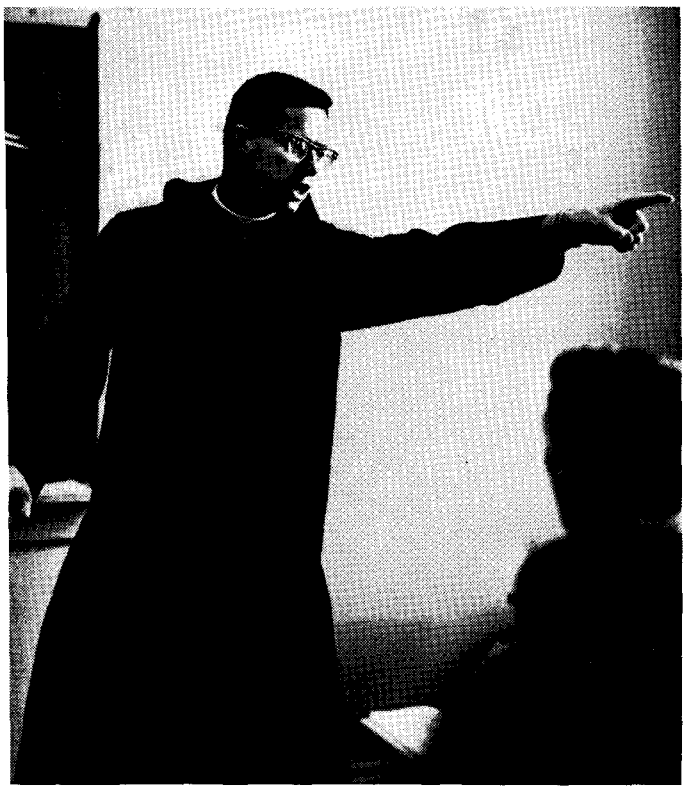
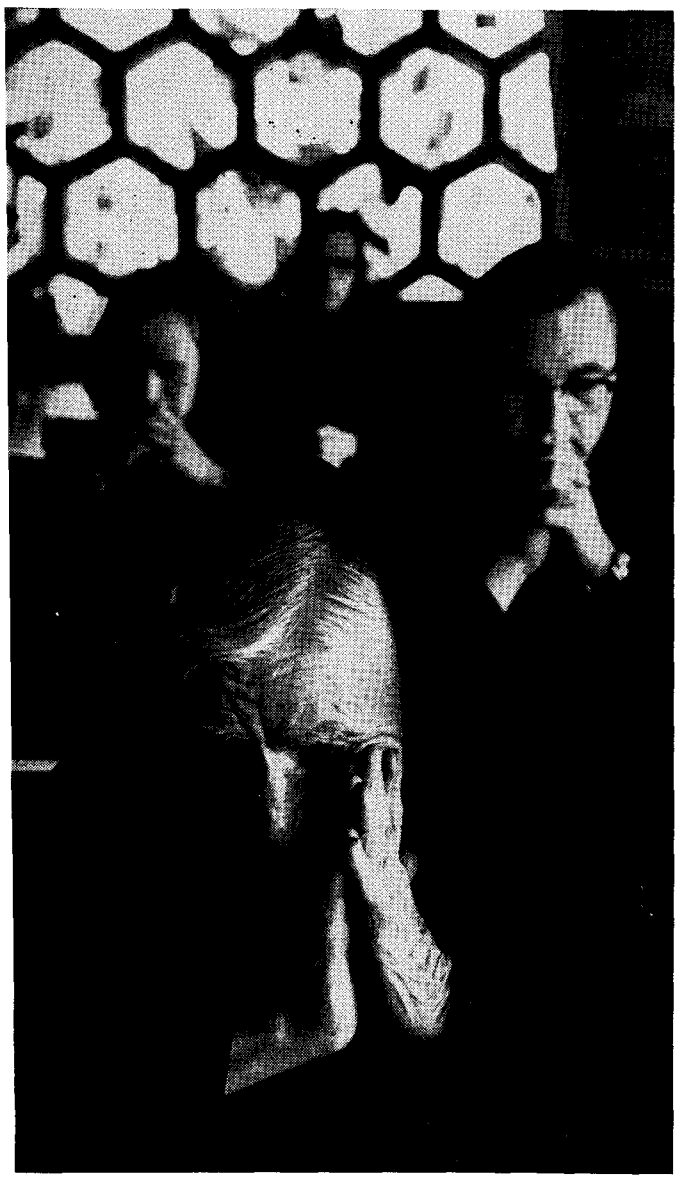


A major Benedictine venture is education. Father Otto (above) teaches Latin and coaches the wrestling team at St. John's University.



In the chapel at St. John's, monks kneel in meditation. Despite the varied duties of the day, a Benedictine is never long absent from the altar.

"calling" to the perfect life—to join their ranks. "A fellow doesn't have to be an introvert to turn into a monk," one Benedictine teacher said. "The man we want is a well-balanced, well-adjusted person who can get along with people—or without them."

Most newcomers have completed two years of college. From the start the future monk decides whether he wishes to become a priest or a lay brother employed at manual chores around the monastery. Lay brothers, making up about one fourth of the Confederation's membership, as a rule do not commit themselves to the monastic life as irrevocably as priests. We are concerned here only with the latter.

Once he has been accepted as a novice, the future monk spends a year sweeping floors, waiting at table and studying the Rule. At year's end he takes "simple vows" binding him for the next three years, and embarks on a six-year course in philosophy and theology. The teaching, for the most part, is in Latin.

Our young man is still free to change his mind. In turn his elders may conclude that he does not fit in and gently let him know that he "won't be happy here." If all goes well, however, the apprentice, having rounded out four years of cloistered life, takes "solemn" or perpetual vows, and thus forfeits the freedom, in Saint Benedict's words, "to withdraw his neck from under the yoke of the Rule."

The ceremony that goes with the oath is something for strong nerves. In front of the high altar the inductee—dying to the world and starting a new life in God—throws himself to the floor. Cowled monks cover him with a black shroud, candles are lighted around him, and his superiors pray over his prostrate body. The young man's family is usually present in the church. "I've never seen a mother," one Benedictine said, "who did not break into sobbing at this point."

In contrast to the vows of other Catholic fraternities, Benedictine vows cite neither chastity nor poverty separately, but both are implied in the Benedictine formula by which the monk promises "stability, conversion of life and obedience."

Three more years of hard study, and the student is ordained a priest. There usually follows one last year of advanced studies or pastoral work, and Dom John Jones, O.S.B.—*Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*—assumes whatever lifelong task his abbot has assigned to him.

Reshaped but Unchanged

Under no circumstances will the brotherhood attempt to change a member's character. The personality remains intact. The full-fledged Benedictine, in the words of one American monk, emerges from his eight-year training period "the person he was always meant to be." Having detached himself from one set of realities and slipped into another, he has achieved an inner freedom unknown to most ordinary citizens.

His vow of poverty enjoins the monk from owning any property whatever. On entering the brotherhood he has drawn up a document resembling a last will by which he has disposed of all he owns, forgoing at the same time the right to inherit property or accept gifts. Give him a radio, a watch, or a ten-dollar bill, and he will dutifully take it to his superior, who may requisition it on behalf of the community. As a rule the monk will be permitted to use the things he really needs. If his daily rounds cover a good deal of mileage, his abbot may provide him with a car. Nor are small extras frowned on. There's an ice-cream-parlor employee in Pennsylvania who recalls the hot summer, not long ago, when four learned Benedictine monks pulled up every afternoon in their jalopy to be served—with their superior's blessing—four ice-cream cones.

Obedience too takes on a human, familylike quality in Benedictine hands; it never reaches the extremes of self-effacement it can attain in Jesuit usage. Benedict himself exhorts the monk whenever "the weight of the burden altogether exceeds the measure of his strength (to) explain the reason for his incapacity to his superior calmly and in due season, without pride, obstinacy or contentiousness."

Meals in Silence

While most abbeys agree today that Saint Benedict's prescriptions may be adjusted to the rhythm of modern life, some congregations stick to an almost literal observance of the Rule—the monks eat little or no meat, keep silent during most of the day and bathe infrequently, baths having been considered something of a pagan luxury by the Roman founder. In most houses life resembles that of any modern school or college. The typical cell—the combination bedroom, living room and study where each monk lives by himself—is usually a good-sized, well-lighted chamber. All meals are taken in silence, with one member reading aloud from the Lives of the Saints or some other instructive text.

I ended my Benedictine ramblings at the brotherhood's central fortress, Monte Cassino, in southern Italy. Much has been said and written about the famous monastery's destruction, in February, 1944, by the allied armies. The controversy has long since died down. Gen. Mark W. Clark, then in command of the United States 5th Army, confirms in his book, *Calculated Risk*, what Catholic authorities had maintained all along: that there was not a single German soldier in the building at the time and that there were very few in the immediate neighborhood. He vividly describes his attempt to save the monastery, which was not a military target, and his soul-searching before authorizing the destruction which certain of his commanders deemed essential. A total of 255 bombers dropped 576 tons of explosives on the abbey. The aerial assault was followed by an artillery barrage which left the mighty structure a mass of dust and rubble. Today the wounds are healed. The building has been reconstructed at the cost of some $4,000,000, paid largely by the Italian Government.

It was on this lone, windswept hilltop which had served as a pagan sanctuary that Benedict, arriving from Subiaco around the year 525, drafted his Rule and spent the last years of his life. A monk named Augustine, one of the few who had been at the monastery during the bombardment, showed me the sights—the two Renaissance courtyards, the Baroque church, the college. All was pristine, white, beautiful and new. "It only lacks the patina of age," my guide observed, "but that will come."

The bombs and shells, tearing into the ancient masonry, had wrought one minor miracle. Under the altar of the abbey church they had laid bare something that had been hidden for many centuries—a little chapel Saint Benedict had built with his own hands on the great boulder that up to his arrival on the mountain had served as an altar to Apollo. What took one's breath away was the directness of the thing. Stone sat on naked stone, as if the Christian builder had wished to show that while the old was vanquished by the new, the strength that was in Europe's old civilization would always be there at the bottom, upholding the new edifice whose pinnacles would touch the sky. THE END

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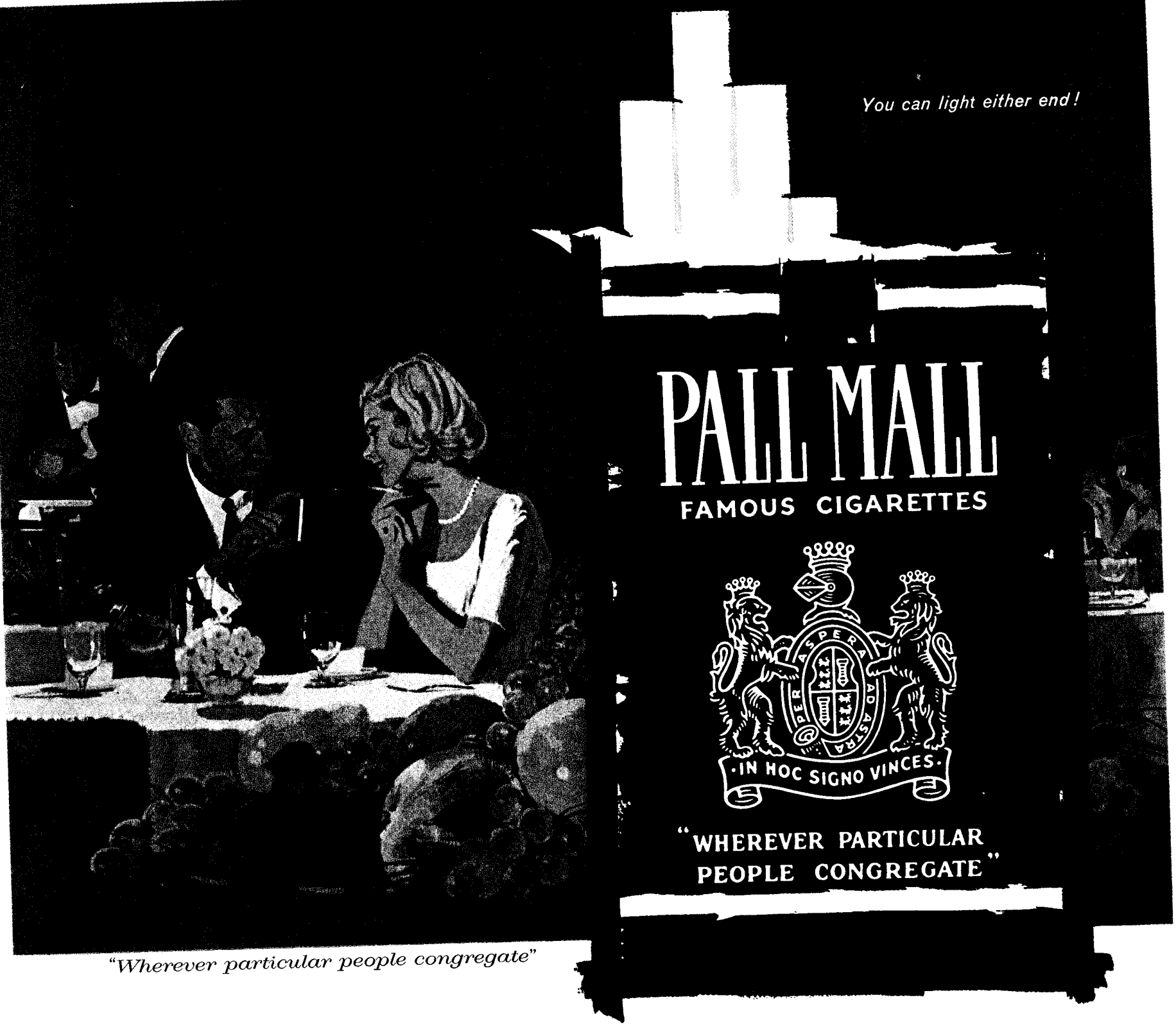

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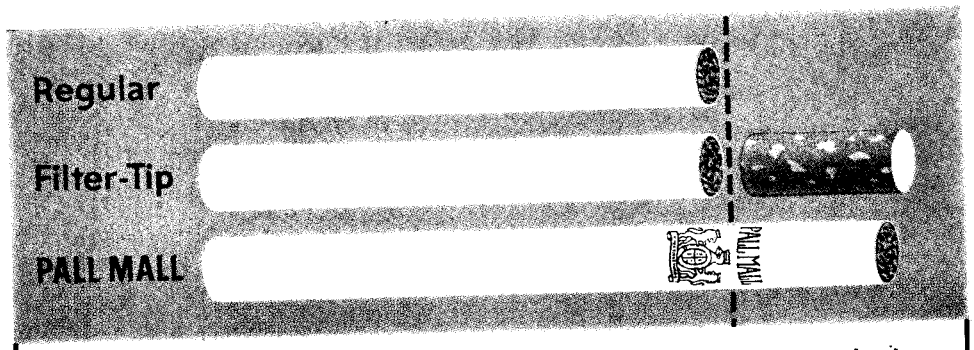

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KILLER ON HIGH

Up at this dizzying height a lineman's life depends on his pole buddy. And this one was a murderer.

By WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

After his pole buddy married, Dave turned his front wheels westward, alone. At work he hoped to cut it now with any lineman he might meet. The other companionship of play and travel, pranks and scraps and girls was something you didn't replace lightly. A good girl might be worth it, if a man wanted a good girl. The marriage of his buddy reminded Dave how much more of the world there was for a foot-loose lineman of twenty-six to see.

The spaciousness of the West accentuated Dave's loneliness. He bypassed four suitable jobs before facing the truth squarely. Then he saw, between dusty foothills and granite needles piercing the austerity of timberline snow fields, the silvery steel of new transmission towers and the gold of the copper wire they carried, striding their stately path through slopes of green pine. He drove into the construction camp with the quickening fusion of challenge and home-coming that begins every new job.

It was quitting time, with gangs already unloading trucks in the steelyard. Dave got out slowly to give the foreman a good look at his arms and shoulders. The first man who scanned his license plates was Big Harry.

"You from the East, lineman?" It bordered on truculence.

"That's what's the matter," said Dave levelly.

If the West wanted to make anything of that, this was the time, and Big Harry was the right size. Without ever having seen him before, Dave knew a lot about Big Harry. There was a blowhard on every job, a guy who wanted to dominate. It could be harmless, ludicrous, dangerous. A man dealt with that as it came up.

In size, this one was formidable. Big Harry had forty pounds and several inches by any dimension over Dave's own rangy resilience. That high, bald forehead and round face might be genial or

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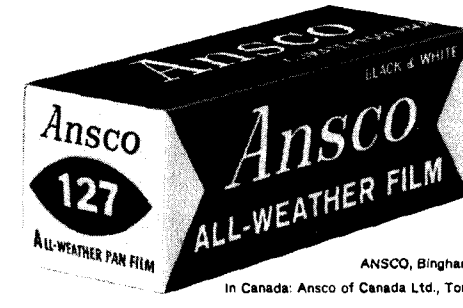

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KILLER ON HIGH

sullen; they would always be shrewd. He'd had time to study Dave and had decided on good nature now.

"You'll likely teach us some tricks," he said.

"A man goes traveling to learn," Dave replied. Then he busied himself getting out his tools, because a good foreman always looks at a man's tools, and a good lineman notices how he does it. This was easy, perhaps because the foreman had been watching the colloquy.

Big Harry hastened to put his own approving oar into the hiring. "I'll fade him myself if he's single," he said.

It was a measure of Big Harry's local prestige that the foreman did pair them. This job happened to be on steel towers. Immemorial custom makes any two linemen working anywhere pole buddies. Next day, their first hour showed Dave that, for work, Big Harry was a good one.

He led off, carrying the hand line up their first tower as the older hand on a job should. His gigantic frame took the eighty-odd feet to the crossarm without puffing and walked the three-inch angle steel with catty balance of good nerves in nimble muscles. He lashed their scaling ladder with an expert hitch, slipped down it with a fluid ease that belied his bulk, snapped on his safety strap with care and leaned confidently back in his belt, a steadying pendulum for Dave's descent. His eyes followed every detail of Dave's matching motions. Then, as they swayed easily in perfect balance across the ladder from each other, Big Harry grinned.

"I wanted you for a pole buddy, first sight."

It was more than Dave would return so soon. He knew he'd been spoiled by years of harmony, on top and off the job. Perhaps this would work out well.

Otherwise the job was ideal. Wages, mess tent and bunkhouse were good. The nightly poker game was honest, albeit stiff. The country was exhilarating. And Big Harry was extending professional admiration to social sponsorship. He bragged of the record he had gleaned by insistent questions on Dave's past; he vowed that he'd found a partner to match him for life. After this job, he and Dave would hook up permanently.

Sooner or later this would mean showdown. It began to shape over Dave's reluctance to join Big Harry for a payday bust in town. For the first two weeks Dave declined this ritual of the new relationship. Then he was ready for some bright lights himself. If he couldn't match Big Harry on a spree as well as at work, this was the time to find it out.

En route to town, Big Harry boasted triumphantly. He liked showing a younger man the ropes; he liked buddies who could play as hard as they worked. Big Harry had the best of phone numbers and local information. The fools in camp blew their pay checks at the Bijou. Big Harry knew that its liquor was watered and its card game rigged. He left Dave at the door of a side-street saloon to wait while he made other arrangements.

The first things Dave saw in the dimly lighted inside were Lucille's long and shapely legs dangling from a bar stool. He moved toward them casually. Dave had a young lineman's experience of the girls you met in bars. He had come to town intending to add to it. Covert scrutiny from a nearby stool convinced him that she was not a bar girl.

While he watched, she rejected overtures from two inquirers with bleak finality. She was unpainted, thin and shabby as no bar girl would be. She was nursing the remains of a short beer while she ate her way ravenously through the free peanuts under the barman's indignant eyes.

When one of the strangers repeated his mistake with an insistent offer to buy her anything she would drink, Dave saw the barman meditating an ultimatum. She saw it too. The man offered again, and the barman was clearing his throat.

"Let her alone," said Dave quietly.

The man appraised Dave and walked away muttering. The girl choked out a "Thanks" and returned her eyes to her beer. To propitiate the outraged barman for her, more than for himself, Dave tossed his check on the bar and asked for a pen. All deference now, the barman produced a

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To help achieve this "break-through" is the objective of the National Association for Mental Health. You can play your part in this program by supporting your mental health association. **Contribute generously to the Bell Ringer Campaign for Mental Health.**

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pen and a stack of bills. The girl raised a white, tense face.

"Could you lend me ten dollars?"

This surprise gave the barman's vindictiveness a chance. "This broad bothering you, pal?"

Eyes on the barman's hands, Dave heard her choking sob. "This lady is my friend," he said. The hands twitched indecisively; no bottle or bung starter appeared. The girl buried her face in an arm on the bar with a flurry of blond hair and sobs. When they had subsided, Dave asked, "How long since you've eaten?"

"Yesterday—breakfast. I really meant 'lend'!"

"Tell Big Harry I'll be back," Dave instructed the barman.

In the better light of the restaurant she was pretty, in a worn way, and older than he had thought, older than himself. He forgot it in compassion. The story she unfolded between hungry mouthfuls would have hardened any face.

Her mother had deserted the family while Lucille was in high school. Her father had been an unskilled laborer in the East, with no insurance, no eligibility for compensation. After he was stricken with a protracted illness, Lucille's sister had run off with a man to Seattle. When her father's death ended the nightmare years as nurse and waitress, Lucille had headed west by bus, hoping to find her sister. Between the last town and this, her purse had been rifled as she slept.

"I tried for work, everywhere." She lowered her eyes and then faced him. "I was going to do something bad when you came in there, Dave."

"Everyone gets lonely," said Dave.

"You don't care what happens when you got no one."

"You got me," said Dave.

After dinner he went through the local power-company linemen until he found one with a wife who would take Lucille to board and help her get work. She did not cry again until he was pressing money into her hand on departure.

"If you'll promise it's just a loan," she stipulated.

"I'm no bank, woman. I got no license to lend money." He grinned and closed her hand over it.

"This way, I wouldn't see you again," she insisted.

"Tomorrow night," Dave said, grinning, "and not for money." Then, right in front of the other couple, she had kissed his cheek and hurried in confusion to her own room.

The surprise came from Big Harry. Dave was braced for the cynicism that lurked always below that forced geniality. He had no stomach for other girls or drinks now. Big Harry could have been reproachful over their lost spree. Instead his voice was gentle with sympathy.

"You're a decent guy, Dave—always were." Dave had never thought of that, either way. Now he hoped it was true. Lucille deserved something decent.

His return found welcome change in her. No one could lose that defensive hardness overnight. Yet now there was hope in her eyes and voice. Her new friends had found her a job in the laundry. They insisted on keeping her as a boarder until she had saved another stake.

"I don't need this now," she said and extended his money.

"Keep it awhile anyway."

"Will it bring you back again, Dave?"

"You're what brings me back," said Dave.

"You don't worry about money, do you, Dave?"

Except as it kept him in good tools and clothes and a car and sprees between jobs, he never had. He found her obsessive interest in it faintly disturbing. She exulted in saving dimes over menu combinations; she insisted on his lugging in his clothes for the discount the laundry gave her.

There were other differences in the relationship. Lucille could leave him content with simple pleasures. He took her decorously to dinner, to the movie, to saunter through the Mexican end of the town, absorbing the fragrance of piñon smoke and the tinkle of guitars.

Part of him resisted; more of him quickened every time he turned his car toward town. Now he wanted something more than ten hours of every day looking at a succession of Big Harry's across a scaling ladder or tower face. Perhaps a man never replaced as good a pole buddy as he'd lost to marriage.

He never actually had to decide. Lucille turned her face up to him one night in the dim moonlight of the park and resolved every doubt with one kiss. When they returned to practicality, the only problem was the date.

"A man should save a few checks before marrying."

"We didn't fall in love for money," said Lucille.

"You know, linework can be—dangerous?"

"I want to share that with you," she said and smiled wanly. "I'm tough, too, Dave. Daddy never had any compensation."

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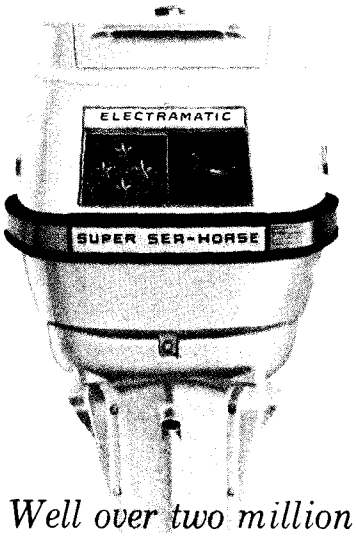

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A PROGRESS REPORT ON

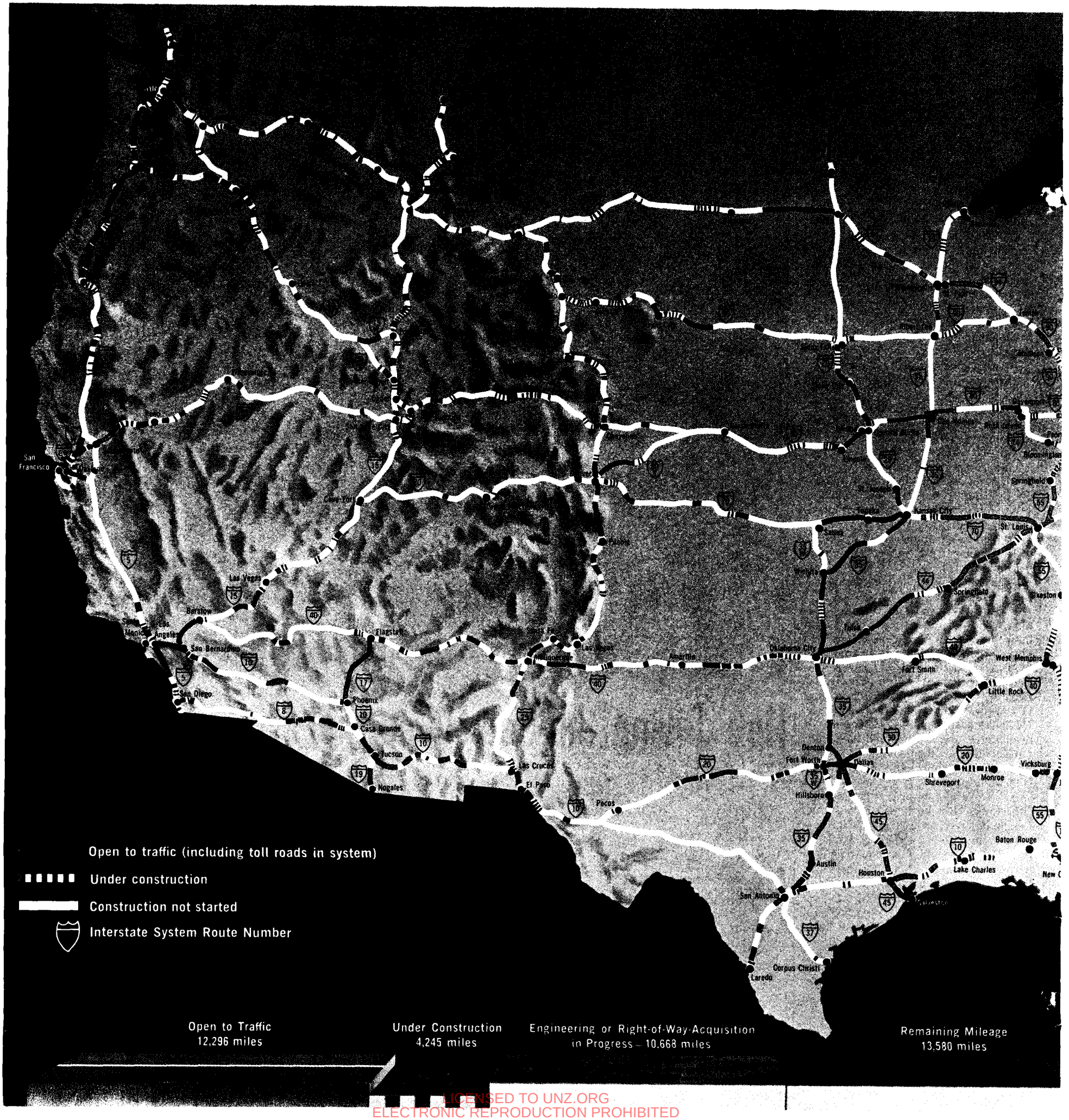
- **12,296 miles now open to traffic**
- **Work started on 14,913 miles**
- **13,580 miles to go!**

A sweeping change is under way in America—going forward at such a steady businesslike pace that it is sometimes taken for granted. It is the building of the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways—a 41,000-mile network of broad, modern freeways that will connect virtually every U. S. city of more than 50,000 people and completely revolutionize travel and transportation as we know it in this country today.

Target date for completion: 1972. Right now, less than six years after construction started, 30% is open to traffic. In the past 12 months, more than 34 miles of this mammoth system have been completed every single week.

In addition, construction or preliminary work has been started on 14,913 more miles. As fine a record as this is, we must not lose sight of the fact that actual construction on 24,248 miles remains to be completed in the next 10 years.

Today most of America's 90 million drivers have whirled along some portion of a new freeway marked with a sign like this . This is the mark of the Interstate System . . . symbol of a road on which you



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can drive quickly and safely, without dangerous intersections and drive-ins, without even traffic lights.

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We are standing today on the threshold of the greatest transportation revolution the world has ever known. It will directly benefit the lives of more Americans than anything this nation has ever built.

An impressive start has been made. But make no mistake about it. It is going to take the understanding and perseverance of each and every one of us to see the world's biggest construction job through to completion.

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(as of Jan. 1, 1962)

	(miles)	(miles)	(miles)
Alabama	138.3	352.1	384.4
Alaska	—	—	—
Arizona	514.3	312.1	334.6
Arkansas	43.5	458.2	16.1
California	654.0	1,230.5	293.0
Colorado	278.4	181.4	488.2
Connecticut	159.0	134.4	—
Delaware	3.5	25.4	11.6
Florida	162.5	288.3	669.2
Georgia	227.0	267.0	609.6
Hawaii	5.8	2.0	40.3
Idaho	171.5	207.3	233.3
Illinois	559.8	631.5	395.2
Indiana	302.5	527.6	290.8
Iowa	228.3	277.0	203.4
Kansas	424.3	94.2	282.6
Kentucky	146.2	193.8	356.1
Louisiana	51.5	341.0	290.1
Maine	117.5	28.5	166.0
Maryland	129.9	155.9	67.9
Massachusetts	216.2	136.9	109.3
Michigan	471.2	360.9	247.2
Minnesota	95.3	436.0	366.8
Mississippi	69.8	279.9	328.5
Missouri	385.1	674.6	45.0
Montana	129.7	447.6	603.0
Nebraska	70.3	233.8	186.7
Nevada	95.8	211.0	227.2
New Hampshire	84.2	32.4	97.2
New Jersey	106.8	147.7	121.4
New Mexico	297.7	228.2	479.3
New York	741.8	245.2	240.2
North Carolina	331.6	142.3	295.0
North Dakota	203.1	134.8	230.0
Ohio	638.7	655.2	191.7
Oklahoma	343.3	265.2	187.1
Oregon	459.8	99.4	172.1
Pennsylvania	656.4	528.3	390.8
Rhode Island	20.7	21.9	28.3
South Carolina	244.9	157.3	276.7
South Dakota	168.1	254.2	256.5
Tennessee	78.1	492.4	477.1
Texas	987.9	1,348.8	687.3
Utah	75.3	317.8	541.8
Vermont	41.5	111.2	171.2
Virginia	190.7	313.5	548.9
Washington	273.7	318.9	133.0
West Virginia	115.4	95.7	311.6
Wisconsin	204.0	248.5	—
Wyoming	179.1	255.7	481.0
Dist. of Col.	2.4	9.8	16.0
	12,296.4*	14,913.3	13,580.3

*Includes construction, engineering or right-of-way in progress
†Includes 3,070 miles improved to standards for present traffic

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KILLER ON HIGH

"You'll have plenty of that ——" Her lips stopped him.

"I know that. What I want is you."

He insisted on waiting till he had two more checks as a backlog. Big Harry wouldn't climb with a married man. Dave thought the foreman would keep him anyhow, but if he didn't like his new pole buddy, the move would be up to him. That meant travel, for two; you had to think of everything differently when you were going to be married.

He had suppressed his misgivings by the day Hook rode the company supply truck into camp. One look at the gaunt stranger seeking work reawakened something Lucille had never touched in him. Hook didn't even have a jacket. But from the toothbrush in a frayed pocket, through the tool roll in worn overalls, to the hook-strap marks on broken boots, Hook's presence proclaimed a lineman that any other lineman alive would be proud to claim on or off the job. Dave was absorbing the impact of an unspoken kinship when he heard Big Harry's voice.

"That guy could be your twin."

Facially it was not true. Hook's was leaner than his own. His black Irish eyes and hair were in contrast with the Scots blue and yellow in Dave's coloring. In physique they were nearly identical, with the rangy, flat-bellied muscularity that line work gave the good bodies it attracted. Hook walked with his own slight outward flick of the feet, habituated by years of keeping the sharp gaffs on wood hooks apart.

A difference of circumstances merely accentuated the likeness of attitude. Dave had happened to strike this job with a good car and a roll in his pocket. Hook's evident poverty awaited the foreman with a confidence that had no need to beg or boast. His eyes glinted amusedly at Big Harry's usual overtures.

"Which way you from, lineman?"

"West, if it's any of your business," said Hook quietly.

That checked it to Big Harry, who glowered uncertainly. Afterward he told Dave he would have run the cocky stranger out of camp if the foreman hadn't intervened. Dave had not bothered to reply. In the first place, Hook was not cocky. In the second, neither Big Harry nor anyone else would have run Hook anywhere, and everyone in the steelyard knew it. That was probably what made Big Harry so instantly hostile to Hook, though chance gave him a better excuse. That week, as the foreman explained regretfully, the gangs were full.

"I'll grunt to get started here," said Hook.

He disdained Big Harry's snort, keeping his eyes on the foreman with a self-control Dave could respect. He'd been hungry too; it was nothing to snort about when a good man accepted the humiliating retrogression from top pay and status to helper. Fortunately the foreman knew that too. He knew he was getting both a bargain and a spare lineman. When it was over and he had pointed out the bunkhouse across the rain-drenched camp, Dave took Hook aside with a disarming smile. "I got a spare jacket isn't working, lineman."

"Thanks. But I'll get by."

"You could return it after payday," said Dave.

"Come payday, I'd return a new one, with thanks."

Dave's generosity had not begun a friendship. It had ratified one implicit in the first meeting of their eyes. Now, of course, it would be limited because Dave was about to marry. That in itself could be turned to advantage for Hook.

It confirmed Dave's opinion to find Hook assigned to grunt for him and Big Harry next morning. He never knew or asked how it had been arranged. It took some doing for a new helper to make the foreman juggle gangs as he wished, and Hook had been up to that doing.

Big Harry had been furious and then thoughtful. You couldn't knock a helper who reduced your work and increased your production. Some linemen, downgraded by misfortune to helping, were sullen and laggard. Hook gave them a skill and diligence to match their own. He added the unremitting vigilance for their safety of a man who knows what's happening on top.

Perhaps just because it was too late for the relationship he might have hoped, it gave Dave satisfaction to make his marriage help Hook. He had kept his plans to himself. He waited to announce them to the two others until the foreman was present. If Big Harry still objected to a married pole buddy, they both knew by then that Hook could fade any lineman alive. Dave would move to another gang or farther, as the foreman wished.

Hook's usual impassivity had started at the announcement of Dave's impending marriage. Big Harry gave him no chance to speak. He said he'd break his own rule in order to continue as pole buddy with Dave. The foreman was delighted. He wanted to keep Dave. And, happily, there would be an opening in another gang to give Hook top rate next week.

"I want to keep grunting for these two," said Hook.

"You'd rather grunt for them than climb for yourself?"

"That's what's the matter." Hook was unequivocal.

It nearly ripped the whole thing. Big Harry snorted that he didn't want a grunt who claimed to have been a lineman and was scared to climb. Hook kept silent with visible effort. The foreman was inclining toward Big Harry's attitude when Dave intervened. Customarily friction between any top man and a grunt moved the grunt. Here, Dave's wish to help had backfired on the innocent Hook. Choosing his words with conciliatory care, Dave made it clear that if they moved Hook against his will, Dave would quit. That did it. The others quickly agreed to leave things as they were and settled to congratulating Dave. After work, Hook detained him. Dave was preparing to disavow any need for thanks when Hook spoke.

"You're marrying kind of sudden, Dave."

He knew he was touchy about that. He also knew that if Hook meant offense, it would not be ambiguous.

"Happens so sometimes," he smiled. "I'd admire to meet your bride and congratulate her."

Dave offered a plausible lie about shortage of time. The camp would meet her soon enough, when he brought her to the tent being prepared in the tent-and-trailer section where couples live. It would be better for her to meet them all as his wife, with no talk of her origins.

So they had said their words before a justice on Saturday night, cut a cake with the couple that had befriended her, gone to the village hotel and driven out to camp that Sunday. When he stopped his car before the tent, Hook was sitting on the stoop.

Hook explained that he didn't wish to intrude. He had brought the bride mountain flowers and his congratulations. Lucille accepted both with thanks and was waiting for him to leave when Hook persisted uncomfortably. He would beg her consent for a few minutes to talk to Dave about the job—alone. Dave followed him impatiently to the seclusion of a little glade along the camp creek. There the apologetic diffidence vanished.

"In a minute you'll want to slug me," said Hook. "Will you wait till you hear it all?"

"Get on with it," said Dave.

"Did you meet her in a bar with a guy plaguing her?"

"Two guys," said Dave. "Go on."

"You made out your compensation papers to her?"

"Naturally."

"Sit down, and I'll tell you why I ain't climbing."

Hook, he told Dave, had boomed around Western construction jobs for years in the happiest of partnerships with a pole buddy named Eddie Kilvain. "He was a reckless, lighthearted, devil-take-it guy on the ground. On top he was good as you."

"Go on," said Dave.

In a town five hundred miles from here on a bust one payday, Hook and Eddie had split briefly. Hook preferred cards to women. He had been taking an expensive poker lesson from three strangers in a bar when one of them dropped a fifth ace on the table. Hook had two of them groggy before the third returned with his brother, the sheriff. Eddie got Hook a lawyer, but they were transients against pillars of the community. The best the lawyer could get Hook was thirty days for drunk and disorderly.

So Hook was lying it out in jail, and Eddie was climbing out the lawyer's fee and cigarette money for both when, abruptly, his nightly visits stopped. A week later he came to the jail with the announcement that he was now married.

For a man of Eddie's tastes this was a constant hazard. No particular candidate had been in sight when Hook was jailed, however, and Eddie explained, defensively. It had been a whirlwind courtship, begun when Eddie defended a persecuted girl in a saloon. Hook could judge her for himself when he got out; she had told Eddie she disliked jails.

"Don't blame her," Hook had said.

"She's purty, whatever else she is," Eddie had grinned. "I parked where you could see her through the window."

To oblige him, Hook had crossed the cell for a glimpse at the dim figure in a car across the dark alley. Then he praised a beauty he could scarcely see and shook hands through the bars with Eddie. Both of them knew it meant the end of the old relationship. Hook was still adjusting his mind to it next evening when another lineman from the job came in to tell him Eddie had been killed at work that day.

With Hook's jailing, Eddie had been assigned a pole buddy new to the job. They had worked harmoniously for days before an apparent failure of Eddie's safety strap had plunged him eighty feet from their ladder to a rocky tower base. It was a tower isolated by hills and turns from the others, and their grunt had been sent off for supplies. When the others came up, the new lineman had reached Eddie's body. He showed them that Eddie's safety strap had lost a spring on the keeper of a snap. They conjectured that it must have broken and slipped out before Eddie, in perfect reliance on it, had made his last fateful swivel to work out at arm's length from the ladder.

"A spring *could* break," said Dave.

"Eddie and I checked snaps before every turn."

"Did you talk to the other lineman about it?"

"Never saw him," said Hook. "Claimed he was so shook he quit after the inquest. Then he disappeared, fast."

"What did his wife think?"

"Never saw her again. She cashed the compensation money before Eddie was cold and quit the country."

"Did you tell the law?"

"I was in jail, Dave. Time I got out, the case was closed as an accident."

"Didn't you do nothing about it?"

"Nothing—only follow that guy three years," said Hook. "A lineman was killed about the same way in Oregon a year later, just before I got there. Next one was Nevada this spring—a different state every time, you notice. The pole buddy descriptions fit Big Harry."

"Is Lucille the girl you saw from the jail?"

"That alley was dark, Dave. But she could be."

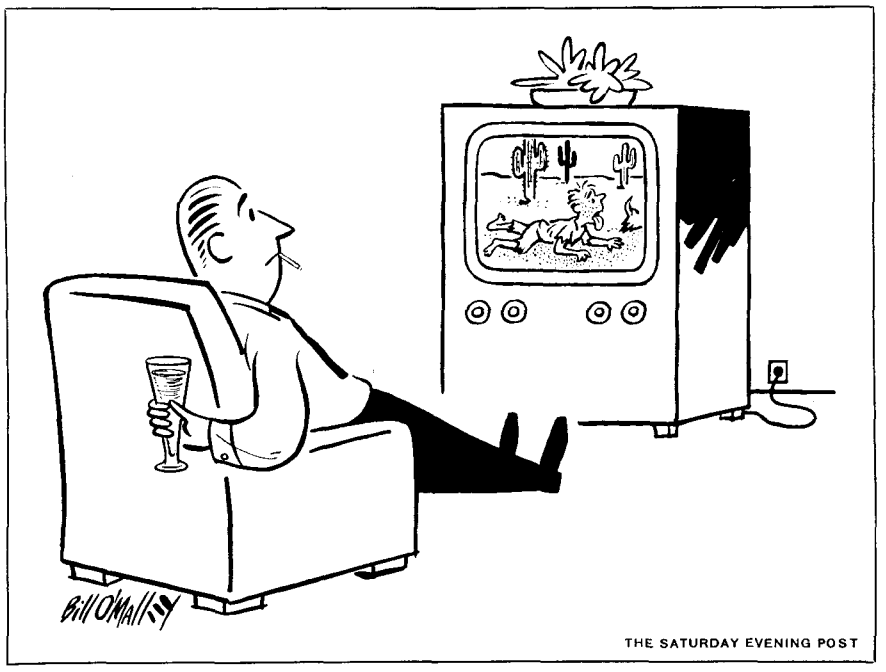
"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I was using you for bait."

"Why you telling me now?"

"I thought it over; you'd friended me."

"What if I ask her and Big Harry, straight out?"



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"We couldn't prove it, but you'd be safe," said Hook.

"Till they ditch me and catch another fool?"

"Another lineman—if I'm right," said Hook.

"You'd better be right," said Dave.

He could not entirely believe it until the next morning when he saw Big Harry's skinning knife come out. Most linemen didn't carry skinning knives on tower-work. Big Harry always wore one you could shave with. Its appearance now was the last link in the long chain of Hook's patient reasoning and implacable pursuit.

That morning Big Harry had insisted, out of turn, in driving them in his car up the steel-truck trail to the isolated tower. He had contrived a logical errand to ask Dave to send Hook ahead, out of sight, to the next tower to check supplies. He had finished his half of this job first, drawn his knife with plausible explanation of replacing a frayed hand-line tail while Dave finished up.

Against overwhelming evidence, Dave had resisted believing it. For him it violated more than law or humanity itself. It outraged the highest intangible of linework—the ethic that gave especial pride to work in high places or on hot wire because there was more than any man himself in it, because you could count on trusting other linemen as they trusted you.

He and Big Harry were clipping, transferring the great wires from the pulleys through which they are tensioned to final clamps in the long strings of insulators that suspend them from tower arms.

It was hard work and relatively simple. They were belted as usual, face to face across the long scaling ladder hung down beside the limp insulators from the arm. The final part of it required an arm-length stretch back from the ladder, with full dependence on belt and safety strap. Big Harry had done his first, had watched Hook disappear into the wooded trail ahead, and got his knife out.

Now Dave stretched back as usual, feet on the bottom rung of the ladder, full weight on his belt and safety, eyes following his hard hands out to the wire and then squinting back from the shelter of a shoulder. As Big Harry slashed the taut belt, Dave gave a hard kick and swung his body out in a long arc, hooking an expert knee up over the wire. He had time to swing his body up and come to experienced balance astride the wire, safely beyond striking distance, before he confronted the stupefaction in Big Harry's face and heard Hook's voice from the bushes. "Come down slow, Harry, with your hands off your tools."

Even through his astonishment Big Harry recovered fast. He was already babbling of an accident, anyone's hand could slip, trimming a rope. Hook's voice chilled the sweat on Dave's back.

"Come down, or I'll come up."

Big Harry climbed up the ladder, crossed the arm and went down the step-bolt leg very slowly, head moving from Dave, who followed him after regaining the ladder, to Hook who waited on the ground. There, eying the skinning knife in Hook's left hand and the pliers in his right, Big Harry tried again. "It was an accident ——"

"The kind Eddie Kilvain had," said Hook.

Big Harry started and shut up, sweating with apprehension.

"You switched safeties *after* you cut his, didn't you, Harry? You won't need that spare one in your car now."

"Lots of linemen carry spare safeties," said Big Harry.

"Not with the keeper spring out of one snap."

"That don't prove nothing," said Big Harry.

"Confessions do," said Hook. "If you talk, Harry, there's three states waiting to kill you. But they'll do it fast. If you won't talk, I'll do it right now, very slow."

Big Harry looked at the faces on either side of him. He heard the faint, suggestive click of Hook's plier jaws.

"I'll talk," he said.

Dave cleared his throat and found he could speak again. "You can tell the law about Eddie," he said. "You're telling me how you got Lucille into this."

Big Harry shook his head in surrender. "I didn't. She got me into it, always wanting more money. You aren't married to that woman, Dave. I am."

Dave didn't have another private word with Hook until after the confessions were signed.

"You were right," said Dave.

"Took you to prove it," said Hook.

"Then it washes," said Dave.

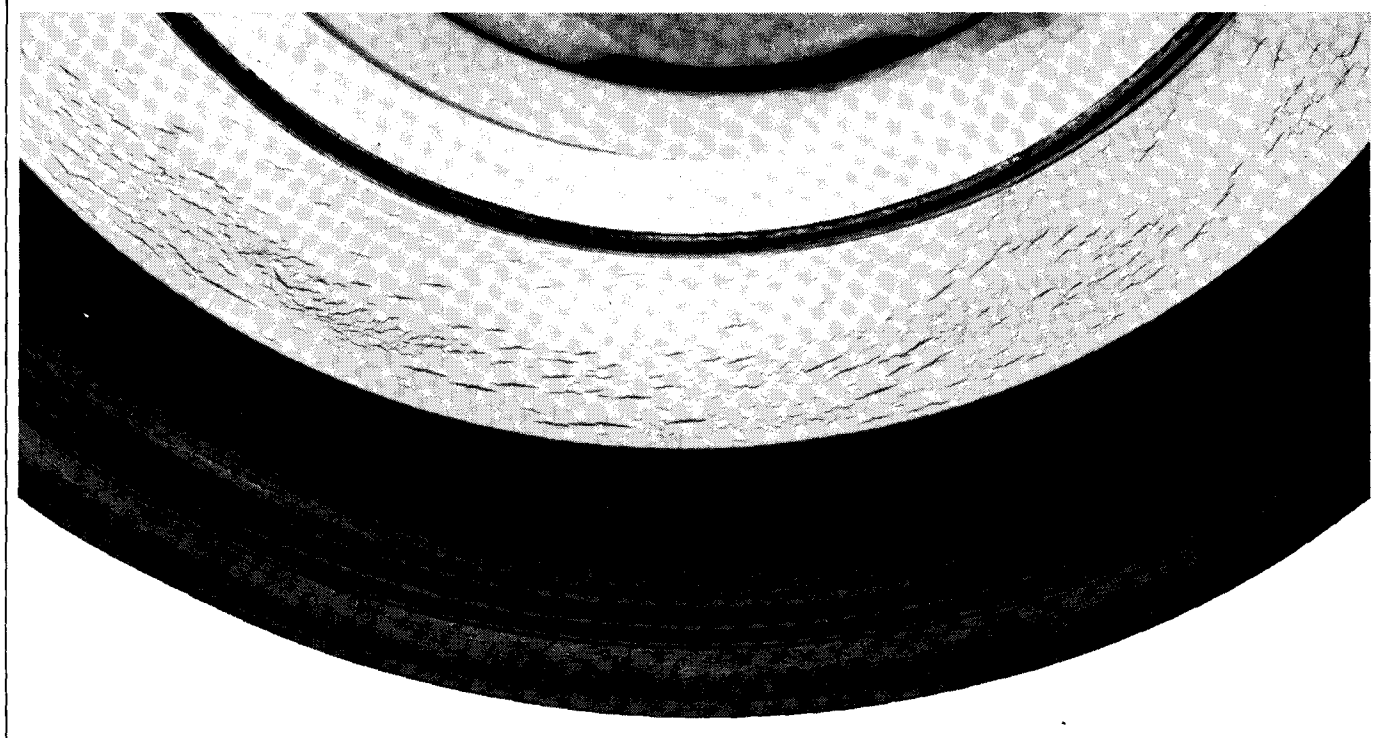
"It washes, with my thanks," said Hook. He glanced at Dave's car by the curb and at his own ragged clothes. He kept his voice casual.

"Tying this job off or booming up?"

Dave looked at the car and the mountains and then at Hook. "Wouldn't care, with the right pole buddy."

"Neither would I," said Hook.

THE END



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Gamblers Anonymous

Modeled after Alcoholics Anonymous, this new organization succeeds where psychiatrists fail in helping compulsive gamblers lick the habit.

By STANLEY FRANK

The personable young executive confronted forty people at the Mayfair Hotel in Los Angeles and said, "My name is Edwin. I'm a compulsive gambler. The night before I attended my first meeting of this kind eighteen months ago, my lawyer put me in a psychiatric hospital in Palo Alto. He was afraid I'd commit suicide before I was sent to prison. I had embezzled eight thousand dollars and written six thousand in bad checks to cover my gambling debts. Previously I had borrowed twenty thousand from finance companies. My wife had left me, my family had disowned me, and I had lied to fifty-one friends and business associates to get money for my gambling mania.

"I was thirty-four and earning twenty thousand dollars a year as the West Coast sales manager for a big outfit, but my wife and daughter lived like a family on relief. I hadn't been solvent in fifteen years.

"The psychiatrists at Palo Alto said they couldn't help me. Nobody ever had given me any hope I could stop gambling, until I came here. I haven't bet a nickel since that night, and in two more years I will have paid all my debts. But I'll attend these meetings as long as I live, because I know I'll always be a compulsive gambler at heart. I'd rather die than go through that torture again."

A tall, gaunt man with haggard eyes that betrayed his tension told a similar group at the 23rd Street branch of the Y.M.C.A. in New York, "My name is Arthur. I'm a compulsive gambler. I was a mailman for fourteen years, until I forged a check to get out of a jam with a bookie. I was put on probation for three years—after some of the fellows here intervened for me. I'll go to prison if I gamble while I'm on probation, and I thank God for the sentence. I'm learning how to live like a human being. My wife says she'll come back to me with our two kids if I lick my insanity for gambling. That's one bet I'm going to win."

Gambling: a Mental Illness

Such confessions are heard every week in twenty-four cities from members of Gamblers Anonymous, an organization with what seems to be the first effective therapy for compulsive gambling—a mental illness related to alcoholism and drug addiction.

Since 1957, when the movement was founded in Los Angeles by Jim W., an alumnus of Alcoholics Anonymous, some 7000 troubled men and women have been introduced to the G.A. program. Most of them are unwilling to admit they need help and drop out after a few sessions; but G.A. says it has 800 converts who have curbed completely their passion for gambling. Although this seems to be a poor batting average, it is considered phenomenal by psychiatrists; successful treatment of compulsive gambling is hardly known in private practice.

G.A. is also performing an important service in promoting public awareness that obsessive gambling is a symptom of deep-seated neurosis. Compulsive gamblers generally are branded dissolute bums who refuse to buckle down and earn a decent living—the identical attitude toward chronic drunkards a generation ago, before Alcoholics Anonymous was launched. G.A. is struggling to change this public image.

The urgent need for G.A. is reflected by the rapid growth of the organization in the last two years and the increasing number of letters received by the general service office asking for information. (Inquiries should be addressed to Gamblers Anonymous, P.O. box 17173, Los Angeles 17, Calif., or P.O. box 1498, New York, N. Y.) Local chapters, usually listed in the telephone directory, have been established in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Miami, Seattle, Las Vegas, Arlington, Virginia; and in California at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Hollywood, Chico, West Covine, Beverly Hills, Bakersfield, Culver City, Gardena, San Jose, Downey, Redding, Santa Barbara and San Mateo.

A comparison of G.A. with Alcoholics Anonymous underscores a significant point. In 1940, A.A.'s fifth year of operation, it had 1500 members, G.A.'s current total. Today, A.A. enlists 300,000 of the estimated 5,850,000 men and women in the United States who lose control of themselves when they drink. Many authorities believe the destructive effects of gambling are almost as widespread.

This disclosure may startle people who never have met a compulsive gambler or, at least, don't know that they have. Unlike other addictions, gambling leaves no obvious scars. The typical victim is an engaging extrovert who tells amusing stories with a flair cultivated by dreaming up glib lies to borrow money to feed his betting fever. His intelligence is above average; he often earns a good salary, for a time. He grabs bar tabs, tips lavishly and is generous with favors for casual acquaintances. They rarely suspect his convivial front is a pathetic cover-up of the mess he has made of his own and his family's life.

G.A. charges no dues or initiation fees, but it is a wry joke among veteran members that their club is the most expensive in the world to join. Individual gambling losses exceeding $100,000 through the years are not unusual. The toll in emotional bankruptcy is devastating. About one third of the applicants have been divorced, and most of the remainder are on the verge of it. Their neglected children are deeply hostile. Many of the men are facing criminal prosecution.

At a recent meeting in Los Angeles, newcomers told typically harrowing stories. A woman said her husband would divorce her and sue for the custody of their three children if she continued to go to Gardena, a suburb where poker parlors are permitted to operate twenty hours a day. "I've tried to keep away from that hellhole," she cried. "Oh, God, how I've tried, but cards are like a drug to me."

A seventy-year-old man said in a heavy Greek accent, "My gambling drove my wife to her grave. Last week it drove my daughter to a mental institution." He turned his head to muffle a sob. "I am the one they should put away. For fifty years this curse has been on me. If I can purge it from my soul, maybe I will smile again someday, like the rest of you."

Maybe he will, but the odds are against him. "It's our experience that anyone who walks through the door has one chance in eight to get the monkey off his back," said Jim W., a soft-spoken man of forty-nine. "We succeed only with people who have hit rock bottom in misery and degradation. Those we fail to reach may have good intentions temporarily because they're frightened or depressed, but they really don't want to stop gambling."

Violent Urges to Bet

Jim reflected for a long moment. "It's terribly hard to give up something that's been the entire focus of your life. I haven't made a bet since October, 1954, but I still get violent urges to play a horse or take a flier at the crap tables in Las Vegas. Psychiatrists say compulsive gambling is a disease that is never really cured.

"We figure a man has passed the crisis if he comes to meetings for six months, but we've had bad disappointments with backsliders. Two fellows who had been 'dry' for a year had relapses recently, and they're hooked worse than ever now. When that happens, I feel like chucking the whole thing as a lost cause. And then someone who appeared to be a hopeless case makes a complete recovery, reviving my faith in the oldest principle in human relations: People with similar problems can help each other."

G.A. has learned to prepare members for a difficult transition from the private world of fantasy every compulsive gambler invents.

"The gambler often concocts elaborate schemes for helping people—to justify, subconsciously, his despicable conduct," Jim W. explained. "I always was on a medical kick. At first I wanted money to become a doctor like Albert Schweitzer. Then I was going to educate my relatives' children—I have none of my own—to staff my hospital in Africa. At the end, when I was hallucinating like crazy, I had plans to endow a foundation to find the cure for cancer.

"Those wild ideas were so real to me I felt I was violating a sacred trust when I spent money for anything except gambling. Whenever we lose a member who has made a sincere effort to quit gambling, he usually goes back to it for the same reason. He escapes to his dream world, where there's no yesterday and no tomorrow."

A forty-five-year-old Los Angeles woman, who must be unique in medical literature, spoke with hair-raising authority on gambling's insidious hold. At one time she was under psychiatric treatment for five addictions—narcotics, alcoholism, obesity, nymphomania and gambling.

"Gambling was the hardest habit to lick," she said. "My other brainstorms—the booze, dope, overeating and running around after I was divorced—were straightened out fast, but gambling had me whipped. I was like a zombie; I never heard people when they spoke to me. All I had on my mind was horses."

Even excruciating physical pain does not deter a gambler craving action. There is the documented case of a San Francisco woman who went to Reno a week after she had been delivered of a baby by Cesarean section and played slot machines for fourteen consecutive hours until she had a hemorrhage.

The most definitive study of this obsessive behavior has been made by Dr. Harry Perlowitz, a Brooklyn psychiatrist who gave G.A.'s New York members free treatment in group therapy for nearly two years. His file of sixty case histories is the most extensive, by far, in a field that was virtually unexplored until a few years ago.

"Stated in simple terms, a compulsive gambler has feelings of rejection stemming from early childhood," Doctor Perlowitz said. "Every one I've ever seen grew up in a disturbed family environment. His parents were divorced or so incompatible that he was denied the love a child needs for emotional stability. Another common characteristic is a strong suggestion of the Oedipus complex—undue attachment for the mother. Usually she was a domineering, self-centered woman who discouraged affection, intensifying the child's sense of insecurity and resulting in a dependency relationship which has continued into adult life."

That's the classic background of many neurotic people. Why do some of them turn to gambling?

"To buy love," Doctor Perlowitz explained. "They equate money with love because they have no confidence they can maintain personal relationships on a higher level. Gambling is an outbreak of anxieties that have accumulated since childhood."

That raised a fascinating point. The G.A. members I met at a dozen meetings and group-therapy sessions had lost so consistently that the law of averages seemed to have been revoked for them. Small wonder. In reminiscing, they alluded constantly to bets on long shots and

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Jim W. (right, masked by a copy of the group's handbook) founded G.A. in 1957. "We succeed only with people who have hit rock bottom."

absurd propositions that even yokels recognize as sucker bait.

"Do compulsive gamblers subconsciously play to lose?" I asked Doctor Perlowitz.

"Yes, of course," he replied. "Every obsessive addiction is self-destructive. The compulsive gambler wants to lose money to punish himself for using it to purchase love. He compounds his guilt by making his family suffer for his corrupt conduct, yet he will break his neck doing favors for total strangers to gain the approval he wants so desperately."

The technique used by G.A. for resolving this conflict once was dismissed as mere autosuggestion. Psychologists now concede it produces a spiritual unity which gives members the uplift of a religious movement. Actually at the meetings there are many references to the Deity—"God directed my footsteps to G.A." . . . "I thank God this organization was created to save my life." It is significant that very few compulsive gamblers previously have attended church; after joining G.A., they frequently become affiliated with a congregation.

Confessions From Members

G.A. meetings open on a solemn note with an oral reading of the twelve steps in the recovery program, which Jim W. copied directly from Alcoholics Anonymous. Each member admits he was unable to control gambling and professes his belief that a higher power can restore him to a normal way of life. After that catharsis, he promises to take a searching moral and financial inventory of himself and make amends to everyone he has harmed. The remainder of the session, which lasts about two hours, is devoted to recitals of past experiences by members of the organization.

It is impossible for someone who is not a compulsive gambler to comprehend the profound effect of this simple formula. I can only report the astonishing personality changes I have seen, even within forty-eight hours. I arrived in Los Angeles the same day a man we'll call Tom came from a Midwestern city.

Tom, a man approaching forty, was so distraught when Jim W. brought him to his first meeting that he literally cringed behind his sponsor for protection, like a terrified child. Except for a few whispered questions to Jim, Tom did not utter a word all evening. Two nights later he was in a state of exultation.

"A fantastic thing has happened to me," he shouted. "I was a compulsive gambler for twenty-two years and a miserable excuse for a human being. I lost $165,000 and three good businesses which my wealthy father had bankrolled for me. He spent a fortune sending me to psychiatrists—without results.

"I was at the end of my rope when I saw a news story about G.A. That was the

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Scanning their dope sheets, railbirds ring the paddock at a California track. Compulsive horseplayers, says a psychiatrist, make sucker bets in order to punish themselves by losing.

first act of fate that brought me here. Did you read about the plane that crashed in Chicago a few days ago killing all seventy-eight people on board? I was a standby on that flight." He raised a clenched fist. "God kept me off that plane so I could be saved by G.A. I hope He strikes me dead if I ever make another bet."

Gamblers' Neglected Wives

Weekly chapter meetings are conducted in two adjoining rooms, but they are at opposite poles psychologically. In one room there is a heady atmosphere of camaraderie and redemption. Next door, resentment and skepticism are the prevailing moods. There the members' wives are told how they can help to implement G.A.'s recovery program—but the women frequently are also in urgent need of guidance to solve their own emotional problems aggravated by years of neglect, humiliation and privation.

The women were remarkably outspoken in discussing their anxieties and intimate details of their marriages at sessions I was permitted to attend. Some wondered whether their bad judgment in choosing a husband betrayed flaws in their own characters. Others berated themselves for driving the men to gambling with their nagging and financial demands. (These self-accusations often are groundless. A compulsive gambler usually is hooked by the habit long before he is married.)

Fully 80 percent of the women I polled said they would have got divorces long ago except for their children. Every one was bitter against her husband for shirking his responsibilities and exposing her to the mortification of having to ask relatives and friends for money to pay bills. Numerous references to the breakdown of marital relations, always a sequel of compulsive gambling, reflected deep affronts to femininity which would not be forgotten quickly—if ever.

The withdrawal pains from gambling can be as severe as an alcoholic's abrupt abstinence from liquor. The urge to make a bet is so insistent that all sorts of dodges are practiced to fight off temptation. Sports pages of newspapers are thrown away immediately to avoid looking at the racing entries. Nickels and dimes are spent needlessly to thwart sudden impulses to call a bookie.

Since compulsive gamblers rarely cultivate hobbies or intellectual interests, they are at loose ends after giving up the only activity that ever absorbed them. Many drift back to betting in sheer boredom, but a sizable number transfer their obsessive drive to G.A. Some zealots in every chapter spend several nights a week indoctrinating applicants, riding herd on faltering members and publicizing the organization. Jim W. has given up his construction business ("I never was successful, anyway") and has taken a part-time job as a bookkeeper, so that he can devote thirty hours a week to meetings, setting up new chapters and answering the more than 2000 letters that he receives annually.

Although G.A. does not get as many emergency calls as Alcoholics Anonymous from overwrought members during the tapering-off period, its troubleshooters put in more time behind the scenes, straightening out the incredibly tangled affairs of newcomers. Every new member is so deeply in debt that he sees gambling as his only chance to get even. If G.A. does not show him another way out of his difficulties, he will continue to gamble with mounting desperation.

The first step is to compile a list of all his creditors and the court orders against him. One rule is adhered to rigidly: A fugitive from a criminal charge must surrender to the district attorney, or G.A. will have nothing to do with him. If he agrees, the organization uses its good offices to have him put on probation so that he can repay the money he has embezzled, stolen or swindled.

The troubleshooters tackle the ticklish job of persuading creditors to waive civil suits and salary garnishments and accept small, long-term remittances on debts. This may involve negotiating with a dozen banks and finance companies that have given a man loans. The chances are he also owes money all over town for merchandise bought on the installment plan and pawned for ready cash. The cooperation G.A. receives when it explains the circumstances to businessmen is heartening. Last year the New York and Los Angeles chapters were rebuffed by reputable firms on less than thirty of 400 appeals for special consideration.

After the immediate financial pressures on a man are relieved, a committee draws up his budget for the long haul. As much as 60 per cent of his weekly salary may be earmarked for payments on his debts. Allowances are made for men with large families and small incomes, but they are required to give at least twenty dollars a week to creditors, an obligation that means years of grinding penny-pinching.

One case I saw from start to solution in New York involved routine G.A. procedure. A twenty-six-year-old jewelry salesman we'll call Harry, who had been in hiding to evade arrest for forgery, appeared at a special meeting arranged by his wife. Harry had opened a bank account with a phony check for $2000, then immediately cashed fifty-two small checks totaling $4000 at branches of the bank before his spurious deposit bounced. The money went faster than the horses carrying his bets. He then bought with bad checks about $1000 worth of cameras which he hocked, to keep in action.

Harry's wife burst into tears when he entered the room. During the two weeks he had been on the lam, he had developed a nervous tic and a stammer. A three-man board informed Harry they would help him only on condition that he surrendered to the D.A. the next day.

G.A. was instrumental in getting him released on $500 bail, an extremely low bond considering his felonies. After waiting two weeks to see whether Harry was making a sincere effort to reform, the board called eight companies and told them Harry would repay the money he owed in monthly installments if they dropped the charges against him. All eight agreed to play ball.

Not all of Harry's troubles were cleared up so easily. News of his scrape blackballed him in the jewelry trade, forcing him to take a job driving a truck for eighty dollars a week. He then was summoned to another conference, where he was told he would have to pay back $150 a month until his debts were squared.

"If you say so, that's the way it's got to be," Harry said. The court gave him a suspended sentence and put him on probation for three years. That was six months ago. At last report Harry was meeting his payments punctually.

Gambling as Escape

Probably no movement based on a concept of group dependency ever started with a smaller nucleus. Jim W. comprised the entire "group" for three years. Jim had been a compulsive gambler all his adult life, and he was also a heavy drinker. In 1950 he joined Alcoholics Anonymous, and a year later, when his drinking was curbed, he married a member of A.A. Soon, however, he resorted to more violent bouts of gambling to escape the responsibility of supporting a wife.

The guilt that had been building up in him exploded one night in October, 1954. He was at a crap table in Las Vegas with his last twenty-five dollars when he was overwhelmed by a feeling of repugnance for himself. He drove back to Los Angeles and told his wife he was through with gambling.

"I had heard that story before," she says, "but I believed him. Ten years in A.A. had taught me to recognize the turning point in a compulsive person who has reached the bottom of his misery."

Jim had suffered no great distress in giving up liquor, but the ordeal of getting through a day without the stimulus of betting was much worse than he expected. His wife suggested he adopt A.A.'s technique of talking out his tensions with another gambler. He persuaded three horseplayers on his street to meet him in a tool shop once a week. They quit after two sessions.

He then went through a period of two years, trying to persuade others to join him in group therapy. Finally in 1957 Jim won his first sincere disciple. Sam, a young insurance salesman on the verge of a nervous collapse from the debts and domestic troubles piling up on him, grasped Jim's philosophy, and he stopped gambling. They met every day to discuss the formation of a group, but after four months that objective still seemed remote.

A tragedy led, in roundabout fashion, to the big breakthrough. Paul Coates, of the now defunct Los Angles *Mirror*, doing a follow-up story on a gambler who had been driven to suicide by debts, called Sam, who had known the man. When Sam mentioned his association with Jim, Coates wrote a column advising readers interested in combating compulsive gambling to get in touch with Jim. Later he did a TV program, with Jim and Sam appearing as masked guests. The show brought a response of fifty letters. Jim hired a room and informed everyone who had written him that a meeting would be held on September 13, 1957.

Five persons showed up; the following week only three returned. But on its first anniversary G.A. was safely off the ground with forty members.

A chapter in San Francisco was launched in 1958 by a public-relations man with valuable entrees to national publicity. The first story he placed, in a syndicated Sunday newspaper supplement, resulted in a handsome dividend. A compulsive gambler in New York, who also was a member of A.A., got in touch with Jim, asking for advice on starting a branch. On January 29, 1960, forty-seven persons responded to a brief notice of a meeting in the New York *Daily News*. The movement in New York has expanded into five chapters. During the past two years it has spread to many other cities.

Several foundations have offered to subsidize G.A., but Jim steadfastly declines such assistance. "The minute we had money there would be a temptation to help members out of jams, and that would be the end of us," he explained. "A compulsive gambler must work out his reformation the hard way—strictly through his own efforts. If things are made easy for him, he'll go right back to the horse tracks and the gambling tables."

THE END

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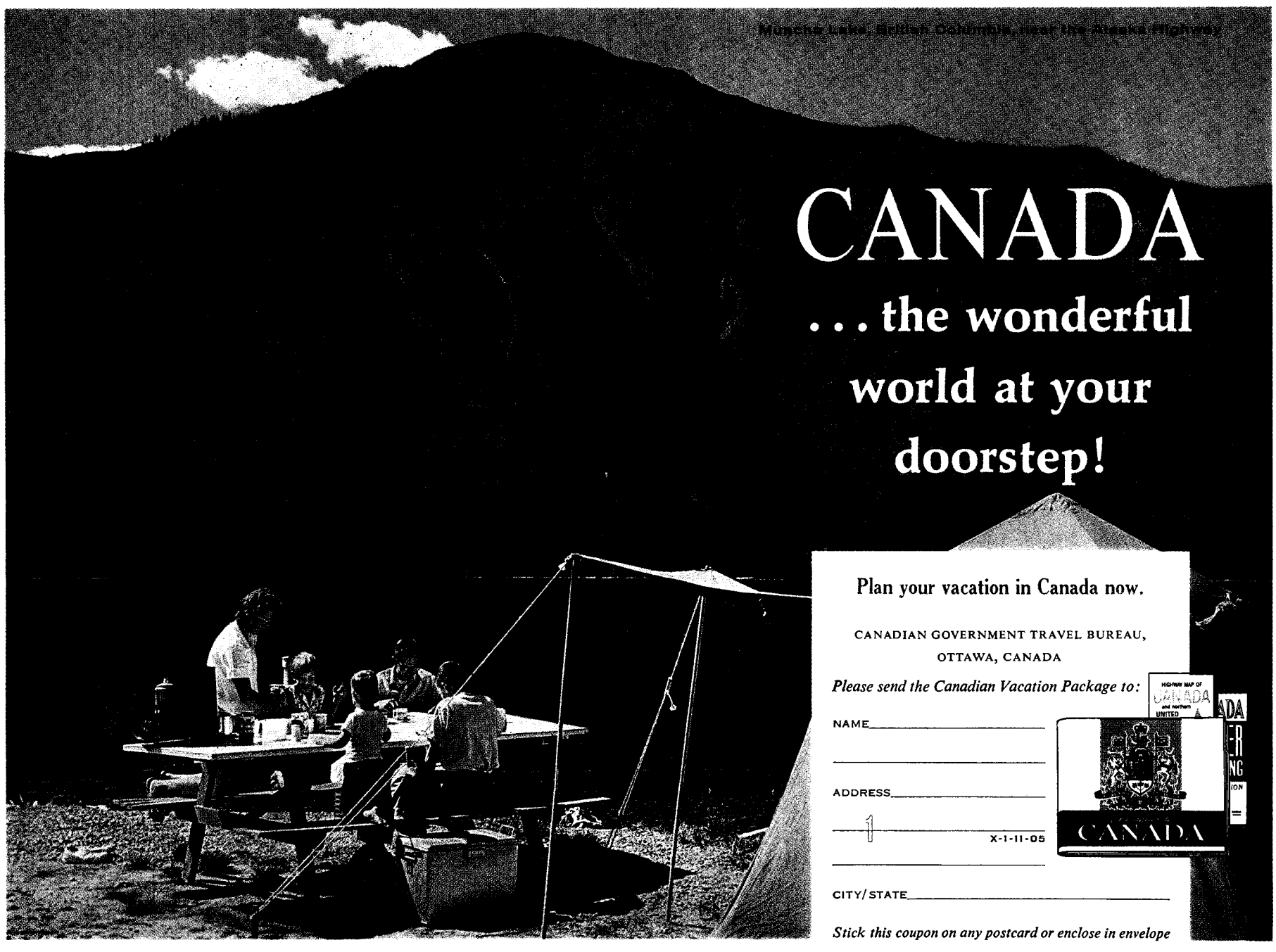
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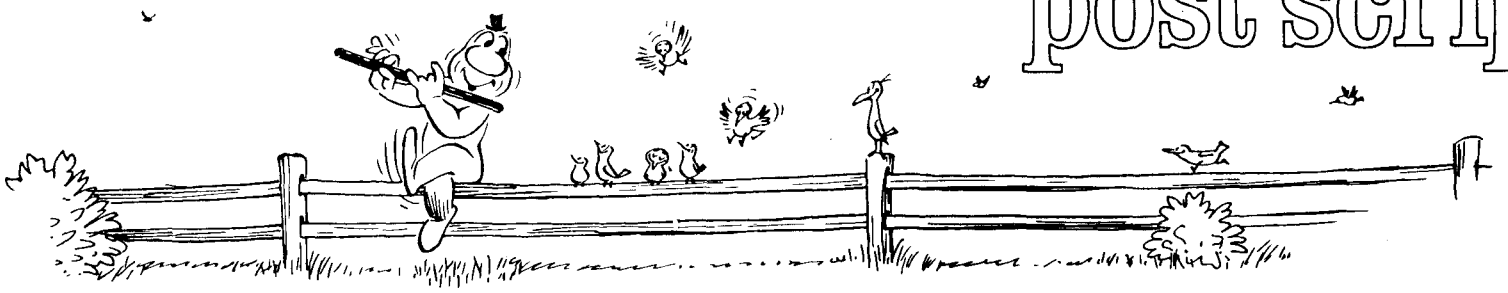
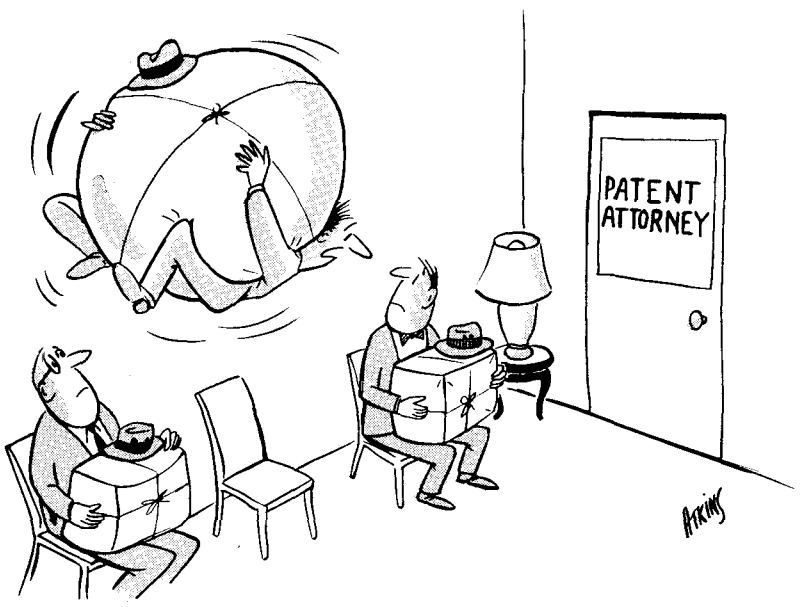




"I hope you don't mind if I go in next, this is urgent!"

"Make beautiful music together? On $67.50 a week?"

Recommended Reading for Very Young Moderns

The Cow That Missed the Moon

Semitechnical but gripping story of how a slight miscalculation in the amount of thrust in the first stage caused a near miss, with amusing sidelights on how it affected those present.

The Little Old Lady Who Lived in a Fallout Shelter

A lighthearted account of the tribulations of a widow with a large family and her problems with substandard housing.

The Black Sheep and the Farm-Surplus Problem

A sheep innocently overproduces and is caught up in the toils of bureaucratic red tape. The question is finally resolved when he is allowed to give the surplus away.

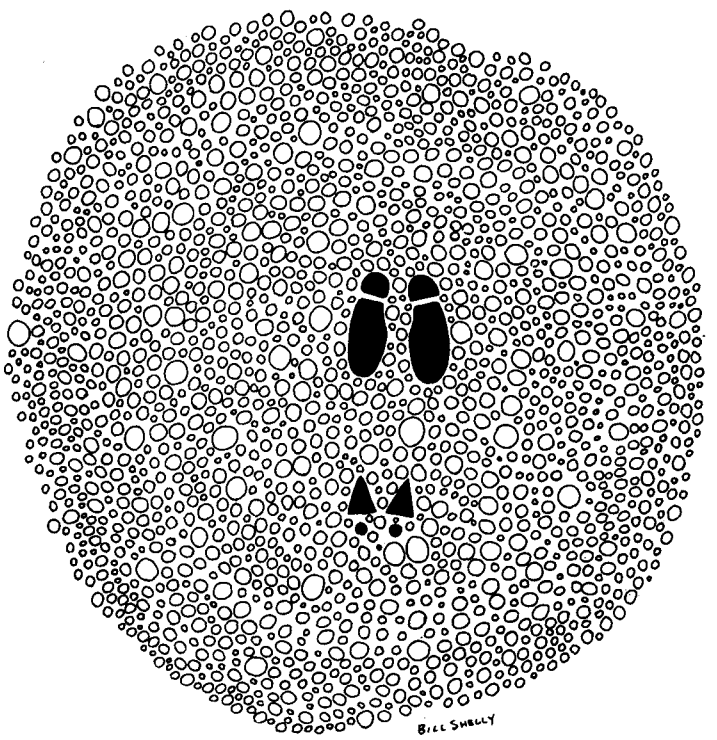
Winning His Way—A Success Story

A penniless young boy becomes a very successful businessman. Hard work, honesty and a fortunate marriage lead to the establishment of a factory to produce genuine war surplus.

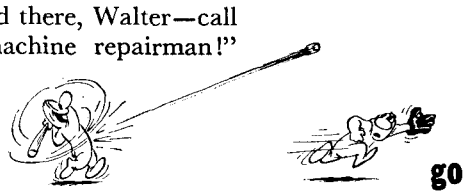
The Ugly Duckling

A duckling tells of the frustration and sorrow that result when he realizes that his public image is not all it should be. Only after suffering much embarrassment and soul-searching does he discover that swans seldom are good-looking ducks.

WALTER V. MULL



"Don't just stand there, Walter—call the washing-machine repairman!"



go

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If I've told you once I've told you a thousand times, remember Holly Sugar!

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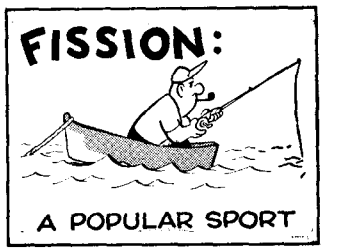
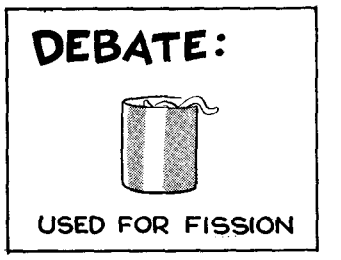
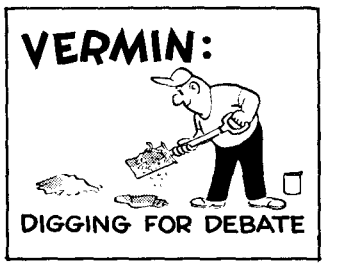
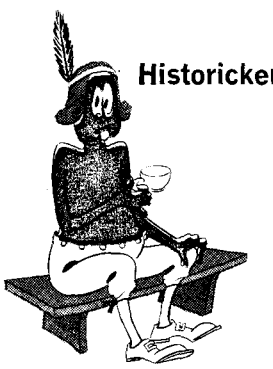
Pun Abridged Dictionary







BIL KEANE

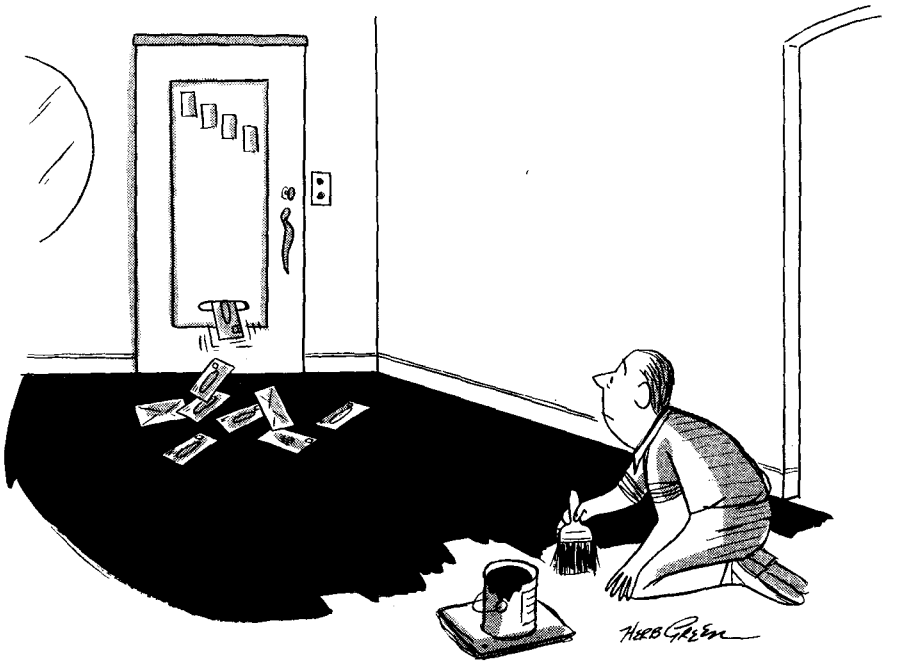


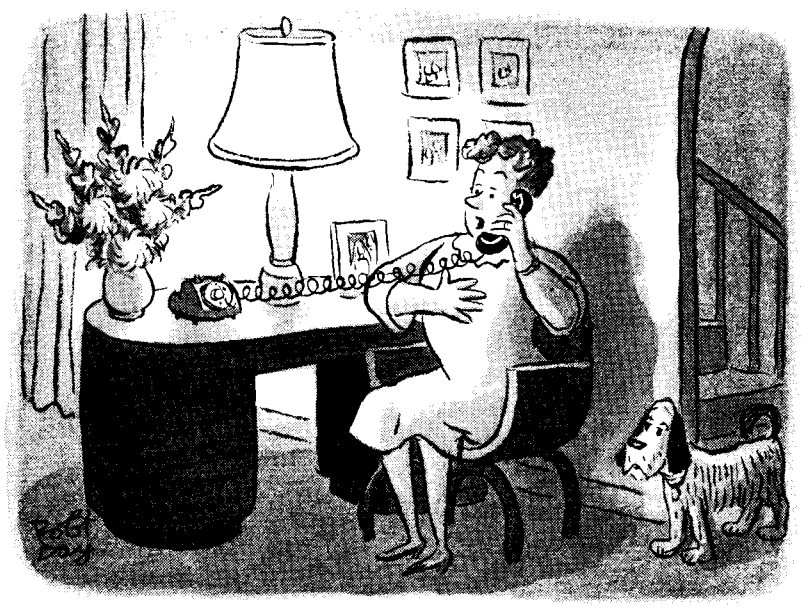
Historicker-Versen Mein Grossfader Made

DAS TEA PARTY

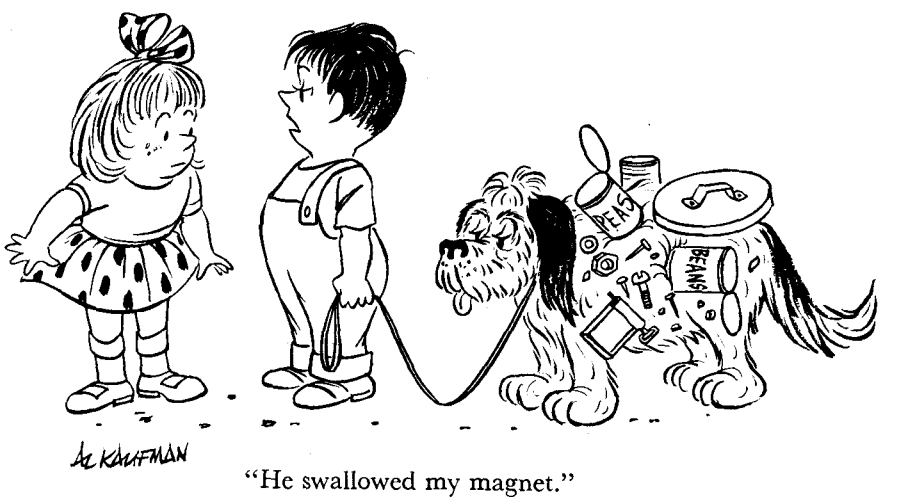
Der tea ben arriven mit taxen geloaden,
Und Bostoner folkers ben sooner exploden!
Mit painten der facers, das angrischer groupen
Ben maken der tea in der harbor, mit whoopen!
Mitouten ein doubten der tea ist ben wasten,
Mit coldischer wasser und saltischer tasten.

DAVE MORRAH

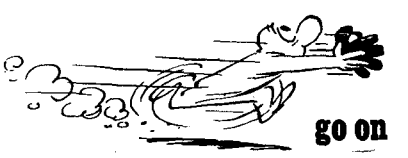




"Operator, I'm not being bounced off a satellite, am I?"



"He swallowed my magnet."



go on

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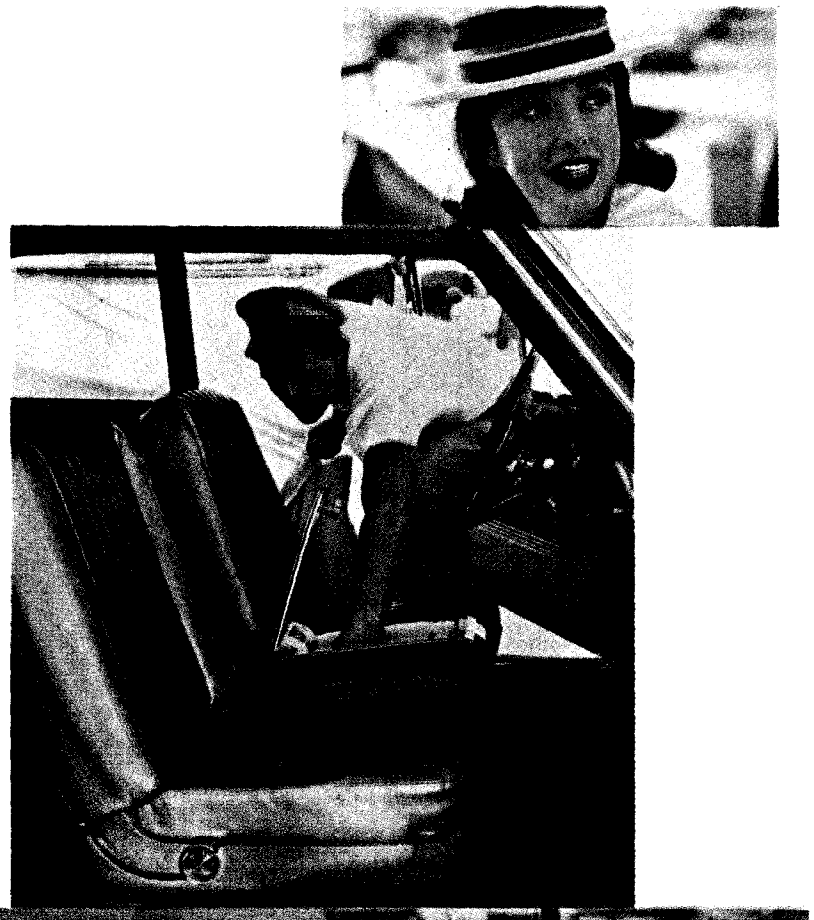
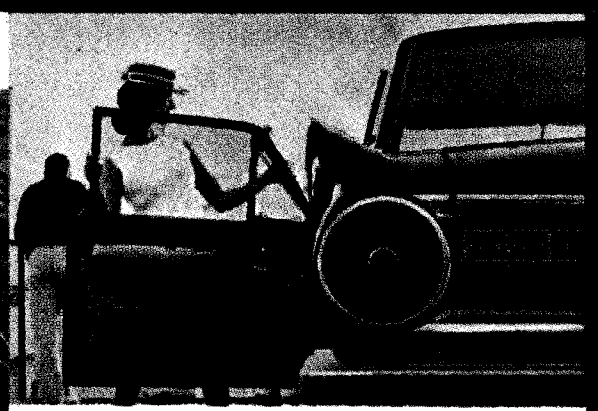
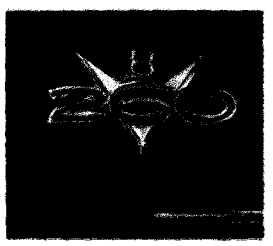
This way out of the ordinary!



FAIRLANE 500 SPORTS COUPE. Its all-new optional Challenger 260 V-8 tells you you're on your way . . . and its bucket seats with console in between tell you you're where you want to be. The Fairlane Sports Coupe has big-car ride, room and performance . . . compact-car handling and economy . . . and a price that's less than many compacts! It needs service only twice a year, or every 6,000 miles—for the rest of the year, it lives! The fastest way out of the ordinary is by way of your Ford Dealer's—the liveliest spot in town.





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FALCON FAIRLANE GALAXIE THUNDERBIRD

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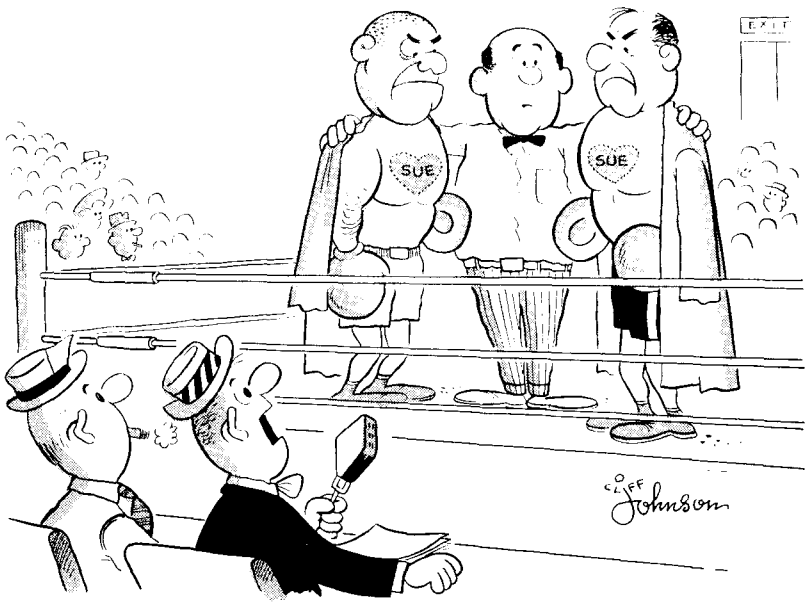
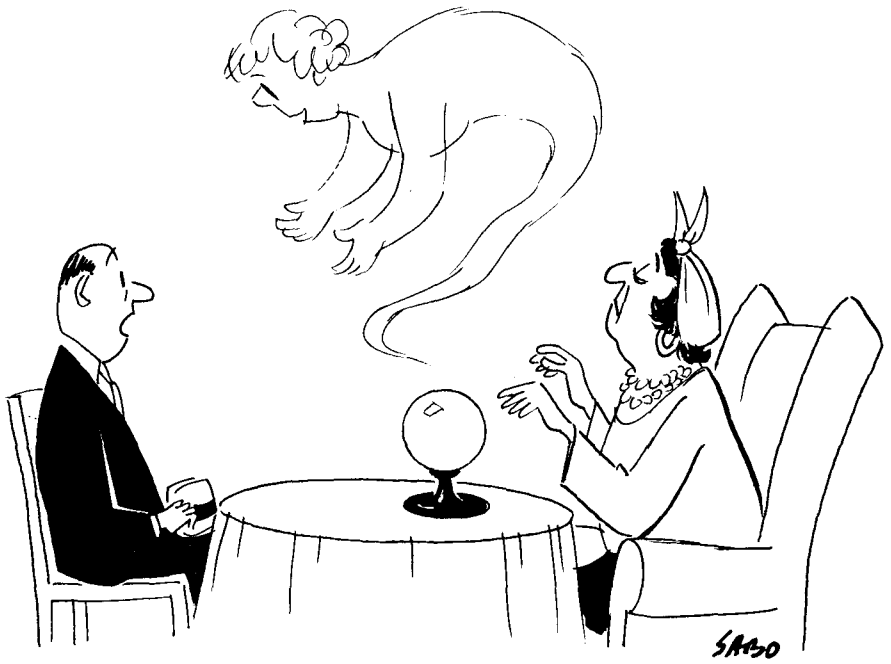


"This shapes up as a real grudge fight, folks!"

"You realize, Allen, you're drinking Rome off our budget."



"Ask her what she did with the car keys."

Up the Ladder

Of all clichés, there's none, I guess,
That beats "the ladder of success,"
A ladder very often sung
By those who climb it, rung by rung.

The ladder's top all climbers covet.
If they arrive, they're sure they'll love it.
It's where the status and the pay is—
And where the disconcerting sway is.

RICHARD ARMOUR

"Hello?"

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Partisan

(Continued from page 29)

"Yes. At Godice."

"Godice?" The man stared at him. "You at Godice. Partisan?"

Bell nodded.

"But—you young man."

"Yes," Bell said. The man went on staring at him with gathering awe. Then he excused himself suddenly and dashed off and got another waiter and talked excitedly to him for a moment, and they both came back grinning. Bell asked them to sit down. They shook hands all around, and Bell caught the thin one's name; it was Evo. They sat across from him, staring at him with delight.

They chattered for a moment in sputtering English, and then Evo dashed off again. "We drink to partisan!" he shouted and returned with more slivovitz and a short stubby man from the hotel desk. Bell began to feel very good. The stubby man sat down and asked with somber authority about the partisans, and Bell told him briefly. Bell asked if they'd ever heard of the Lalic group.

"No," the stubby man said and shook his head apologetically. "Is not possible. We work in hotel, you see? And go to state school. We learn little English, French, German. Sometime learn Russian." He chuckled. "But no more." Everyone grinned. Evo poured more slivovitz. "But is no man here from Godice. I from Zagreb. Where you from?"

"Florida."

That meant nothing. He mentioned Miami. There were slow dawns of awed recognition. "Florida? Meeahmee? Many millionaires!" They knew about Miami from American movies. From then on they regarded him as an immensely wealthy man, but it seemed to make no difference. It was not until much later that he realized how truly wealthy, in comparison to them, he was. Most of what they knew about America had come from the movies. They kidded him about the movies, the cowboys, the gangsters, but it was not all light fun.

"America very beautiful," Evo said suddenly. A quiet came over the group. "America." A deeply wistful look came over the gaunt face. He paused, held out his hands gravely. "America," he said again softly. He shook his head. Bell was moved. The stubby man grunted.

"Your country has much luck," the stubby man said. "Here"—he gestured toward the mountains and grimaced—"here is very poor. Too many wars. The people—but we build. We be better soon." He said this almost defiantly, looking not at Bell but at the two waiters. They sat staring into the table.

"I like the mountains," Bell said. "We have no mountains in Florida."

"You grow no food in mountains," the stubby man said gloomily. "In rock you grow nothing. Here is nothing." He leaned suddenly, earnestly across the table. "I want explain you. No Communist your country. But you understand, please. Here is nothing. Is no electric, no power, no roads, no factories. If no electric, then is no cold, no—icebox. Food not keep, is no good, spoil. Is no machines like in your country. Is much rock. People all poor. How we get roads if state not do it? How we get electric if state not do it? No money here, Yugoslavia. We must build new, but no money. So must take from people, from Yugoslavs, or must ask from America. Everything—very hard. With no roads, can ship nothing. With no electric, no can raise many chickens, milk many cows. But is cost money; and America help, and that is very good. You understand?"

He was in deadly earnest. He wanted desperately for Bell to understand.

"For Yugoslav this only way—Communist. Not for you; you no need. King no good, no want schools for people, want keep them down. But government help now, you see? But no war. Too many wars. Someday we have all—factories, electric, food. People eat, be happy. Then no more war. Why be war if people eat? You see? We do this."

Bell nodded. The two waiters sat silently, still staring at the table. After a moment, the stubby man excused himself, saying he had to get back to the desk. Bell poured more slivovitz. The two waiters brightened.

Evo raised a glass. "*Hai hai uzhivai!*" he cried suddenly. "Toast!" Bell repeated it after him, grinning. They drank. Evo fixed Bell with a fond, approving smile, then gestured with distaste at people sitting at other tables, who had looked over at him when he called the toast.

"Germans," he said. "Too many Germans." He spat. "I fight. I no forget." He leaned forward, grinning. "But we take their money." He chuckled. "For Germans Yugoslavia is cheap; so we let them come and we take their money. Everywhere for Germans prices go up." He chortled, then grew suddenly grave. "You make sure, you, where you go, they know you not German."

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Bell said he would. Evo suggested he get an American flag and put it on his car. They considered this and drank. Evo glanced around, saw the stubby man nowhere about, leaned forward again.

"In America," he asked, "all waiters have cars?" Surprised, Bell nodded.

"*All* waiters?"

"Most," Bell said. He explained about waiters' salaries, and it came to him suddenly that in this country Evo was really an important waiter. He served in one of the largest hotels in one of the most important tourist areas in the country. His equivalent would be a topflight waiter in New York or Miami. In America Evo would be making very good money, and Bell tried to explain this diplomatically and also to explain unions, which interested both waiters profoundly.

After a moment Evo smiled. He explained his salary to Bell. It amounted to about eight hundred dollars a year. He said it would take him twenty years to save enough money for a car, any car. He said he had a wife and two children. He picked up the bottle. "*Hai hai uzhivai*," he said, and they had another round.

They sat silently for a while, and then Evo roused himself. He looked round again cautiously, then said, "You know one thing? Is Communist now here"—he struggled for the words—"is Communist from here, Yugoslavia, all the way there, all the way ——" He motioned east. "From here to Pacific Ocean," he said quietly, "is Communist."

It was a chilling thing. Bell nodded.

Evo grinned faintly. "All those people . . . very hungry. If you fight Russians . . . all gone. Everything die. But"—he paused and smiled grimly—"if you fight Russians, make long war. Make four, five year. You eat, yes, but they no eat. They have no . . . system. They starve, have other revolution. Here we say win war with food, not guns."

He regarded Bell thoughtfully, hopefully. "They not ahead of you, Russians? They not really ahead?"

Bell shook his head. "I don't know. I don't think so. I hope not."

"I no think so either." Evo smiled. "You have engineers, but all work television." He grinned widely. "Russians . . . I have one friend once, from Österreich . . . Austria . . . come here after war. Was Communist in Austria, all in war Communists. Love Russians. Love Russian like woman. Then war end, and Russians come his little town. Rape all women, all little girls, old women, rape everybody. Rape his family. He come here then." Evo grinned. "Russians ——" He looked up and saw the stubby man coming. He was silent.

The stubby man sat down and went off again explaining Communism. He did this by right, as if anything they were talking about before he came was without consequence. Bell sat politely, but he was beginning to understand. He had a stark sense of tragedy. These starved and grave and battered people had been overrun with enemies for centuries.

At the next table there were suddenly two very pretty, well-dressed blondes. They sat looking around for a waiter, but neither man at Bell's table moved. The blondes became annoyed. Bell was uncomfortable but said nothing. Eventually Evo rose, yawning, and started toward the table. He winked at Bell.

"Germans," he said and shrugged. The stubby man excused himself again and left. The last waiter sighed and drained one more glass of slivovitz. He looked up at Bell, holding the glass, and smiled.

"The brewery changes," he said softly, "but the wine remains the same."

He left. While Evo was gone, one of the blondes looked over at Bell and smiled.

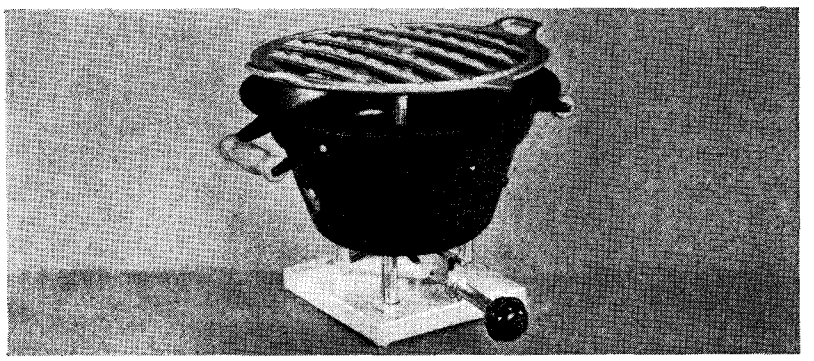
"You are American?" she said. She had a really lovely smile. He was surprised to have her pick him for an American so quickly. "Isn't the service here terrible?" she said.

Bell shook his head. "I—they've been very nice to me."

"These people," the girl said and shrugged. "Would you care to join us?" She smiled again. Her English was very good, with strong traces of British. He did not want to join her, but he could not politely refuse. He sat at their table. Evo came back and stood watching him, a knowing grin on his face. Bell felt at first that he had in some way betrayed him, but Evo winked broadly, and Bell realized that he was wishing him well. Anyway there was no doubt about the attitude of the one girl. She was bored, and he looked as if he might be interesting. Her name was Ursula. She went on talking about the terrible service she and her friend had seen all over Yugoslavia.

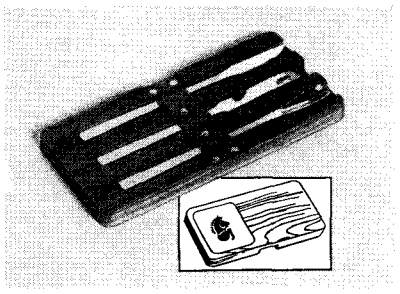
Bell replied that he hadn't found it bad, but then he was an American, and perhaps the Yugoslavs had no fondness for Germans. He didn't know why he said that, but he said it. The girl was astonished, did not understand him. He blinked, wondered what she could possibly have thought of all the ruins along the road. He explained that, of course, the war—but she was annoyed, quite annoyed. She said, "That is foolish, really.

Gifts for Father, Friend or Family... Shop-by-Mail way



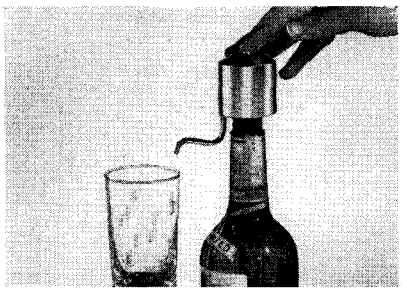
The new "Hibachi" with adjustable high-low grill

Cook the authentic Oriental way with this portable "Hibachi" for indoor or outdoor eating pleasure, for charcoal cooking that will be tasty, perfect! Grill adjusts to 7 high-low positions. Has grate for sifting ashes. Of heavy gauge, black enamel steel. Protective wood base. 10" diameter. $8 ppd.



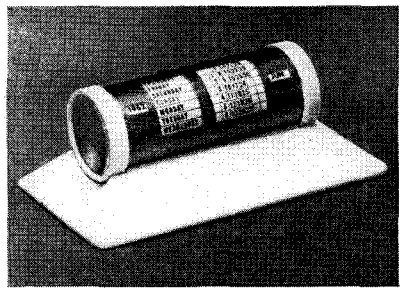
Turn side for extra use

Dual-use wood "party block" has channeled top with stainless steel serrated knife, combination fork-and-spoon, can-and-bottle opener. Reverse serving-side has tile, walnut finish wooden area. $9 ppd.



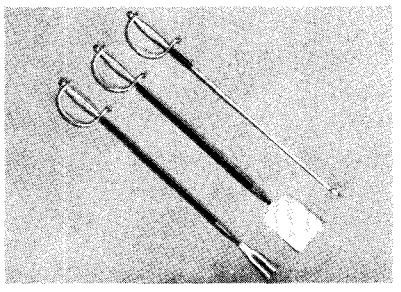
Dispenses a full jigger

Be an expert bartender with "Say When" liquor dispenser. Place in bottle, push down dispenser for full jigger or drop. No drip or waste, no tilting of bottle, no alcohol-marred tables. Chrome finish. $6 ppd.



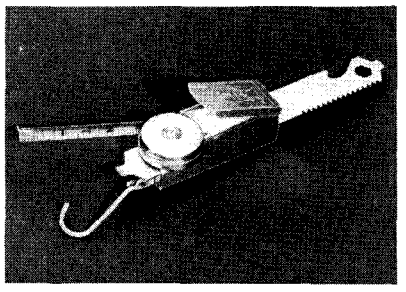
Look ahead for 23 years

A brand-new calendar for 23-yr. period, 1961 through 1983. Knob-type control... turn left-knob once a year, turn right side each month. Dates for months line up automatically. Gold-tone cylinder. $3 ppd.



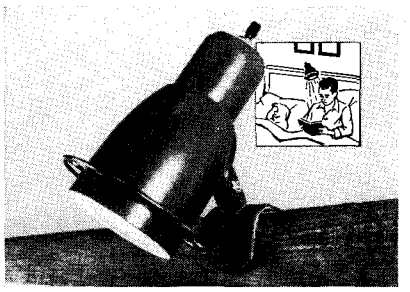
Decorative barbecue set

Dashing flair in sword-like design of easy-to-grasp handles makes set a smart wall decoration when not in use. 24" extra long skewer, spatula, fork. Stainless steel; heat-resist black metal handle-cover. $10 ppd.



A fisherman's best pal

Efficient six-purpose tool for fisherman—it's a fish scaler with pull-out steel ruler, a bottle opener, a reel wrench, a scale, a hidden first aid kit containing band aid, razor blade, and tiny vial for an antiseptic. $4 ppd.



Read-in-bed spotlight

Clamp-on bed lamp for light that shines directly on your reading matter, won't disturb your sleeping "better half". Classic style and wood-tone brown color blend with your room decor. Bulb not included. $5 ppd.

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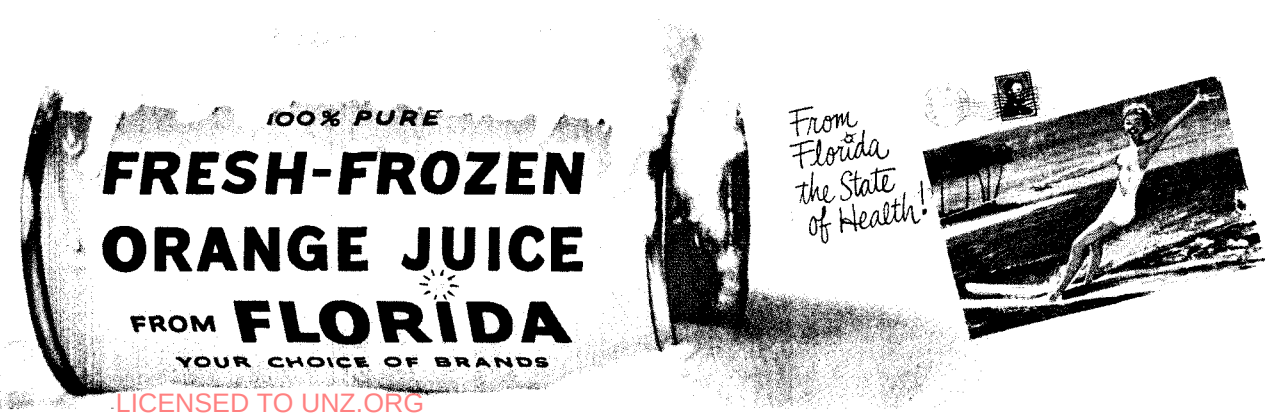
Get the real thing. If the label says "orange juice drink" it's not pure fresh-frozen Florida Orange Juice—Nature's Powerhouse of Vitamin C!

Get the real fresh taste! Shake vigorously before each serving for more delicious flavor.

Get real economy! Two sizes: 6-ounce can and the 12-ounce family size that makes **8** glasses.



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Partisan

There is no reason for people to dwell on the war. That is all done. That is no good for world peace."

Bell shrugged.

"And of course," the girl said quietly, "we have our ruins too."

That you do, Bell thought, *that you do*. He was confused, he did not want to talk about it. He was also very tired. He excused himself; she gave him another very warm smile.

"You will be here tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow evening, yes."

"We will see you then? Perhaps you will go with us to the Palace of Diocletian."

Of course, Bell said. The girl smiled with promise. Bell left, passed Evo standing by a stone column.

"You get the German girl," Evo chuckled. Then he said, "You go tomorrow to Godice?"

"Yes."

"You come back, yes? We talk about America."

"Yes," Bell said.

In the morning he passed through a cleft in which the partisans had once ambushed a German convoy. He stopped and looked and smelled the silent air. There were no traces. The day came back vividly; layers of his memory peeled away. There it was—blood pools in the gray rock, bodies, brains, flecks of red flesh stuck to bright, hot metal, cartridge cases gleaming in the sun. He remembered an old man dying, a gray-haired partisan, such a little man—what was his name? Crying. And then a *young* German, very young, and the look on his face when Lalic came up and pointed the gun down to finish him. Usually he was not this good at memory; he could remember feelings better than sights, he could remember the sense of loss, the smell of fear. Sometimes he thought that was a bad thing, to remember the feeling and not the face, to remember the smell of his lost wife and not what they had done together.

But here he could remember everything. Veils were falling. He felt increasingly alive. He remembered that same night after the fight, back in the hills with Melitta, how hungry he was.

Up above that site was a small village. It was empty; all the roofs were gone. Along the roadside he passed a white concrete monument bearing the names of the dead—KILLED BY THE FASCIST TERROR. On top of the monument was a white star. The Communists were very good at that, at monuments to the dead.

He drove on, feeling oddly cold. He could remember some of the names now—Ivan Maras, Marko Seveli. Some of them must still be alive. And Melitta. It began to be as if no time had passed at all. It was as if he were going back to them, and they were waiting, and there might still be Germans around the next bend.

He passed through small towns, and strong faces turned to stare at him. Children waved. He looked at the girls especially as he passed, and there were many to remind him of her—the long sturdy legs, the square, proud, lovely faces. He remembered what the Germans had done to the girls in some of these towns. He thought of Evo. What had happened to Evo's women?

But the land was so poor. It was worse even than he had remembered. They had nothing, not even soil. There were no green fields, only small square plots every few miles, tiny hoards of topsoil painfully scraped together, bounded with rock walls to keep the wind and rain from carrying it away. Here grew straggly plants he did not recognize. There were a few places where the government had planted trees, tiny pines, in hope of bringing back the soil, of holding on to what was left. But to recover this area would take forty years.

He thought again, how many armies have passed this way. The Romans, the Germans. In the history of every family, killing, rape. *We knew damned little rape in America, thank God*, he thought. The grave faces watched him. He wished they could know he was an American. At last he came into Godice.

He turned off the main road, began climbing the mountain. Children watched him go by. A small boy ran alongside screaming, "Bonbon! Bonbon!" He went up the road with his mind a blank, looking for the house, Lalic's house. It was alone just over the first rise, out of sight of the small town. He knew everything here now clearly, each small rise, each cleft in the rocks. But there had been more trees, many more trees. He followed the road until it gave out. *That's all right*, he thought, *it was only a path anyway. And he'd be an old man now, very old, seventy anyway. But there should be a path.*

There was no path. There were bare rock and thornbushes. It was very hot, very dry. He left the car and began the walk up through the brush. He still did not think; he had an unreasoning hope. He made it over the top of the rise and looked down on the house.

There was no roof. The windows stared back at him like the eyes of a skull. All around him was still. A slight breeze came up from the sea. He took a deep breath and walked down to the house.

There was nothing inside, no trace of pan or bone. A thornbush grew where the stove had been, a pile of crushed stone littered half the dirt floor. He stared across the one big room, the room of the table and wine bottles and long talks in the night; the room of her hand held tightly when no one could see. He could not see them all any more; they were all gone from his memory; there was no vision left, but only the feeling, only the loss. He looked out through the windows down to the bright green sea. He felt the soft wind, heard the deep silence.

Afterward he went up to the hill above and found the blackberry bush. It was August, the berries had fallen. He sat and looked down to the sea.

He stayed up there most of the afternoon. He had not realized it would hit him this hard; he had an ungovernable feeling of despair. The Yugoslavs—they had fought all that time and the ones that survived had nothing. They had got rid of the king and then the Germans and now they had the Communists. And beyond him to the Pacific—he looked off to the east and remembered Evo's words—from here to the Pacific, the Communists. He had a terrible feeling of disaster. Where does it end, all the hate? Centuries pass, and it never ends. And they all died, and what does it matter? But what did they accomplish? What does it mean?

He went down to Godice. He thought of the German girl waiting in Split, the bright smile, and he felt nothing. *We have our ruins too*. Ruins all over the world.

When he came out onto the road, there was a crowd waiting. He got into the car, staring at the faces, the stony faces, but he did not recognize anyone. He was very tired. He tried to smile and pointed to himself and said, "American," and people began to smile. Then a small, bearded man pushed up through the crowd and stared at him, wild-eyed. The man came closer. The man remembered him.

The man reached out and clutched his hand and said his name. He did not remember the man, but he held the hand and listened while the little man swung to the crowd and told them who he was, and, *My gosh*, Bell thought, *he's crying!*

He was. Bell felt a tremor in his own throat. He got out of the car and began to shake hands. He was walked over to the shade of the trees, and someone brought him a cold beer. From the looks on all their faces he realized suddenly that in this town he had been remembered; here he would be a hero. One man could speak a little English, he was the owner of a small bar and he insisted on explaining to Bell over and over again that his place was "*privat*," was not run by the government. They went down together to the bar, in the center of the town, the crowd growing every minute, the little man still sobbing and holding his hand. Bell asked for Lalic and asked what had happened. The little man tugged him wordlessly along to another white monument.

Bell saw all the names. Eight of the Lalics—dead of the fascist terror. In the sudden quiet he bowed his head.

"Honey, this is Al Hooper of Amalgamated and Jack Glantz of Continental. I've acquired them by merger."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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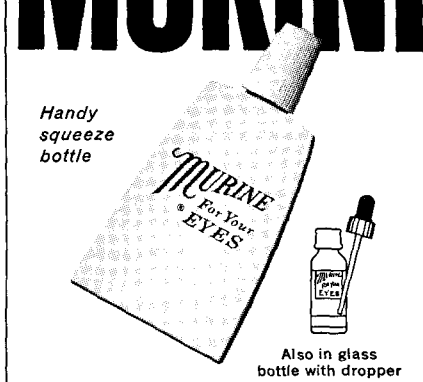

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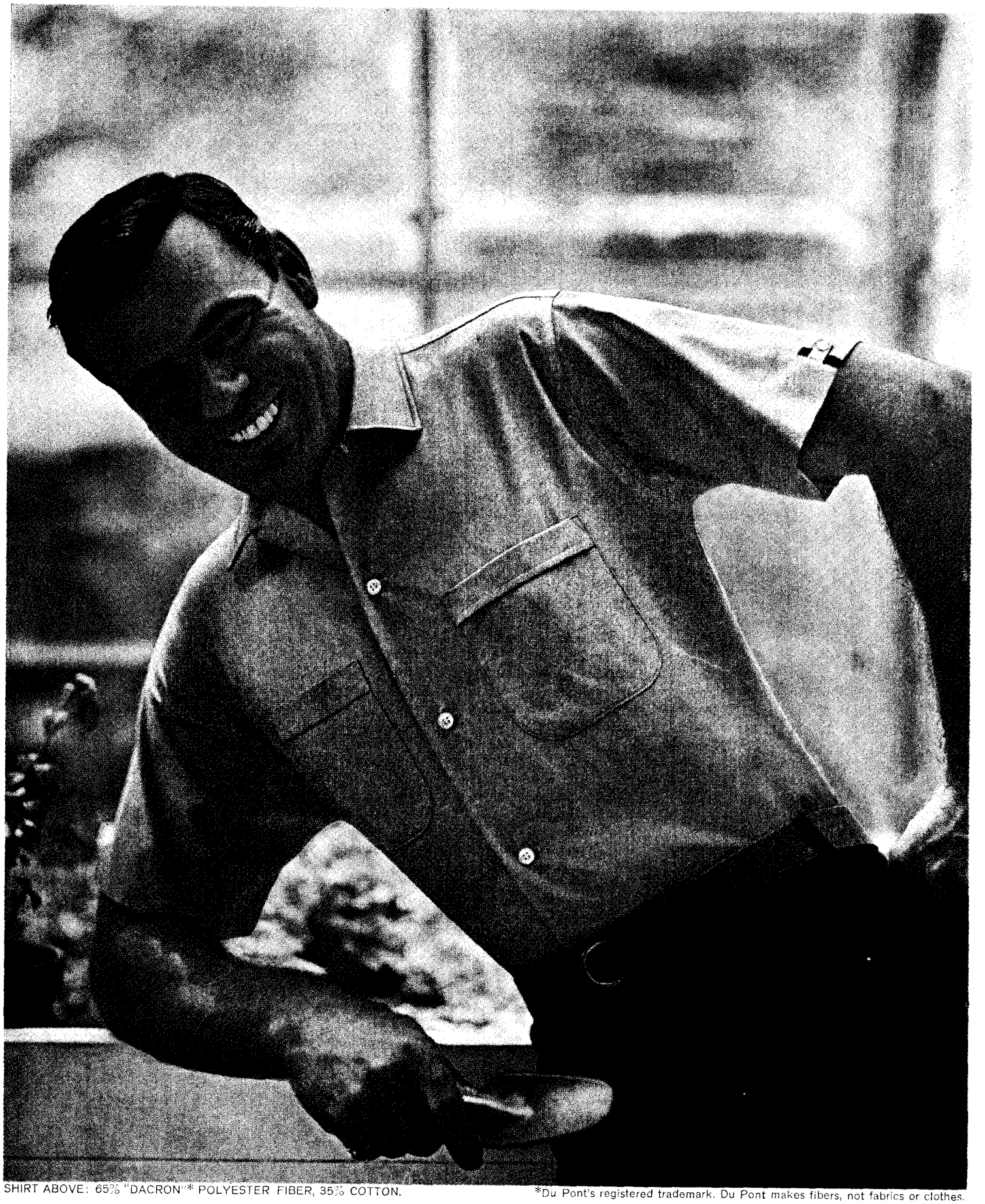

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Partisan

When he looked again, he realized that the name of Melitta was not on the stone. He asked for her—Melitta Lalic.

The little man understood and brightened and waved down the road. The tavern owner smiled and turned him around. "She come. She come now soon, please. She know you here. OK?" Then he smiled and pointed.

Bell looked down the dirt street, straight into the afternoon sun. After a moment he made her out, the woman's figure with the bright blaze behind it coming toward him in the dust.

"Larry?" the voice said. She stopped. He looked into her face, had to shield his eyes from the sun. She ran to him suddenly and put her arms around him, and he held her very close while all around him the crowd began laughing and cheering.

He stepped back and looked at her, holding both her hands. "Hello," he said. He just looked at her—the same strong lovely face, the matchless smile, tears in the gentle eyes, small gleams of silver in the temples, an old faded dress, very clean, heavier, warmer, a stranger but not a stranger, something he had missed, something he had lost.

"How are you?" he said.

She nodded, tried to flick the tears from her face. "I cannot think of the English."

"I am very happy to see you," Bell said.

She came in to him again and held him. "I never think you come back," she said. The crowd surged around him and began to push them back to the shade of the trees. He walked with his arm around her, feeling shaken all the way down in him, looking down at the few gray hairs, and she looked up at his face.

"I learned some English in school," she said. "I hope if you come back."

"I wrote to you," Bell said. "I wrote to Lalic. Nobody ever answered."

"No," she said. "No letters." She held him suddenly very tightly, and they sat on a wooden bench under the trees. There were now many bottles of beer, and a young boy came out with an accordion and began to play wild, rolling Slavic songs. Bell sat looking into her face. She had been seventeen then; she was nearly twice that now. She was beautiful.

"Thank God they never got you," he said. She looked back at him, searching his eyes. "I went up to Lalic's," he said. "I thought . . . everyone was dead. But thank God they never got you."

She went on looking at him. She bit her lip suddenly and looked away. He didn't understand. Now beer was being pressed into his hands; he had to begin drinking toasts. At that moment a small boy, very blond, dusty, barefoot, pushed through the crowd and clutched worriedly at her legs. She smiled at Bell and leaned down and folded the boy in. She told him who Bell was, and the boy stared back in open awe.

"My son," she said proudly. She put her arm around the tiny shoulders. Bell reached out and shook the child's hand.

"I have a son too," Bell said.

She smiled. She pressed his hand. She had again begun to cry. She looked up at him once more and she said, "I would have waited, Larry. But you never ask."

"I know," Bell said. "I never asked."

He sat silently with the beer in his hand. After a moment he said, "Well, thank God anyway; thank God you're all right."

Her face was turned away from him. But he saw the corner of her eyes and the look there, the sudden spasm, silent and unseeing. She twisted around again to look at him, and the eyes were still unseeing, dim, but the mouth somehow smiled, there was in her now a strange mute softness—and he understood.

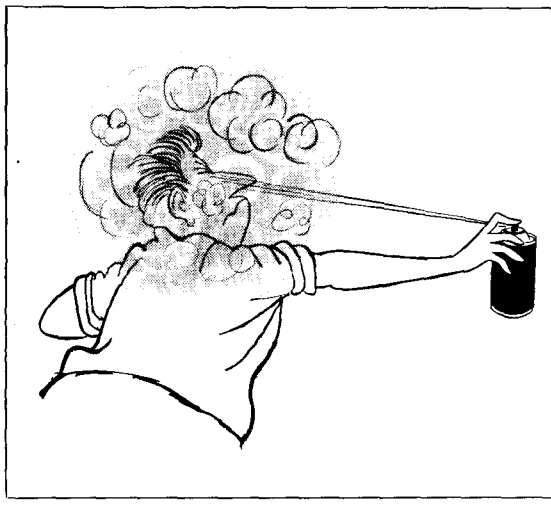
Of course he understood. She had not got away. He stared down at her with growing shock. They hadn't killed her; much too pretty. She had finished the war in a German brothel.

He put a hand to his face and looked down into the dirt. He was aware finally of the little boy's curious face, bent down in front of him, staring up into his eyes. He had to smile and reach out and touch the boy's cheek. He looked up again at Melitta. He took another long drink from the bottle of beer.

She knew he understood. He knew she would never mention it. She sat holding his hand warmly, smiling down at her son, once again gentle and patient, once more warm and serene.

They sat together under the trees. The sun had begun to set behind a gray island. She told him of her husband, a good man, a farmer. She said she was very happy. She hoped that one day soon there would be electricity in her home and her boy would read more. He asked her if there was anything he might send her from America. She said no. Then she said, "Just a letter sometimes, for me, for my son." But he knew he would send her many things.

He sat in the midst of the gathering darkness, the music. They all began to sing; she sang with the rest. She threw back her head and sang with warmth and great sweetness, still holding his hand. He knew now what he had missed. But he knew also that it was still there, still alive in the world, and he could find it again, even if he had to look a long time. He listened, he watched, he breathed deep and felt whole. He gazed around him at the people of the cruel earth, the people who had known so much—war and rape and Communists and kings. He sang with them all that night. THE END



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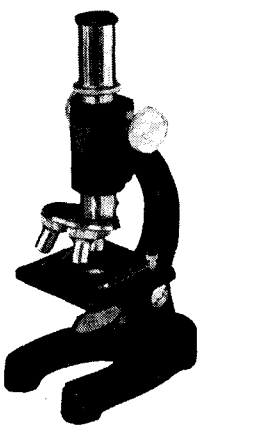

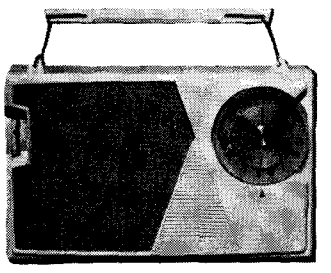

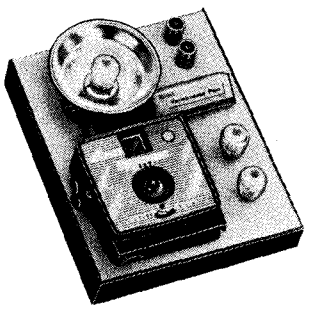

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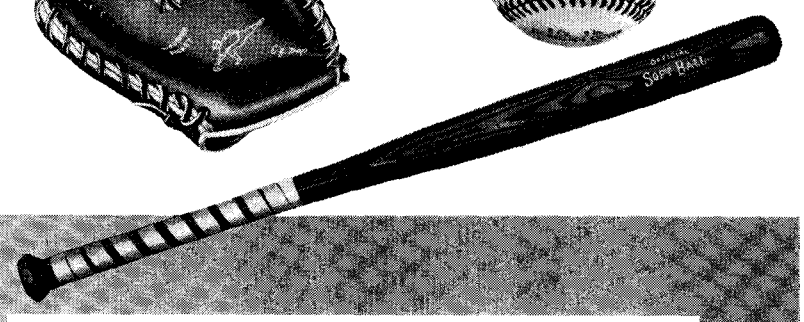

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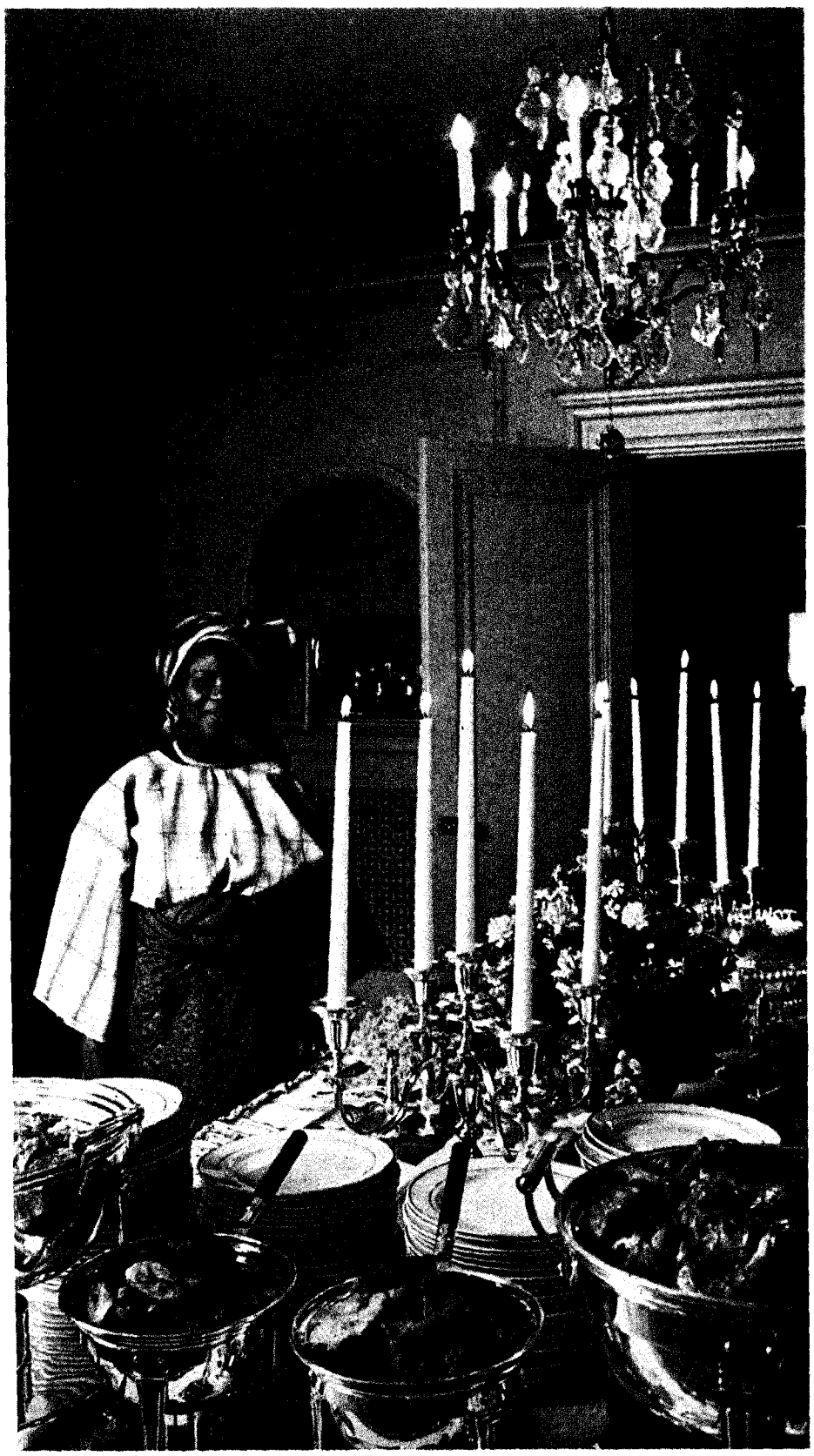

At the Nigerian Embassy Mrs. J. M. Udochi, wife of the ambassador, displays some of the foods for which her parties are famous: fried fish (left), exotic plantain chips, black-eyed-pea akara *and roast chicken.*

DELICACIES

(Continued from page 22)

rounded end. "'*Chou*' is the Ghanaian word for wood," explained Mrs. Halm, "and '*gingin*' is to stir-stir."

Mrs. Halm added boiling water from time to time. After about ten minutes of constant "*gingin*," the peanut butter curdled, and Mrs. Halm poured off the oil which had gathered at the top. "Better for the figure," she commented.

Teen-age daughters Sarah and Sophia had been cooking the salted cut-up chicken and one large chopped onion in a pot without grease for about fifteen minutes. Mrs. Halm half-covered the chicken with beef broth and added more boiling water to the peanut butter. She put the peanut-butter mixture through a sieve and into the pot of chicken. To this she added two cut-up fresh tomatoes, two stalks of chopped celery, a bay leaf, half a can of tomato sauce, two tablespoons of paprika and one chopped hot green pepper. She then added enough water so that it was a soupy consistency, then let it simmer an hour or so.

While the soup was simmering, the Halms made *foufou*, African potato dumplings. The ambassador's wife explained as she mixed the mashed potatoes with a little butter, salt and corn starch, that *foufou* is much tastier when made with plantain or cocoyam, a dark yam popular in Africa. "But I do not have a mortar and pestle here to mash them," said Mrs. Halm, "and it would not be the same in the blender."

The potato-and-starch mixture was cooked and stirred over a medium heat until it stiffened, then was scooped up with a wet *ato*, a handcarved wooden spoon with a large rounded end. The *foufou* slid off the wet *ato* in dumpling shapes into a serving bowl. When the soup and *foufou* were served, it was apparent why they are so popular in diplomatic circles. The soup is really a stew and has a delectably rich, nutty flavor with just a hint of bite from the peppers.

At the Indonesian national holiday last August, narrow strips of steak called *saté* were served on wooden skewers, along with catered foods. Several bowls of rice with Indonesian curry made unwary guests mop their eyes and gulp water to cool their burning tongues.

The hot-curry countries such as India, Indonesia, Malaya and Thailand sometimes label three bowls of the same type of curry, indicating HOT, MEDIUM or MILD. Even when there are no signs, the practiced epicures know that the color of the curry denotes the degree of its incendiary properties.

"Yellow curry is mild," says Mrs. Damri Wongsarot, wife of the second secretary of the Thai Embassy. "Curry which has a red tint is medium hot, and a green tint means it is very hot."

To Western palates, even mild curry is sometimes a shock. "I got a mouthful of something one evening at a Middle Eastern embassy that kept me speechless for about twenty minutes," says a State Department official. "And my whole purpose in being there was to talk to people."

Not everyone in Washington agrees about the diplomatic value of serving national dishes. The Embassy of Japan has a Japanese cook for the ambassador's family and close friends, but also has a French-trained Hungarian cook who prepares all diplomatic dinners. "We do not feel we should impose our somewhat unusual tastes on our friends," a spokesman of the embassy commented.

National specialties are never served at the Embassy of Luxembourg. "We stick to French cuisine," says Ambassador Georges Heisbourg. "I will give you an example of why we do not serve Luxembourg dishes," he explained. "One of our favorite delicacies is smoked pig's neck with beans. That obviously is not the sort of thing you serve at a black-tie dinner. Another favorite is *écrevisse à la Luxembourgeoise* (crayfish), a most delicious dish, but very messy. In Luxembourg the napkin is changed at least twice during the crayfish course. It would not be at all diplomatic to serve it to people who do not know how to handle it and who are dressed in formal clothes."

At the palatial Peruvian Embassy, set on thirty wooded acres in northwest Washington, Ambassador and Mrs. Fernando Berckemeyer give the most impressive dinners in the diplomatic corps. Only on rare occasions is a native Peruvian dish served. The ambassador and his American wife prefer to let their priceless Spanish and Peruvian antiques, paintings and tapestries lend a Latin atmosphere while their guests are served French cuisine, which the Berckemeyers feel is most appropriate for formal entertaining.

Their chef, Stanley Baudon—whose father was once chef at Buckingham Palace—was trained in France and came to this country with the Berckemeyers in 1949. Although Mrs. Berckemeyer can leave the marketing and cooking in Baudon's masterful hands, she herself sees to it that wines, truffles and *pâté de foie gras* are imported regularly from France.

The French, Italian, Belgian, Austrian, Swedish and Spanish embassies also are renowned for their superlative cuisine. The Embassy of the Soviet Union stresses quantity of food and vodka. The Russians use their entertaining for specific diplomatic purposes. Recently they started a campaign among the lower-echelon diplomats from certain "uncommitted" countries. The young men were invited first to a reception. Next, small groups were invited to follow-up luncheons, and then to dinners featuring borsch and pelmini, Siberian meat dumplings, or shashlik and plenty of caviar and vodka.

Younger diplomats, the second and third secretaries, attachés and the like, are often overlooked in the emphasis on high-level entertaining. Our State Department, pinched for hospitality funds, has no regular program for entertaining lower-ranking diplomats. America's junior foreign-service officers have long dug into their own pockets to entertain their counterparts in their own homes.

Early last June a group of these young American diplomats got together to plan a Fourth of July party for diplomats below ambassadorial rank. Such an idea had been discussed many times but never put into action, mostly because about $8000 was needed for the affair.

This time the junior diplomats put the bite on some prominent Washingtonians and came up with almost $1000. They secured the use of one of the State Department reception rooms, and passed the word to some Congressmen, state officials and businessmen that gifts of foods representative of their areas could be put to good diplomatic use. Donations included 500 pounds of salmon from Washington State, sixty-five pounds of cheese from Wisconsin, hams from Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee, 1500 cocktail-size hot dogs from Michigan and a large assortment of California fresh fruits.

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On the morning of the Fourth of July, there was a flurry of activity in thirty kitchens around Washington as the wives prepared 1000 small cream puffs, gallons of chicken salad, hundreds of meat-filled pastries, twenty quarts of *chili con queso*, 1700 biscuits and 200 pounds of baked ham. Mrs. Dean Rusk, wife of the Secretary of State, pitched in and made *guacamole* dip, a blend of tomatoes, lemon juice and ripe avocados.

During the afternoon a stream of young foreign-service officers carried the boxes and pans of their wives' potluck party fare through the marble halls of the State Department. In the gleaming kitchen on the eighth floor a group of young women filled cream puffs, spread Boston brown bread with cream cheese and arranged foods on platters and trays. Several of their children scampered about the big kitchen, and in the midst of it all the Secretary of State, clad in slacks and sport shirt, walked into the kitchen to see how the young people were getting on.

At eight P.M. 500 foreign diplomats below the rank of ambassador and 500 Americans began to gather in the State Department's Marble Room. They had received invitations to attend a reception on the occasion of the 185th anniversary of the Independence of the United States of America, in honor of the nations which have gained independence since 1946. Between rows of flags representing the newly independent nations and the fifty states of the Union, a long buffet table sagged under the foods representing various regions of the United States. The kitchen brigade had become diplomatic wives again, and guests were served by waiters hired with part of the $1000.

Ordinarily parties in the State Department are entirely catered. The department does not keep a kitchen staff, and the kitchens have only warming facilities. Catering is a major industry in Washington, and the five or six leading caterers supply the basic fare for most embassy functions. Habitués of the diplomatic circuit have become calloused to the catered cuisine. "You sometimes get the same food served by the same waiters several times a week," comments one diplomat. "You get so you can take one look at the table and tell whether it is the $3.50- or $5-per-person buffet."

Several specialty stores have sprung up in Washington to capitalize on the needs of foreign diplomats. One of these, La Sevillana, was started by T. A. Mateos, a retired diplomat from the Spanish Embassy. Foreign-embassy personnel stream in and out of his tiny, cluttered Northwest Washington shop, buying fruits and spices and condiments which Mateos imports from every part of the world. On his shelves are such items as olives from Turkey, wheat-germ oil from India, fried bees from Japan, salted whale skin from Norway and maguey worms from Mexico.

Most diplomats have learned the short cuts of American marketing, however, and do most of their buying at supermarkets. Mrs. Halm of Ghana admitted that when she is in a hurry, she makes her *foufou* from instant whipped potato. And at a French Embassy dinner, when Mrs. Wiley Buchanan, wife of the former chief of protocol, complimented French Ambassador Hervé Alphand on the "wonderful French Brie cheese," the ambassador smiled gallantly and confessed that his Brie was made in Wisconsin.

One of the most intricate diplomatic maneuvers in Washington is the skirting of dietary taboos. In preparation for every official visit, the State Department Office of Protocol issues a memo to all personnel who will have dealings with the visitors, outlining dietary restrictions as well as any likes or dislikes of the visiting dignitary. The instructions for the visit of French President Charles de Gaulle in 1960 specified that he should be provided with a special drinking water bottled in Paris. And it was suggested that he prefers his meats broiled.

When Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba visited the Capital a year ago, instructions specified that he and his wife, being Moslems, must not be served pork or pork products. It was also noted that President Bourguiba prefers short, simple meals. No alcoholic beverages were to be offered the president because of his religious convictions.

More than half the countries represented by embassies in Washington have some religious dietary taboos, and the Protocol Office keeps an itemized list of the restrictions of Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism and Judaism.

A greater emphasis on distinctiveness in Washington entertaining these days is attributed in large part to the present chatelaine of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Traditionally the First Lady sets the social pace. No presidential wife in recent history has assumed the position as the nation's leading hostess with such imagination and enthusiasm as Jacqueline Kennedy. On several occasions she has moved her entertaining out of the State Dining Room and into unusual settings such as Mount Vernon, where an outdoor dinner party honored President Ayub Khan of Pakistan and his daughter.

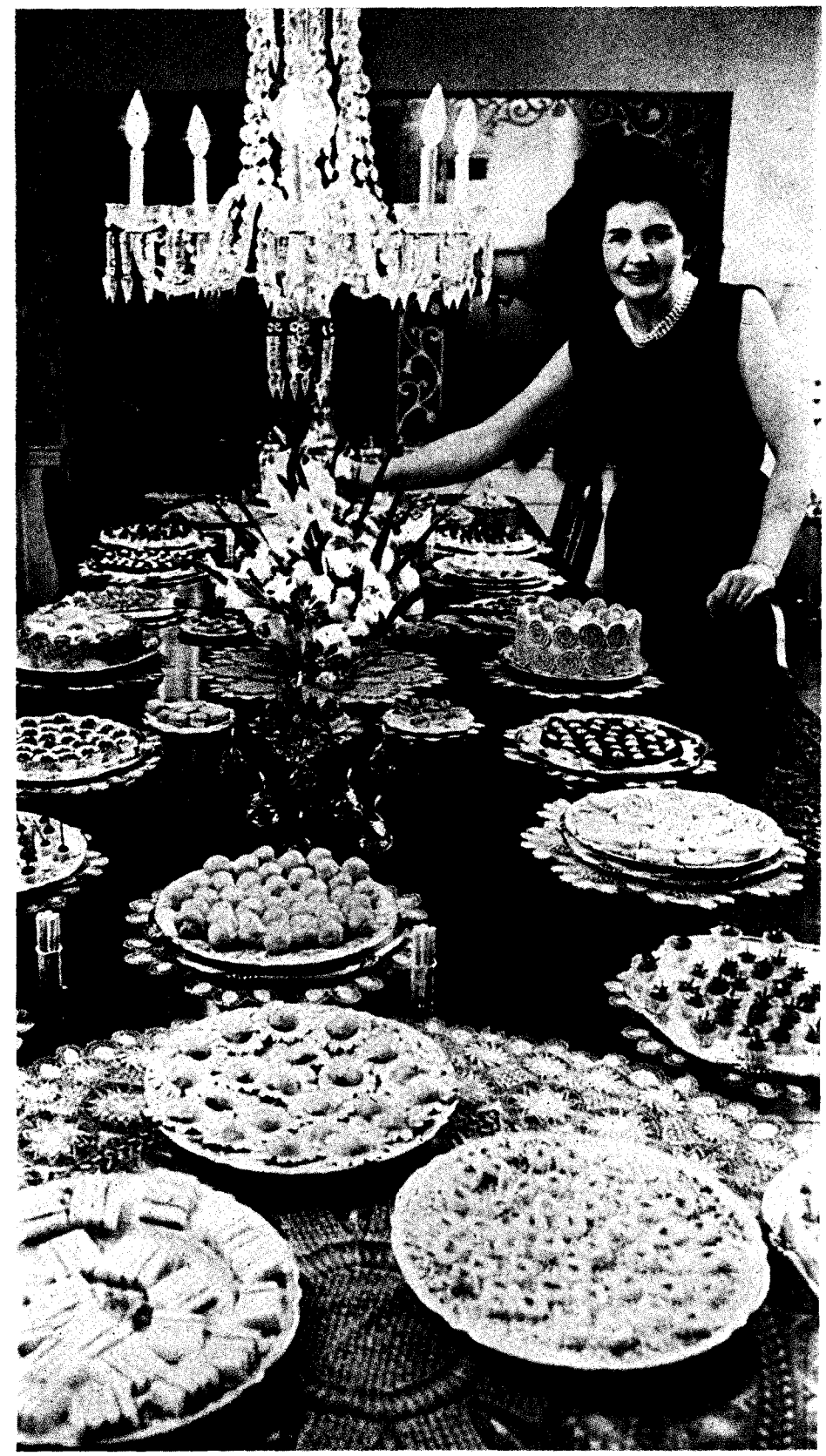
As they sailed down the Potomac to the historic home of George Washington, the guests aboard the Presidential yacht and three Government boats were served *apéritifs* and canapés. At Mount Vernon an Army drill team, dressed in Revolutionary uniforms, performed for the guests. The Air Force Strolling Strings serenaded during the dinner of *poulet chasseur* (chicken in tomato-mushroom sauce), *courronné de riz Clamart* (crown of rice) and *framboises à la crème chantilly* (raspberries in whipped cream).

Mrs. Kennedy has introduced innovations with nearly every dinner party. One precedent-breaking change was her streamlining of the traditional six-course menu. The Kennedys, who favor light meals, feel that it is a mistake to force great quantities of food upon their guests. At the dinner in honor of President and Mrs. Manuel Prado of Peru, Mrs. Kennedy trimmed the menu to four courses, skipping the soup course entirely and combining the salad and fish courses in a salmon mousse. The entree was steak *Heloise* with roast potatoes and green beans *almondine*, followed by cheese and crackers, and a dessert of St. Honore cake.

It was by no means incidental that one of Mrs. Kennedy's projects after moving into the White House was the acquisition of a superb chef, René Verdon, well-known in France as chef of the fashionable Normandy resort hotel at Deauville. To pay Verdon the salary which a master chef commands, the Kennedys add considerably to the White House entertaining budget from their personal funds.

"The art of dealing with one's chef is one of the most delicate facets of diplomacy," says one ambassador, who prefers to remain anonymous. "You must pay him royally, let him have absolute sovereignty in the kitchen, praise him often and gently critize him on fine points—just enough to make him try a bit harder."

THE END



Mrs. Juan Plate, wife of the Paraguayan ambassador, takes pride in the distinctive hors d'oeuvres which she amazingly prepares herself. "In my country it is considered much more elegant if everything is homemade."

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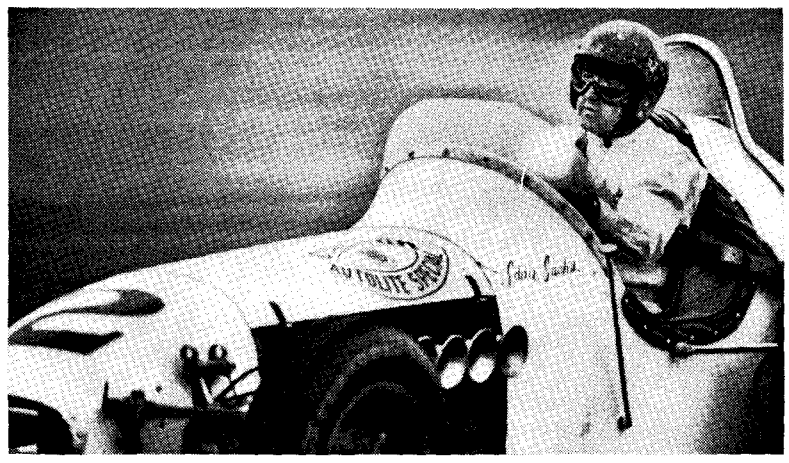

Racing's Haunted Driver

Auto racer Eddie Sachs lives with an obsession: He wants to win the Memorial Day 500 at Indianapolis and quit racing before death denies him this triumph. • By LARRY MERCHANT

One out of every three winners of the Indianapolis 500-mile auto race does not live to tell his grandchildren about it. Of the drivers who will be on the starting line Memorial Day, one in eight probably will be killed in action before next year's race. Death can come at any track to these men whose job it is to break speed limits. Many race drivers insulate their nerves against the peril by ignoring it, but not Edward Julius Sachs Jr., the most controversial figure on four wheels. "In the long run," Sachs acknowledges, "death is the odds-on favorite."

Eddie Sachs, who will be thirty-five this Sunday, hopes to defy the grim arithmetic of his trade by staying in competition until he wins the Indianapolis 500—and then retiring.

"When I win the 500," he says with a positive sense of destiny, "I'm going to rush to the exits where the people are pouring out and yell, 'I won, I won. Me, little Eddie Sachs from Allentown, Pennsylvania. Me, me, me. I won the 500.'"

Eight Seconds From Victory

Last year, after failing even to finish the race in seven previous attempts, Sachs came within a few breaths of realizing his ambition. He had a commanding lead in the forty-fifth Indianapolis classic with only ten miles left. But a tire was disintegrating under him. Respecting the percentages, Sachs stopped and got a new tire. The change took twenty-one seconds. He lost by eight seconds to A. J. Foyt.

"I would rather be a live coward," said Sachs, unoriginally but aptly, "than a dead hero." The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company certified his wisdom by testing the damaged tire under simulated conditions of the 500. The tire rolled a half mile—and burst.

Although the casual sports fan thinks of the race as a one-day affair, the Indianapolis 500 is really a month-high pyramid of tension and danger. It begins in late April, when about sixty sets of drivers, cars and crews converge on the famous "Brickyard" (now brickless). In three weeks the field is reduced to thirty-three. Nobody is more eloquent in describing the mounting pressure of those first three weeks than Eddie Sachs, a balding, nonathletic figure who looks like the type who would never cross the solid white line in the middle of the road.

Shakedown for Top Speed

"You must build up slowly to competitive speeds," he explains. "If you climbed into a car and went 140 miles an hour without working up to it gradually, you'd get sick.

"On the first day I run twelve laps—four at eighty miles an hour, four at 115 and four at 120. During these shakedown cruises I concentrate on every aspect of the car's behavior. Was the gas pedal smooth? Was the car stable? What about the brakes? Was the steering weak or strong? Was the steering wheel too near me or too far away? How was the engine temperature? Fuel pressure?

"I'll discuss everything with my mechanic, Clint Brawner, one of the best, and plan the second day. On May second we'll get up to 125 and 135 miles an hour. Then we'll go through the same routine, checking everything in minute detail. The next day we can hit 138.

"All this comes under the heading of indoctrination. Even the veterans need it, because there's no track to compare with Indy. Other tracks are a mile or less; Indy is two and a half miles.

"On May fifth the track is open for high speeds. You concentrate so hard that you get tired quickly. You're constantly alert for possible changes in the track or car. And you check the opposition."

The collective madness accelerates in the second week. "Many drivers and cars are having difficulties making the speed," says Sachs. "Tempers flare. There are arguments between drivers and mechanics, mechanics and owners.

"You are at a new plateau of concentration. *How can I gain a few feet? Maybe I can go to that black spot on the wall before turning.* You don't try ridiculous things, but you must be aggressive. The winner of the 500 must drive as fast as his car will let him—not unsafely, but a little past the point of safety.

"For those of us who will be going all out to win—drivers like Jim Rathmann, Rodger Ward, Jim Hurtubise, A. J. Foyt, Parnelli Jones, myself—the tension is greatest. We are getting ourselves prepared mentally, physically and emotionally for a tremendous race—an ordeal.

"You may get tired after only a few laps, and there are 200 of them. I've figured out that I make thirty-six separate moves on every lap—thirty-six moves in sixty-one or sixty-two seconds. I'll be hitting 170 on the straights and 135 on the corners. If you lose control, you'll skid 600 feet before you can react.

Full Throttle at the Curve

"We're all running as fast as we can by May twelfth and thirteenth. You know just how strong you are by then. The ones doing the good jobs get along. Those who aren't don't. Drivers change cars and cars change drivers. Nerves are straining."

Qualifying trials begin on the second weekend. Cars are timed for average speed over four laps (ten miles). Each gets three chances to record a top speed.

About twenty cars will qualify on these two days, and their drivers can relax during the third week while the mechanics strip down the cars and rebuild them, piece by piece. Those still on the outside face another week of intense strain as they prepare to compete for the remaining openings in the thirty-three-car field in further qualifying rounds the next weekend.

The fourth week is one of final conditioning for men and machines. Drivers familiarize themselves with one another's cars and styles. Pit crews are coordinated. Engines are broken in again. Fuel consumption and tire wear are checked; those who finish the 500 will have used as many as a dozen sets of tires at $250 per set during their month at the Speedway.

At last it is the eve of the race. "By six o'clock on the twenty-ninth," Sachs says, "after a drivers' meeting to go over the rules, the tension hits me right in the solar plexus. I have a tough time trying to eat. But I go right to sleep.

Mass Before the Race

"The morning of the race everything else is out of my mind. After my wife and I go to early Mass, even she keeps a respectful silence when she sees that faraway look in my eyes. If you told me my house burned down, I'd say, 'So what?'"

Nancy Sachs, a pert brunette, undoubtedly would find something else to say. The Sachses—Eddie, Nancy and young Eddie III, born last February sixth—take considerable pleasure in their reconverted 200-year-old stone farmhouse on fourteen acres in Coopersburg, Pennsylvania, near Allentown.

Nancy has watched all of her husband's races since they were married in Indianapolis after the 500 in 1959. (Several years previously Eddie had a brief marriage which was annulled.) Nancy becomes deeply involved when Eddie is racing, but doesn't fidget. In contrast, the tension in Sachs spills over at Indianapolis when the cars line up for the takeoff. "This is the greatest moment of my life," he says. "I'm all choked up. Everything I've ever wanted is here, right now. The Purdue University band plays *Back Home Again in Indiana*, and Tony Hulman, the Speedway owner, says over the loudspeaker, 'Gentlemen, start your engines.' My eyes are so wet the first time around the track that I can't put my goggles on."

In a sense, Eddie Sachs has been headed in the direction of Indianapolis from the time he was a tyke. His parents were divorced when he was five. At the age of ten he sat on his father's lap and steered the family car. At twelve he was permitted to drive alone on country roads. Two years later he was tooling along main highways at breakneck speeds. He was a motor-age Huck Finn.

"The summer I was fourteen dad was doing contracting work for the Government," Sachs recalls. "He had to go from

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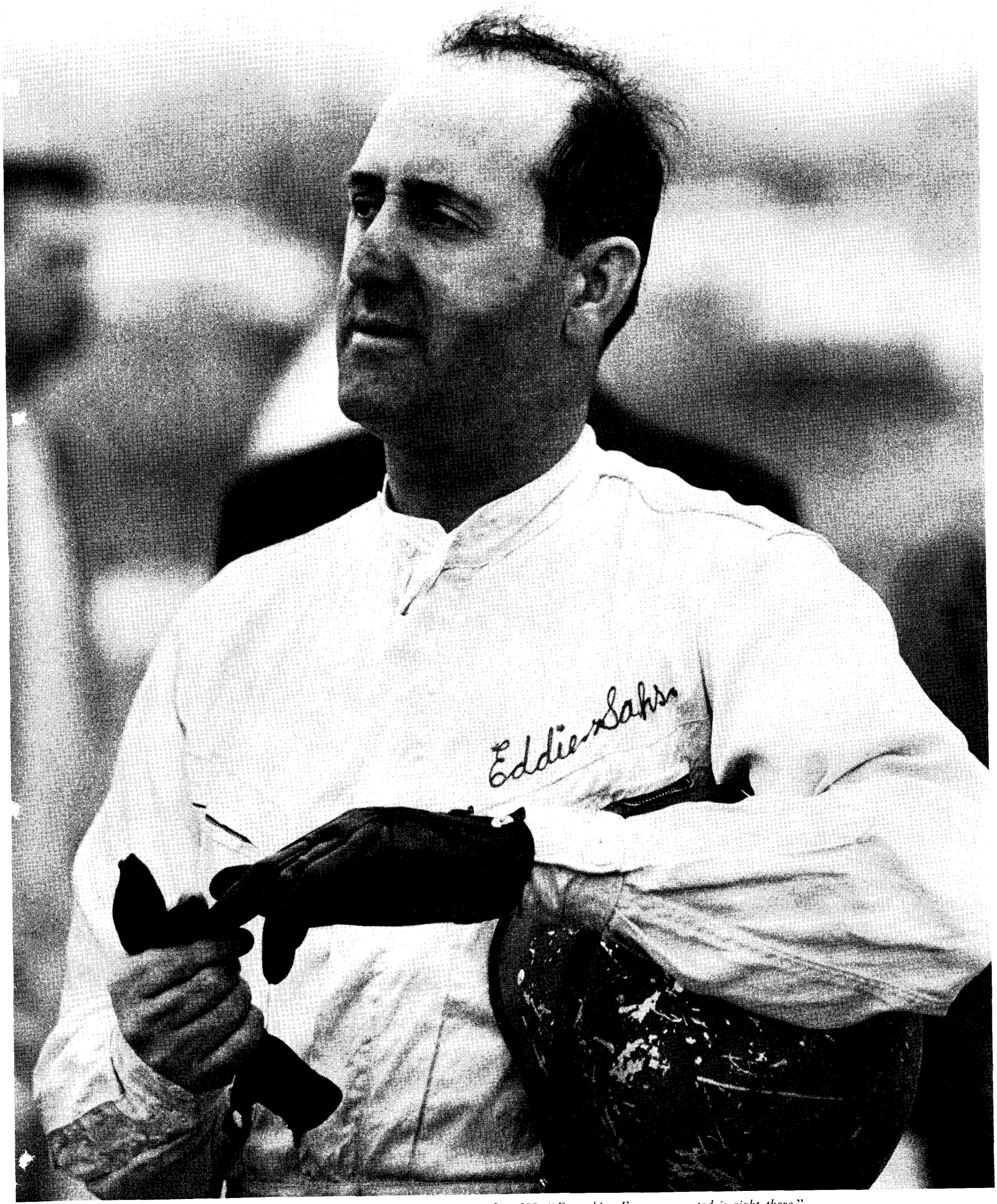

Sachs, face coated with grime, reflects on the grueling 500: "Everything I've ever wanted is right there."

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HAUNTED DRIVER

city to city, day after day. He worked days while I slept in a hotel, and I drove nights while he slept in the back of the car. He forbid me to go less than eighty miles an hour. First thing he'd do if he woke up was look at the speedometer. If it was under eighty, he'd snap, 'What's the matter, what's the matter?' I'd go up to eighty again, and he'd doze off."

Sachs was twenty when he saw his first auto race in Greensboro, North Carolina, late in 1947. "I thought it was ridiculous," he says, "but I also thought I could outdrive anyone there."

At that time Sachs was not long out of military service. Medically discharged from the Navy after a truck broke one of his legs, he had enrolled as a freshman at the Edwards Military Institute in Salemburg, North Carolina, a junior college and boarding school that he had attended off and on since boyhood.

From Bellhop to Driver

Now, with a race-driving career in mind, he impulsively quit school and headed for Miami Beach. There he began a four-winter career as a bellhop to finance his racing apprenticeship.

Sachs raced, hitchhiked and odd-jobbed his way to the shrine in Indianapolis in 1952. He hoped to get a chance in that year's race, but guards flung him off the grounds bodily because he lacked proper credentials. "I'll be back," he shrieked. "Remember the name, Eddie Sachs!"

He returned in 1953 and 1954, but did nothing to indicate that he belonged. To be eligible for the qualifying rounds, a rookie has to pass a driver's test. This involved making four twenty-five-mile runs in two days at speeds ranging from 110 to 125 miles an hour (120 to 135 today).

Eddie flunked the test both times, which ordinarily is a sign that a man had better forget about race driving. Instead, Sachs went on to be acclaimed "Midwest Driver of the Year" in 1954—an award which nearly proved his undoing.

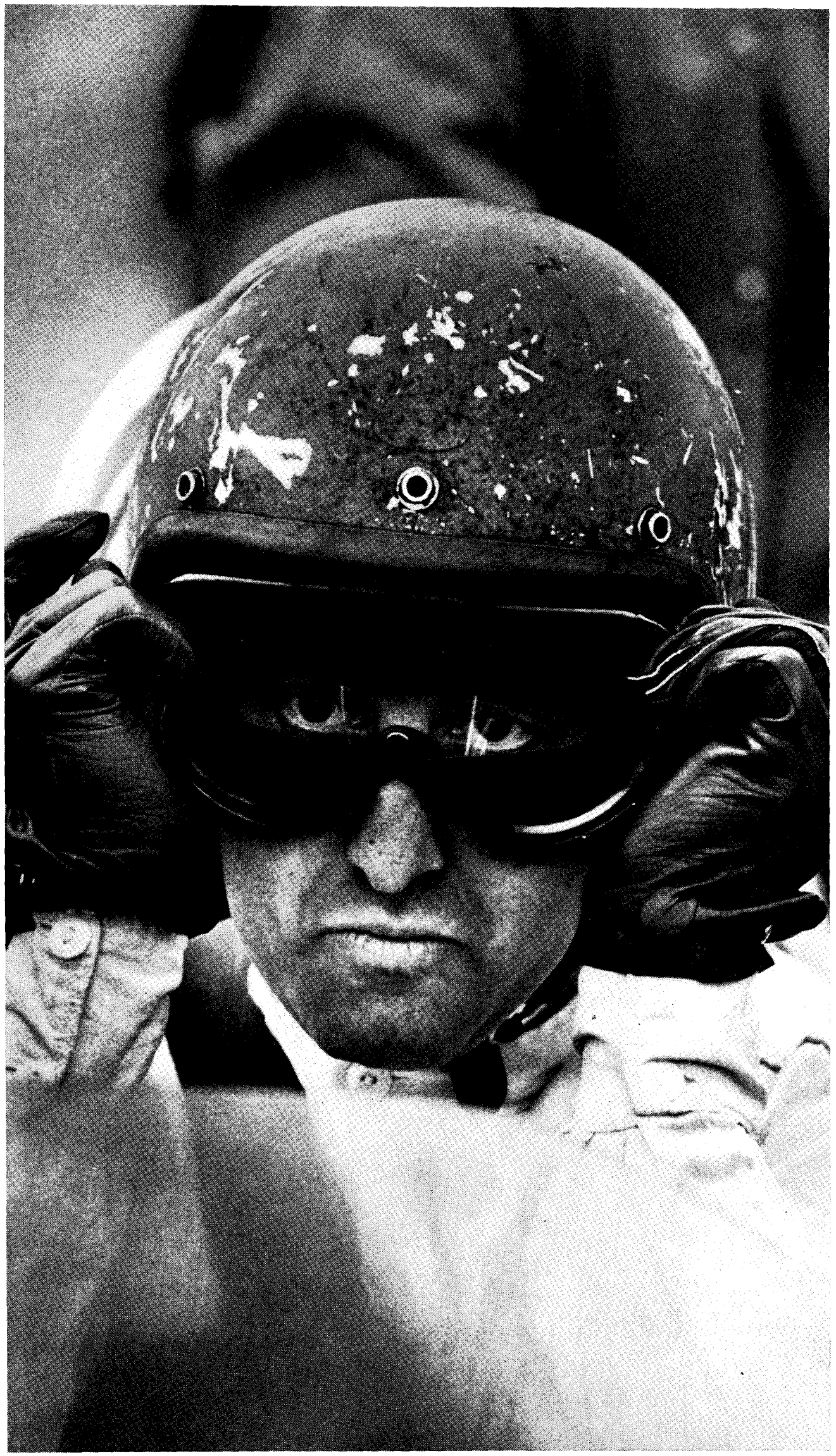
At a banquet in his honor in Dayton, Sachs read a prepared speech calling for various reforms in the American Automobile Association, racing's governing body since its infancy. "I was just carrying the ball for a lot of guys who should have carried it a long time ago," Sachs says. "I attacked antiquated rules—rules that hadn't changed to meet changing times. Two veteran drivers helped me draft the speech but, when they saw the reaction of A.A.A. officials, they acted like they never heard it."

Sachs was made to wish that he had never heard of it. The A.A.A. suspended him—for life. To get reinstated he had to write a five-page apology demolishing his own thesis. "I'm ashamed of that. I wasn't a man," Sachs says now. "But they were the absolute law, and I had to get back into racing."

He did, although he was barred from the 1955 Indianapolis race. The following year the A.A.A. withdrew from auto racing. It was replaced in the big-car field by the United States Auto Club. Sachs has had some minor differences with this organization too, but he gives it his full approval.

In 1956 Sachs got back to Indianapolis, and this time he passed his driver's test. But he subsequently was eliminated at the qualifying stage.

The next four years—1957 through 1960—he qualified but couldn't finish the race. His performance kept improving, though, and in 1960, and again in 1961,



Strapped into the cramped cockpit of the supercharged racing car he will drive at Indianapolis on Memorial Day, Sachs prepares for a trial run. He tapes his racing goggles to shut out distracting glare.

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HAUNTED DRIVER

Sachs won the coveted pole position with the fastest first-day qualifying time. This projected him into the featured role in hour-long television shows. A combination of the two films has been narrated in French and in Russian.

Nationally and internationally, Sachs is recognized today as a skilled auto jockey. He also has a reputation as a madcap character: He once brought a Dixieland band with him to the Langhorne (Pennsylvania) Speedway to serenade the crowd. And he is the pinup boy of the press and promoters because he won't dodge a question. After the same Langhorne race to which he took the band, he called fellow-driver Jim Hurtubise "bush" for trying to disguise the fact that he had driven only ninety-nine of the prescribed 100 miles.

Of such stuff are legends, friends and enemies made. "A lot of people think I'm silly," says Sachs. "I don't mind. I'm having the fun, and they're not. Others say I'm publicity happy. That's not true. I'm publicity conscious. I'm selling a product, Eddie Sachs"—he is incorporated—"and I sell racing while I'm at it."

Death on the Turn

But he sometimes pays a price for his outspokenness, as happened when he candidly analyzed the death of Jimmy Bryan at Langhorne in 1960.

Sachs relates, "Jimmy won the 500 in 1958 and went into retirement. This was his first race in two years. On the very first turn he was killed. When reporters came to me, I told them that after such a period of inactivity he couldn't be sharp—no one could. I also lauded him to the high heavens for the fantastic race driver he was.

"Papers all over the country picked up the story, but many of them used only the part about the accident, which sounded like criticism. A lot of drivers wouldn't talk to me for a year after that."

The story did not say that other drivers refused to discuss the tragedy at all, while Sachs openly wept.

Bryan's death led Sachs to his present resolve not to push his luck any further if and when he wins the Indianapolis 500. "I remembered what happened to other 500 winners, and I decided it would not happen to me. Lee Wallard won in 1951. He was burned so bad a few days later that he was broke by the time he got out of the hospital. Troy Ruttman won in '52 and slipped into obscurity. Bill Vukovich won in '53 and '54 and was killed in '55. Bob Sweikert won in '55 and was killed. Pat Flaherty won in '56 and was sidelined for several years with an injury.

"Then in 1957 Sam Hanks won and retired permanently. He is the director of competition at the Speedway today, and he is respected by everyone."

Sachs thinks the big reason many race drivers stay at it too long is that they don't manage their money properly. Sachs talks from bittersweet experience. For years he spent money as fast as he earned it, and sometimes faster. He bought a car; it was repossessed. He bought a little saloon near Allentown and expanded it to an establishment employing eighteen persons, and then it collapsed around him during a steel strike.

Today Sachs has one of the most lucrative deals in auto racing. For driving Dean Van Lines' 1650-pound, 407-horsepower bullet, he receives a $6900 retainer plus a standard 40 percent cut of prize money (50 percent if he wins the Indianapolis 500).

That's half of the deal. Sachs also has a full-time executive job with Dean Van Lines. A fat part of his income—$55,000 in 1961, including more than $25,000 in prize commissions—comes from this. Last year he was Northeast field supervisor, with responsibility in a fourteen-state area to improve sales in lagging franchises, open up virgin territories and handle complaints. Recently he was made supervisor of national sales in the New York area, a position with greater financial potential.

"I am the only active race driver in America with a position in management," Sachs declares. "Other drivers get publicity jobs that last as long as they're on top. I've prepared for when I'm not on top."

Meanwhile the Indianapolis 500 remains the center of his existence. "I think of it every day of the year, every hour of the day, and when I sleep too," Sachs says, grinning.

The Indianapolis Speedway was originally built as a dirt track in 1909 by a group headed by Carl Fisher. There were so many accidents that it had to be paved with bricks. The first 500 was held in 1911. Ray Harroun won it at an average speed of 74.6 miles per hour (last year A. J. Foyt edged out Sachs in the record time of 139.13 miles per hour).

Eddie Rickenbacker and associates took control of Indy in 1928. Speeds and fatalities soared. New safety measures were adopted in the mid-thirties—driver's test, auto inspection, the banning of riding mechanics. But driver deaths have increased in direct proportion to increasing speeds, with eleven having been killed in the last fourteen years. All told, some forty-eight deaths have been attributed to the Speedway—twenty-nine drivers, twelve mechanics and seven spectators.

Since World War II the 500 has boomed along with the automotive industry. Anton Hulman Jr., a business tycoon from Terre Haute, Indiana, bought out the Rickenbacker regime in 1945. Prize money in 1946 was $115,450. Last year $400,000 was in the pot. Winner A. J. Foyt collected $117,975 of this and runner-up Eddie Sachs $53,400.

13 Trips to the Hospital

The 500 is now probably the richest sports binge in the world. Sachs says that total receipts for the month of the 500 have been estimated to run as high as $8,000,000. None of this would be possible if it were not for daredevils like Eddie Sachs, who can be stopped by nothing short of death. In his fourteen years as a race driver, Sachs has been hospitalized thirteen times—twice for six months. The left side of his face has been done over with plastic surgery. He has had three broken arms, a broken leg, too many broken ribs to count and five concussions.

In his first serious crack-up Sachs's midget racer tore up thirty feet of fence in Richmond, Virginia, in 1949. "Someone said, 'Looks like he's a goner, doc,'" Sachs remembers, "and I got up and hollered, 'I'm OK, I'm OK!'"

In those younger, wilder days, Sachs raced as often as 200 times a season. This year—if he is frustrated at Indianapolis again—he will appear in only five major events and a handful of stock-car races.

By driving only the best cars on the safest tracks in a select few events, Eddie Sachs has reduced the odds against him. But every race is a risk. The question is—since his retirement plans hinge upon his winning at Indianapolis—will Eddie be able to stop in time to beat those deadly percentages?

THE END

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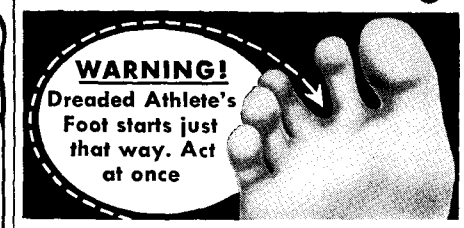

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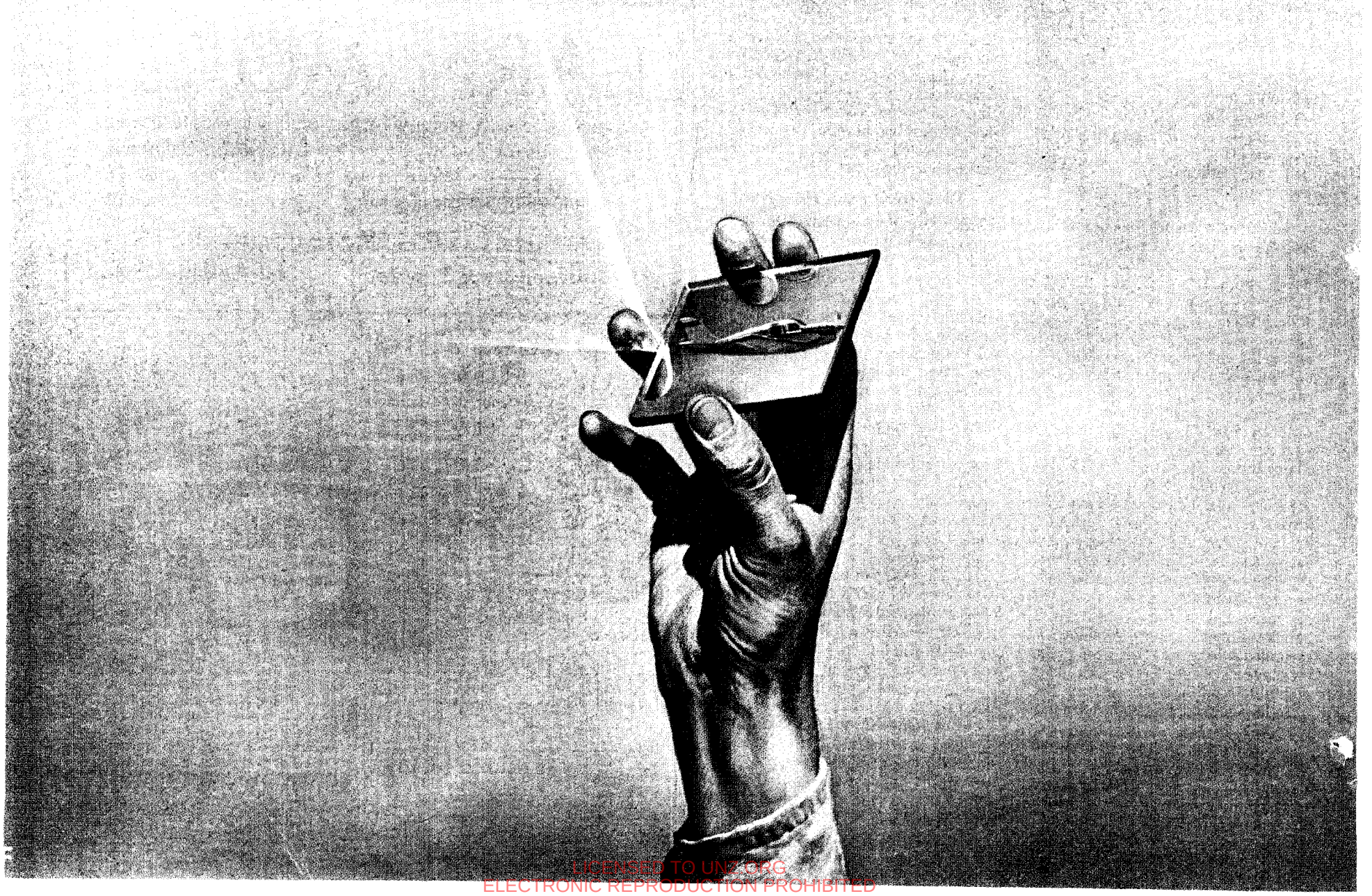

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What happens when a washed-up pilot and a lady geologist find themselves alone on a desolate mountain?

By James Mitchell Clarke

The helicopter that had brought Ross Evans hovered for a moment over the rock-studded tangle of brush, and the young copilot waved good-by from the cabin door.

Nothing but a chopper could have landed on the garden-size patch of exposed granite where Ross stood on the flank of a razor-backed ridge. A surge of physical memories told him precisely what the pilot of an airplane forced down here would feel and see and think. There was one big difference between his own real case and the one he imagined; the pilot who came down in this place would not stay alive, the lucky fellow.

Envy of the dead was the best way Ross knew of assuring himself that hope was futile and that he had best not torment himself with it. Steadied by the familiar thought, he made his way to a brooding heap of huge boulders and found a shelf where he could sit with his back against moss.

It seemed as if men had yet to discover this lonesome canyon on California's Mexican border—or did not want it. He could not even see a power line. But spring had found this piece of country. The red stems of the manzanita bushes glowed in the light. Across a narrow draw, wild lilac had put out buds mature enough to show the deep luminous blue of the flowers to come. Over an outcrop of rock a curious hawk was riding the updraft in a spiral. Ross, who had placed in a glider meet at age sixteen, flew with the bird, feeling each bank and lift and swoop in his own nerve network.

When the hawk winged off he got out his signaling mirror and, for practice, threw its reflection toward the outcrop across the gully. The bright spot danced for a moment among the lilacs. A jack rabbit suddenly broke from the thicket and took off for Baja California, Mexico, just over the ridge to the south.

Ross lowered the mirror. Something was moving the bushes over there, and not cautiously either. A spray of deep blue blossoms flipped into the air as a branch broke.

For a moment Ross thought it was an old prospector of half-pint size who emerged at the bottom of the draw. But where was the beard? And no old-timer with knees sprung from following a burro through the dusty years could move so lithely across the boulders. A boy? Then the small figure began to climb the steep bank and reached overhead for a manzanita stem. The faded flannel shirt pulled tight over a breast that was meant for gentler covering.

The girl came scrambling up to stand beside the rock shelf. She pointed her geologist's pick at Ross's mirror and sharply demanded, "Are you trying to put out somebody's eyes?"

He could not tell whether her eyes were green or blue, they were so full of sparkles of angry light. It would be a great shame to dim those eyes in the least, let alone put them out. Time was when Ross would have spoken this thought aloud. Now it found expression only in a smile, which he could feel in his own eyes and on his mouth because smiling was unaccustomed.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Some of the anger went out of the girl's eyes, and he saw that they were in fact blue of a remarkable dark shade. If they had been any larger they would have been too big for her delicate, sun-browned face. She used these eyes to examine Ross from feet to head, a considerable distance.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. Her tone and her look were serious and detached; she might have been wondering about a garnet crystal found in a geological formation where it could not be expected.

"I'm a lost soul," Ross said.

The girl began to laugh. It was a pleasant sound, and it did not stop until she was out of breath. "Oh dear!" she said finally, brushing the corners of her eyes with her knuckles. "That's what my mother calls *me!* 'You've got to stop wandering around in the mountains like a lost soul,' she says. It struck me funny that you would call *yourself* that."

"There's nine of us lost souls," Ross said.

The dark blue eyes opened very wide. "Of all the silly ——" she began.

"Come on up," Ross said as he got to his feet. "I'll explain everything, mirror and all."

It did not occur to him until he was reaching down that the girl might feel insulted or frightened. She had never seen him before, and there would be no one to hear a call for help. But social and sexual complications seemed to be as remote from her mind as they had been from his when he gave the invitation. Her hand in his felt as slight as a child's, but she answered his pull with her own strength so perfectly that she seemed to flow up to him.

When they were settled on the shelf Ross said, "The air wing of the Coast Guard Auxiliary is having search practice. The pilots are supposed to find us lost souls by two this afternoon." He went on to explain that the Coast Guard, with its auxiliary of citizens flying their own planes, was the only American organization invited by the Mexicans to conduct search-and-rescue operations in Baja California.

"There's some mean country down there," Ross said. "So the boys try to keep themselves sharp. A few hours one way or another can mean the difference between finding somebody alive—or not."

The girl then said a very curious thing, which seemed to come from far back in the center of her true and hidden self. "I wonder whether it's always kind to find those people," she said.

The words were spoken without tone and asked for neither sympathy, surprise nor argument. Her eyes had no more show of feeling than deep lake water on a cloudy day. To Ross it was as if he himself had spoken, for he would have expressed the same thought in precisely the same way. And since he understood, he did not reply but showed her how to use the mirror. The girl was interested, and Ross understood this also. Anything to do was helpful so long as nothing depended on the outcome; so long as it did not really matter.

"Do you belong to the Auxiliary," she asked without preamble, "or are you doing this just to help out?"

"I don't fly any more," Ross said. "Nicholson, the secretary—he's an old friend—called up and said they didn't have enough lost souls, so I told him I'd fill in. Seemed like kind of a good joke—the name, I mean."

Her eyes searched his, and he realized that she saw the joke for the twisted, upside-down thing it was; the lighthearted people thought the lost-soul bit was a gag—and funny—whereas in Ross's case it was a fact, and the irony amused him.

"I can't get back," Ross said, and was surprised that an impulse had brought such

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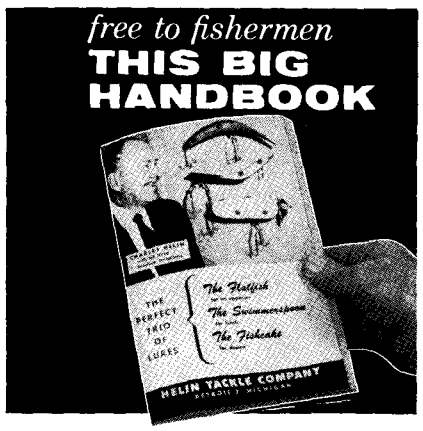

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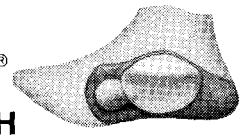

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Lost Souls

words from him. He could not have said this to anyone he knew, and he had no confidence that it had been sensible to say it to this girl. How could anyone understand what he himself had not been able to understand in a year of trying?

She sat hugging her knees, blue eyes brooding on the rusty lichens at the rock shelf's edge.

"I know," she said without looking up.

She had known before he told her. With a sense of detached wonder Ross felt his impulse to talk grow intolerably strong. Staring straight ahead he spoke in a dry monotone. "It happened after my last crash, but I don't think the crash did it. I'd cracked up two before—one in Korea, spotting for artillery. Another time, crop dusting, I caught my wheels on a piece of old wire fence hidden in some tall weeds. Flipped over on my back—and landed in the hospital.

"Both times I thought to myself, 'Nice going, boy. You're alive!' In those times—" Ross spoke as of a far-off period fast fading into history—"I knew what I wanted to do and knew I could do it. I've got a B.S. degree in mechanical engineering, but I like crop dusting, and when I came back from Korea I went to agricultural college and studied chemistry. You lay down these modern pesticides and weed killers from the air, you've got to know what's in them and what they do. A crop duster needs to be a combination engineer, businessman and chemist—and a flier besides. I thought I had it all. I could work sixteen hours a day and never feel it."

Suddenly aware of the girl's silence, Ross wished to stop, but could not. He compromised on a stark summary. It began with a sudden wind that drifted a new pesticide onto hayfields adjacent to a farm he and his partner were spraying, causing them severe losses. It continued through the death of his partner, who flew into a hill shrouded in early morning mist, and the assumption of additional debts to buy the widow's share of the business; the poisoning of Ross himself and his ground crew when they were fighting an invasion of army worms; the wing tip catching in a tree the next time he took up a plane; the bank foreclosing on his equipment. The girl still made no sound, and Ross finished in a rush of words: "I told myself I'd get another stake and start over. But the back part of my mind was saying, 'You can't make anything come out right any more. Why not face it? Everything that has happened was because of some mistake you made. You could have stopped spraying when the wind came up over that alfalfa. You could have grounded Bill Dietz when his wife got sick. What makes you think you'll quit making these mistakes?'

"I didn't much listen to the back part of my mind until I took a job flying for a friend. The minute I got behind the controls I went like wood all over. I had the strength. I could have forced myself to take the airplane up. But neither the plane nor I would have ever come back—and it wasn't my plane. After that it was like trying to fly back to where you came from against a head wind stronger than your power. The harder I fought it, the farther out I went."

Now that he had finished he was afraid to look at the girl. Pity or sympathy would be more than he could bear. But when he forced himself to turn his head, he saw her face unmarked by either of these feelings. She was simply weeping, bitterly and helplessly as he himself so often wished to weep, though no tears came.

"Look!" Ross said to her, "Nicholson has come to hunt me."

The small plane was too far off for Ross to expect the signal to be seen. He lined up on it anyway. When he glanced at the girl once more, she was dry-eyed. He handed her the mirror and she steadied it on the searcher, now returning from the eastern horizon.

She stood perfectly still, keeping the plane lined up by slight movements of her body that reminded Ross of dancers he had seen in the Orient. The plane came to them like a bird to its nest.

When it had headed back to send the helicopter, Ross found the girl in the moss-backed niche, making herself as small as possible. There was no reason why she should wish not to be seen here, except the reasons inside her. Those reasons were sufficient for Ross, whatever they might be. Possibly they had to do with the fact that there were no rings on her beautiful brown fingers. When she finally looked up at him, the surface of her eyes seemed a deep shadow over the depths beneath.

"It's no good," she said. "I can't get back either. All I can do is look for rocks."

The stopping of her voice left only the wind riffling the leaves around them like the flutter of an unquiet heart.

Ross said, "My wife divorced me when I was in Korea, eight months after we were married. I was grateful."

The girl was looking at the lichens on the rock. "I couldn't hold it together," she said. "What I had to give him wasn't enough."

"Would anyone have had enough for the job?" Ross asked.

"Maybe I was too young," she said, denying the excuse Ross had offered. "I'm twenty-five, and I was married for five years. But I should have gotten old enough in that time. If there's enough to you, you never are too young. Finally I got too tired. But I kept on anyway. Not that I loved him any more. It just took me a long time to admit that I had failed. Then there was a year when I—did a lot of foolish things. Now, I say I'm hunting gem stones. But really I'm hunting the way back. I didn't really know it until you said it. All day I think I'll find it at the head of the next canyon or around the next hill. But I always come home knowing that I'll fail again."

All Ross could think of to say was, "I did some pretty foolish things too."

After that they sat in silence until the girl, seeing the helicopter approach, dropped down into the brush and disappeared like a fallen leaf.

As the helicopte· lifted off, the young copilot grinned at Ross.

"Nicholson thought there was somebody with you on that rock," he said. "Did you find your lost-soul mate?"

"Nicholson is seeing double," Ross said, not answering the grin. "Look, I seem to have left my mirror back there. Let me know if it has to be paid for."

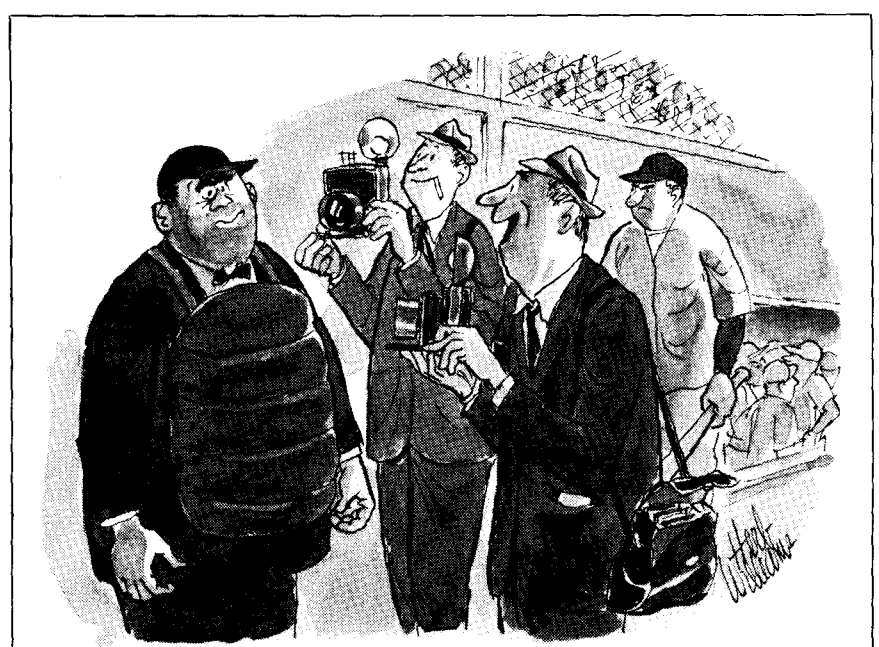
He did not want even to think about the girl with other people around, much less talk about her. But when he reached the safety of his cheerless room, he realized that he had been thinking of nothing else since the moment she disappeared. She had penetrated his sealed-off self as water seeps into a dried-out boat.

Since he did not even know her name or where she lived, he told himself he would forget her. Instead he remembered her as an arm remembers a severed hand, as part of him gone, leaving the pain of separation. The bullet of despair on which he had been biting to steady himself turned to glass in his mouth. For to tell himself that hope was futile now reminded him that he would never see the girl again.

The job he had taken to get away from airplanes had a single advantage, and this was one that increased Ross's self-contempt; now in a time of rising unemployment he did not know where he could get another. When his foreman asked him to work through the two weekends following his meeting with the girl, Ross agreed, hating himself for fearing to refuse, but glad for the opportunity to keep busy.

The third Saturday he got into his car and headed for the mountains near the Mexican border, taking his course almost without volition. He was tired; his mind was a jumble of thoughts he did not like. Each time he suppressed one, another equally painful leaped up in its place.

The crushed body of a rattlesnake on the road brought Ross back to his surroundings. Just south of here, a little higher up among the boulder-strewn ridges, was the place where he and the girl had found one another. The scenery was much the same. But the lilac blossoms



"Snarl."

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had dried and fallen, and the slopes now wore the harsh, water-starved look that comes with summer to the Sierra Madre. Suppose, then, that the girl—driven as he knew her to be—had gone off to explore steeper, lonelier, and still thirstier country? A snake bite—even a sprained ankle—could be her death, for she would go alone.

For a moment Ross was so overcome with frustrated fury at himself that he shook the wheel childishly. Why hadn't he learned her name or where she lived? And why had he taken so long to realize her danger? He had to find her and stop her—and there was no way.

Then the road dipped down into a scattered village, and on a brightly painted house Ross saw a sign. ROCKHOUNDS' RENDEZVOUS, it said. GEMS POLISHED.

The girl was not known at the Rendezvous, but the lapidary confirmed Ross's estimate; no rock hound could resist having his best specimens ground and polished. Scattered about the county were a good many lapidaries, some professional, some hobbyists, who owned equipment. Ross argued against his impulse. Only his knowledge that the girl was like himself assured him that she would do a foolhardy thing. And even if he could find her, why should she pay attention to him? But this was not a matter to be decided by reason; it was something he had to do. The weekend produced only leads, and on Monday Ross quit his job to devote full time to the search.

Late Thursday afternoon he sat across a gleaming library table from an elderly man whose keen gray eyes looked haunted. Lines of weariness and pain deepened in his gentle face as Ross described the girl.

He nodded when Ross had finished. "That would be Prue," he said. "Prudence Armitage. A lovely girl!"

He seemed about to say more, but the look of suffering sharpened suddenly, and Ross understood that further speech would be intolerable—and unnecessary. It was a little time before he could control his own voice enough to ask, "Is she dead?"

"I don't know," the lapidary said. "Yesterday morning she left her guide—he's an elderly Mexican and had hurt his leg—and went off by herself. For the morning, she said. The ranch where she was staying is in the mountains, about a hundred miles below the border. It belongs to some old friends of mine. When they could find no trace of Prue, they phoned me and I got in touch with the Coast Guard. They have sent down a helicopter and some private planes, but we haven't given the news to the reporters yet. I want to locate Prue's mother, first. She's in San Francisco."

Ross heard the last words as he spun the dial of a telephone which stood on a corner table. "Nick," he said, when the Auxiliary's secretary came on the line, "I want to go on that search in Baja. Where can I get a plane?"

Ross had been searching nearly a day and a half before he realized that Nicholson, who was aware of his problems, had performed an act of faith and courage in lending his own beautifully equipped little plane. The realization came as Ross was making a climbing turn out of the oven-breath exhaled by the total desert sloping to the Gulf of California. He had come down here because turbulent winds over the mountains forced him so high that details on the ground were blurred. One pass had convinced him that if Prue Armitage had wandered out into the desert, she must be dead. To avoid thinking about this, he thought of Nicholson with gratitude for believing him when he said he was ready to fly. To Ross himself there seemed nothing remarkable about it. To find the girl he had to fly—so he was doing it.

She returned now as the plane bored its way toward the mountain wall rising bare and terrible from the desert at its feet. She came in physical fragments as the pieces of a statue still suffused with life the sculptor gave them may come to the hands of an archaeologist and leave him undone. The contour of her breast as she raised the mirror to the sky. The hollow at the base of her throat. A tendril of fair hair stirring at her temple as she sat with averted eyes.

He felt how it would be to take her in his arms, gently because she was so delicately made, strongly because of his own need and the knowledge that she was anything but fragile. He would kiss her eyes and then she would open them again, showing him the color of wild lilacs on the higher slopes.

So dreaming, Ross made a turn around a jagged peak and looked down upon rock congealed at the height of some convulsion that flung up earth's crust like waves in a monstrous storm. Cliffs towering two thousand feet to jagged, foam-like tops were not uncommon. The troughs were canyons equally deep.

In the quiet of very early morning, Ross had combed this sector at crop-dusting height, flying back and forth like a

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Lost Souls

plowman cutting furrows. When a mountain got in his way he stood the plane on one wing and skimmed along its flank. All this had accomplished was to make a silent hero-worshiper of Max Munro, his observer.

There were three canyons in this area, one so deep that neither he nor Max had been able to glimpse the bottom. Even the cactus grew sparsely. Prue Armitage could chew cactus for her thirst, but there would be nothing to burn to make a smoke signal. Ross turned to Max.

"I'm going down into that big canyon," he said, and saw a startled look come over the young, brown face. "I'll fly you back to the ranch first."

"The hell!" said Max. "If you're going down there, I'm riding with you."

Ross gave him a grin. "Let's live it up!" he said and threw his strength against the controls as currents gushing from the canyon bounced the plane like a Ping-Pong ball.

The canyon was about the width of a country landing strip, on the average. But there were buttresses of rock that jutted out to give it the pattern of an overfed snake. Ross went to 800 feet, less than half way to the bottom, dodged under an overhanging crag—and felt the ship drop so abruptly that his pants lost contact with the seat. The descent stopped with a jolt, and then the wind took the little craft in its teeth to shake it like a dog worrying a rag. The strain of concentrating ran through Ross's nerves like pain. To meet and counter each malicious kick of the wind and to anticipate the next took a kind of effort he had endured only for seconds, and this was minutes.

A gate between two opposing buttresses loomed up, and they shot through into a long, narrow gorge of red rock veined and mottled with white. It seemed to end in a shining, bare wall; the turn was so abrupt that he could see nothing beyond. He would for certain have to bank, and he was running out of room, for the downdrafts beat the ship lower than the updrafts lifted it.

Ross focused on the altimeter, and as he did so, a sudden light blinded him for an instant. He put his hand to his eyes, felt the ship slip, and took hold of the controls again as the wall rushed toward them. He judged the time for standing the plane on edge correctly for any conditions except the sudden hole in the wind through which they flew. The controls responded sluggishly, and it seemed as if they must go around the bend, with the wheels magically rolling on the rock face, if they were to get around at all.

They did not touch. They got around, and there was the canyon steepening awesomely in its final plunge to the desert floor. The wind plunged with it, an invisible rapids in which the plane was caught like a chip. Ross put her nose up in the steepest climb he could make without stalling—and lost a hundred feet of altitude before he realized that the propeller could not lift them out.

His mind chose this moment to give him the explanation of the light that had dazzled and hurt his eyes. The girl for one instant had caught the plane with a signaling mirror. His signaling mirror. She had carried it off with her that day when he was a lost soul. She had it still.

It was not, therefore, a question of whether he could get out of this canyon without crashing. He had to get out. He set the ship level, then put her into the shallowest glide he could manage, running before the wind as a surfboarder rides a wave. Geometry would now pass sentence on them—the length of the canyon versus his angle of glide. When the two met, he was out of room.

The capricious wind turned completely hostile, so beating the ship with downdrafts that they progressed in a series of steps, each one yards lower than the last. The boulder-strewn bottom of the canyon with its poor, stunted fringe of drying willows and reeds came to living-room distance. The notch of open sky seemed to move ahead of the ship.

Ross was down to low crop-dusting height when he saw the gleaming sand of the delta at the canyon's mouth. On a rocky bar an abandoned corral confronted him. If he tried to turn aside he would drag a wing. Ross waited until he was almost upon the corral, then pulled the throttle wide open and set the controls for a climb as nearly straight up as the ship could go. In floodtime, water would spread out over this delta and lose its force; the wind, he reasoned, would do the same. Ross felt the control surfaces take hold even before the nose lifted. The corral flashed under the wheels.

As soon as he had climbed high enough to escape radio interference by the mountains, Ross called the operations base at the ranch where Prue had been staying. The Coast Guard officer in charge recognized the canyon from Ross's description; he was outspokenly astonished that anyone could fly down it and live.

"Of course," he said, "we can't take the helicopter down there. A Sierra Club guy—a mountain climber—is here wanting to help out. He can probably get down to her on a rope. We'll put him on the rim within forty-five minutes. A doctor flew the girl's mother down. We'll take him too."

All that night Ross tossed among swirling crosscurrents of feeling which Prue's arrival had set running against one another. When the dark began to wane, he left the bunkhouse where he had been billeted and went to sit under a tall pine that stood by itself near the main ranch house where Prue lay. Venus seemed caught in the upper branches. Day had begun as a golden band behind the savage peaks. The outer world was hushed. But the turmoil within Ross did not subside.

Relief and elation had possessed him completely as he watched Prue walk toward the ranch house from the helicopter. It was visual proof of the doctor's favorable judgment, which had already reached the base by radio. Exhaustion, bruises and the effects of hunger and thirst were all the damage done to her, though the experience had been harrowing. Prue had been trapped by a rockslide on a ledge two thirds of the way down the canyon wall. The rescuers had to lower her on ropes to the bottom.

In the gently protective custody of her mother and the ranch women, Prue disappeared into the thick-walled adobe house. All of Ross's strength seemed to go with her. The strains of the past few days accumulated at once, producing a numb weariness with his feverishly active mind at the center. His thoughts now turned inward upon himself, and his life appeared as a desolate landscape illumined by light trapped under a black sky.

He saw that he had flown—and better than he had ever flown in his life—because there was a reason outside himself. Now that reason was gone. He could not see the girl again, for he did not want her gratitude; he wanted her love, and he felt that he had no right to ask it. That he could fly again did not make a whole man of him. His almost-paralysis in the presence of aircraft had been merely a symptom. The broad, deep trouble was that he no longer trusted Ross Evans. Lack of faith in himself was a net in which striving would entangle him more completely still.

In spite of his terrible weariness, Ross had been ready to climb into his plane and fly out. But the copilot of the helicopter had cornered him to pay unwanted compliments—and tell him something that Prue had said on the way back to the ranch.

Over and over during the night Ross had matched these reported words against the thing Prue had said that day when he was a lost soul. He did so again now, as the gold band brightened along the peaks. If she truly felt that it was unkind to find people lost in a fatal wilderness, then she would not thank him for her rescue. Perhaps she had welcomed her entrapment on the ledge—as he himself might have—as a decent way of escaping from a burdensome self.

When he flew down the canyon, her conscience could have forced her to use the mirror. She might even hate him for that. But if the copilot had given her words correctly, his whole life might be changed—and himself with it.

A sound so small that it might have been an illusion made him turn toward the house. In the dim light it looked like a sleeping hill, with only the darker rectangles of doors and windows to show that it was a dwelling. Ross shrugged and turned once more to the mountains and the sky.

There was no telling how it was to be with him until he talked with the girl—and the doctor had ordered twenty-four hours of absolute rest. He steeled himself for a day on a knife blade between hope and despair.

So softly had she come in bare feet across the pine needles that he was aware first of her hand upon his arm. Her eyes looked enormous above her hollow cheeks. For a moment Ross could think only that they were the color he had seen when he was dreaming of her. The shadowed look was gone. Then he realized that she would fall if she tried to stand any longer, and he eased her to a sitting position against the tree.

"I thought"—she said, and looked down while she gathered the courage of her candor—"I thought if I was worth flying down that canyon for, I might be some good to you after all—out of—" she smiled and her eyes were mountain lilacs stirred by a sudden breeze—"out of the canyon. I want to be if I can. I had to come to tell you that."

Ross said, "A man told me that when you heard a crop duster found you, you described me. Then you said you knew I'd come for you. Is that true?"

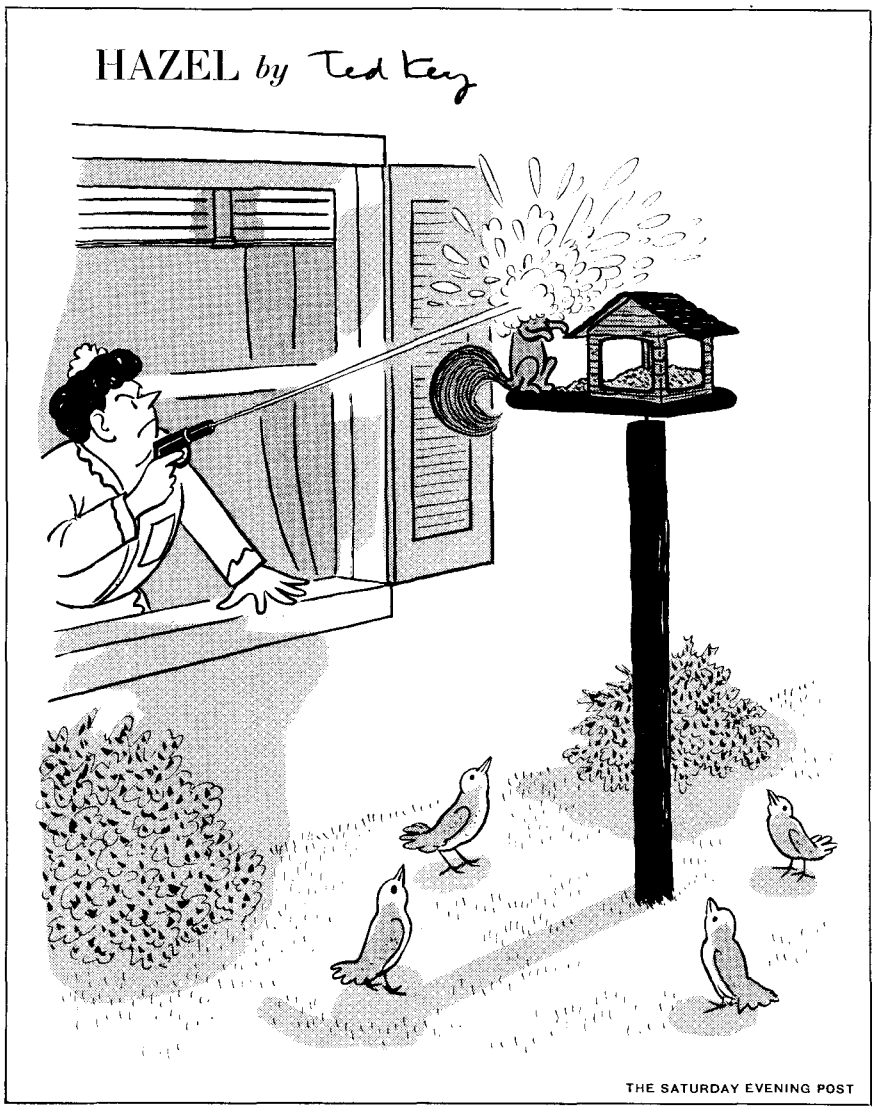
Prue Armitage nodded. "I kept telling myself it was impossible—that I was foolish to hope. But I couldn't stop expecting you."

Ross took her hand in a gentle grip that a strong man could not easily have broken.

"Then," he said, "I want to ask you—have to ask you—to keep on expecting. Expect a lot. It's what I need. Only—" Ross grinned and swayed her prisoned hand—"don't expect me to be on time for meals. It's too much to ask of a crop duster!"

THE END

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT



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BERMUDA: Where the Girls Are

The annual wingding in Bermuda is the Ivy League's answer to Fort Lauderdale—wild but genteel.

By TOM CONGDON

The party was going full tilt. Youngsters crammed the little pink cottage, twisting, singing, clapping, stamping. It was a routine College Week blast in Bermuda.

"Just think what shape we'll be in by the end of the week," a boy in a Yale T-shirt said happily. "It'll take us a month to recuperate."

Every year during College Week thousands of American youngsters drop in on Bermuda for a vacation to recuperate from, not during. They get it, but on Bermuda's terms. They blow off steam without running amok, without ugly public incidents of the sort that made the 1961 youthfest in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, a national scandal.

Fort Lauderdale and Daytona Beach, Lauderdale's likely successor as U.S. collegiate fun center, draw students from coed schools in the Midwest and South. Bermuda attracts youngsters from the noncoed colleges in the Ivy League and prep schools and colleges which follow the Ivy League lead. For these cloistered scholars College Weeks provide a way to meet a large sample of the opposite sex. Each spring they flock to Bermuda like birds to a rookery, full of primordial purpose. As a Princeton freshman put it, "You can go to Jamaica for sun. We're here to meet girls."

"My friends who came down last year," said another boy, "told me there were two girls for every guy. That's why I came—simple mathematics."

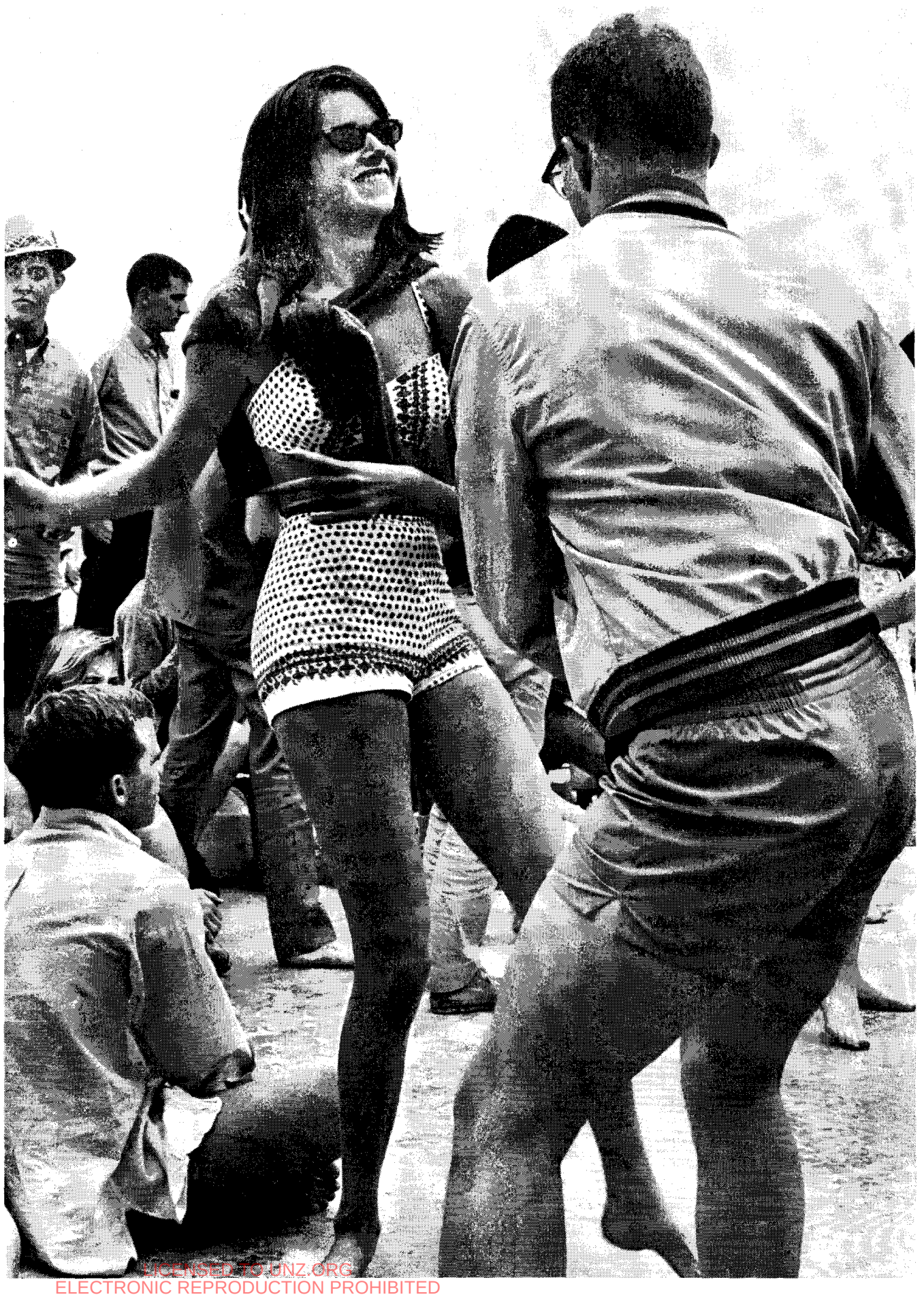
Forty Dollars a Day

Other mathematics is involved, not so simple. It costs close to $300, all expenses tallied, to spend a College Week in Bermuda. Despite the cost, some parents are glad to foot the bill.

"I wanted to go to Fort Lauderdale," one girl admitted, "but my mother said, 'You will go to Bermuda.'"

"Lots of mothers *want* their daughters to come here," said another. "They figure that if a girl is going to get involved, in Bermuda she'll get involved with a respectable boy."

The Bermuda government has a strategy for keeping both the boys and the girls respectable: College Weeks. There were six consecutive College Weeks this year, spanning the period various colleges were recessed for spring vacation; they drew about 3000 students. College Weeks



The discreet twist: Ivy Leaguers and their friends dance away a Bermuda afternoon.

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Photographs by Jacques Lowe

Above: A limbo contestant wriggles under a rope at the beach party the Bermuda government throws for the youngsters.

Newly acquainted Cliff Ossorio of Yale and Debbie Morgan of Colby Junior College splash in the surf. He asked her to a Yale prom.

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chairman is Michael Fountain, a thirty-two-year-old official who cuts a splendid figure in a madras bush jacket. He has a budget of $18,000, most of which he spends on organized activities—dances, a beach party, a beauty contest, an all-day cruise and the like.

College Weeks began in an entirely unorganized way in the 1920's, when rugby teams from Ivy League colleges started coming down during spring vacation to play Bermuda teams. But rugby soon became less important than partying. In the early 1950's hotel managers petitioned the government to give some organization to College Weeks and to supervise them.

Ivy Leaguers dislike supervision, but somehow they take to the College Week schedule. "I was in Fort Lauderdale last year," one boy said, "but this is better—not just a lot of guys grubbing around."

The night the youngsters arrive, there are two "mixers," one at the stately old Princess Hotel and another at the Elbow Beach Surf Club. I visited Bermuda during one College Week this year and with Michael Fountain dropped by an Elbow Beach mixer.

We walked from the starlit night and the hotel's tranquil gardens into a room packed with young people—newly acquainted couples nuzzling like soul mates; couples doing the twist to a relentless beat from the band. The tune was one they all knew—it began, "Twist again, like we did last summer; twist again, like we did last year"—and they sang it as they danced.

"The funny thing about that song," said Fountain, "is that the kids who came here last year didn't twist. This year it's epidemic."

The observation made me wonder about Ivy Leaguers. Once they set the styles and started the fads. Yet in Bermuda this year they were still using last year's lingo ("cool" and "sharp"), and they were late catching on to the twist. Their version wasn't orthodox. Some swiveled in the classic manner, leaning back from the hips; but most crouched, head down and arms churning. Partners ignored each other. Each seemed absorbed with himself and his motion. "It's narcissistic," said a dateless Sarah Lawrence girl, observing from the sidelines.

Sizing Up the Crop

A girl who fails to meet a boy at the mixer isn't lost. Nearly every girl gets her chance, because for most males College Week is one continuous quest. The favorite questing place is the lobby of the Elbow Beach. Every evening the girls eat early so they can be on hand at seven when the boys start arriving to size up the crop.

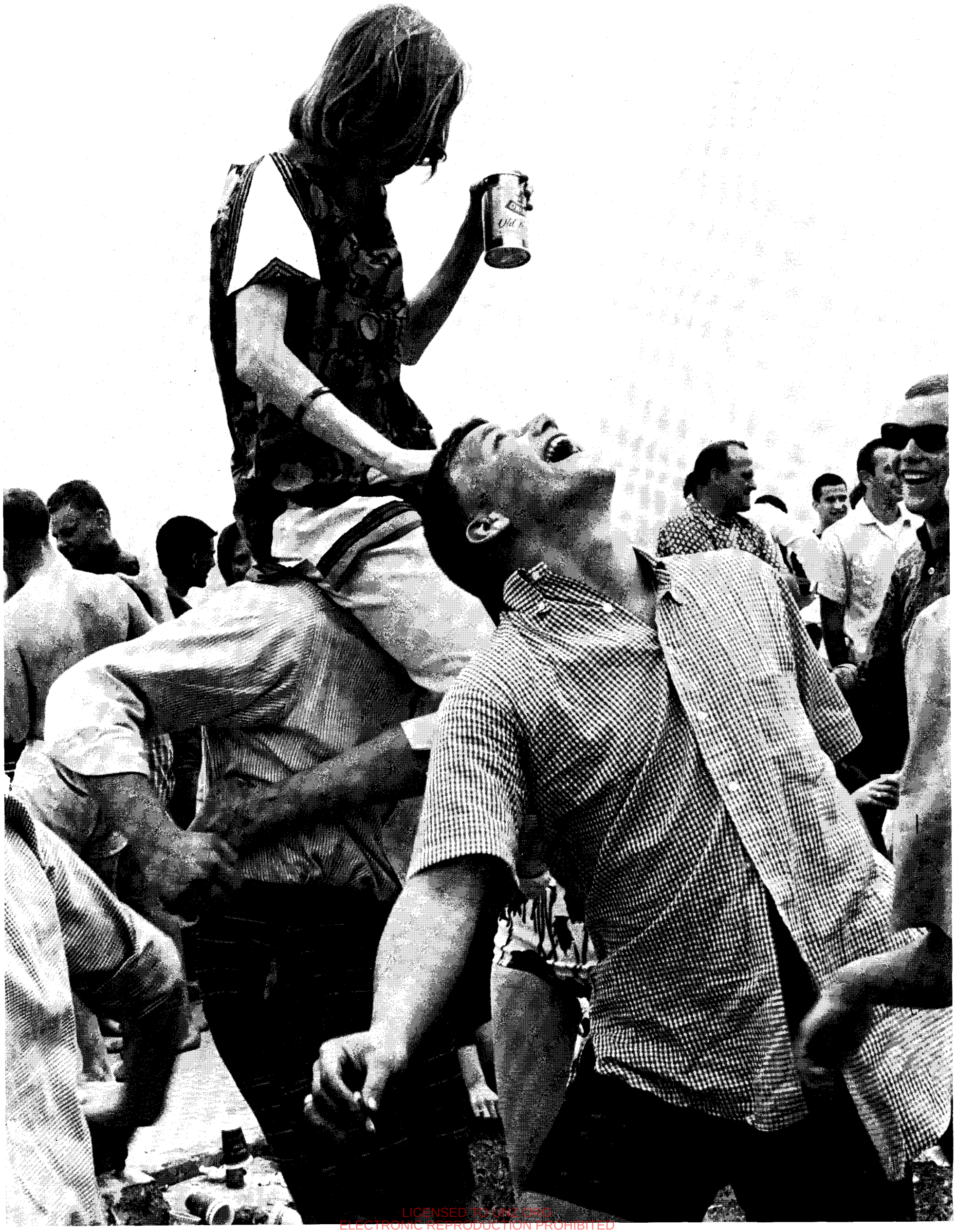
"See that girl in the white sweater?" a boy said to his pal at a shape-up in the middle of the week. "Go ask her."

"I dunno," the pal replied. "I just asked another girl, and she shot me down. I got completely stuffed. I think I'll wait a little while before I go in there again."

Girls go through private agonies too. The tension of being on display makes some of them scowl, some turn pink and others chatter.

"He's really cool," said a girl, pointing out a young man to her friend. "I wouldn't mind dating him. Did you have fun with David last night?"

At right, the good life in Bermuda: Celia Waters of Wells College gets a ride in the midst of gaiety.



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Competitors line up for the judging of the College Week queen. The winner: Nancy Davenport (No. 4) of Pine Manor Junior College.

Below: A prep-school boy feigns nonchalance as his date, Missy Grosvenor of Boston, smiles at a college man just arrived on the scene.

"A gob and a half," said the friend.

At the desk a blonde picked up a house phone and asked for her room. "Hello, Sally?" she said. "Tell Ann to tell Herb I got hurt on a motorbike, would you? I've got another date."

More and more of the prep-school set is showing up at College Weeks. Prep-school girls are usually accompanied by chaperones, to whom they must introduce their dates and disclose where they're headed each evening.

"Once I wondered," a chaperone said, "what would happen if one of these girls eloped or something. So I asked the woman who organizes these tours, and she said, 'Well, we have a clause in the contract which specifies that we are not responsible for an act of God.'"

College girls have older persons called group leaders, who are on hand if needed, but seldom yank the reins. Last year a group leader, alarmed because her girls weren't getting dates, set out to remedy the situation. For two days she circulated everywhere there were boys, asking the most attractive to a rum-swizzle party. The boys arrived, 165 of them, and were hit for a dollar apiece at the door. In no time the girls were dated up solidly. When the youngsters had consumed exactly $165 worth of swizzles, the group leader closed the bar, her mission accomplished.

Prep-school boys have a special problem—competition from college men. To meet it, some impersonate collegians, even going so far as to buy Yale and Princeton T-shirts off the backs of Yale men and Princetonians at scalpers' prices.

"Anyone can say he's from Princeton," said a boy from Lawrenceville School. "I've been a Princeton sophomore innumerable times."

Swizzles in the Bathtub

Of the government-run activities the all-day cruise is the most popular—and the wildest. The ferry *Chauncey M. Depew* takes the youngsters to St. George, a picturesque old town at the eastern tip of the colony. There they visit a fort, listen to a steel band and amble through the narrow streets. But it's the boat ride they love, especially the trip back, with a jazz band going mad on the second deck. Hard liquor is forbidden, but the crowd brings aboard large quantities of high-proof European beer.

There is plenty of drinking all week long, but few get drunk, even at the parties in the cottages which groups rent at small cost. The typical cottage party starts shortly after the youngsters unpack, when they mix the first batch of rum swizzles in the bathtub. The rest of the week the party never really stops, though periodically it goes dormant, usually between six A.M. and noon. Visitors are welcome, and inevitably in the evenings the cottage gets too crowded. Then the hosts lock the door and, to make it easier to regulate traffic, designate a window as the entrance.

At one cottage party two boys near me discussed football while their dates held a powwow. "This creep I'm with is getting drunk," said one of the girls.

"Is he really?" asked the other.

"No," said the girl, "but he has to get mellow even to hold my hand."

Across the room, a girl with a sweatshirt stenciled BEETHOVEN yelled a delighted greeting at a boy who had just crawled in the window.

"You're the rat that stole my cigarettes and wrecked my room!" she cried.

"And you're the girl," he said, "who stood me up two nights in a row!"

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The boys—many of them—try hard to find ways to distinguish themselves from the mass. A young man from Babson wore a stethoscope to every party and won a mild notoriety for it. Three pals lipsticked the names "Bert," "Harry" and "Snookums," respectively, on their T-shirts. Another boy sported a Ferrari mechanic's jacket. At a party thrown in the Glendon Cottages by a group from Williams, a young man made himself conspicuous simply by wearing a necktie, jacket and gray-flannel trousers.

"What are *you* doing here?" demanded an authoritarian type in madras shorts.

"I live here!" the boy replied. "This is my room!"

Proprieties Observed

By midnight the halls are clogged with necking couples. The public display is unnerving at first glimpse. But the second glimpse gives the impression that the proprieties are being observed. College Week necking is less a prelude than a pastime. The mutual interest is there, but the passion content is low. One boy thus engaged was asked by a friend for directions to another party. He answered cheerfully and resumed. It was as though he'd been diverted from a mildly interesting novel.

There were rumors, of course. "Right next to our cottage," said an older woman to the friend who met her at the airport in New York, "there were two cottages, one full of boys and the other full of girls. By the end of the week they were all mixed up." But I suspect that if the woman had dropped in on one of those "mixed-up" cottages at five in the morning, she would have found a few numb couples dancing and the rest on the floor, talking quietly or snoozing in one another's laps.

"There's no more sex here than there is at home in automobiles," said a boy (answering one question by raising another).

"If they talk about making love," a pretty, young hotel waitress insisted, "they're lying. Nothing much happens. Believe me."

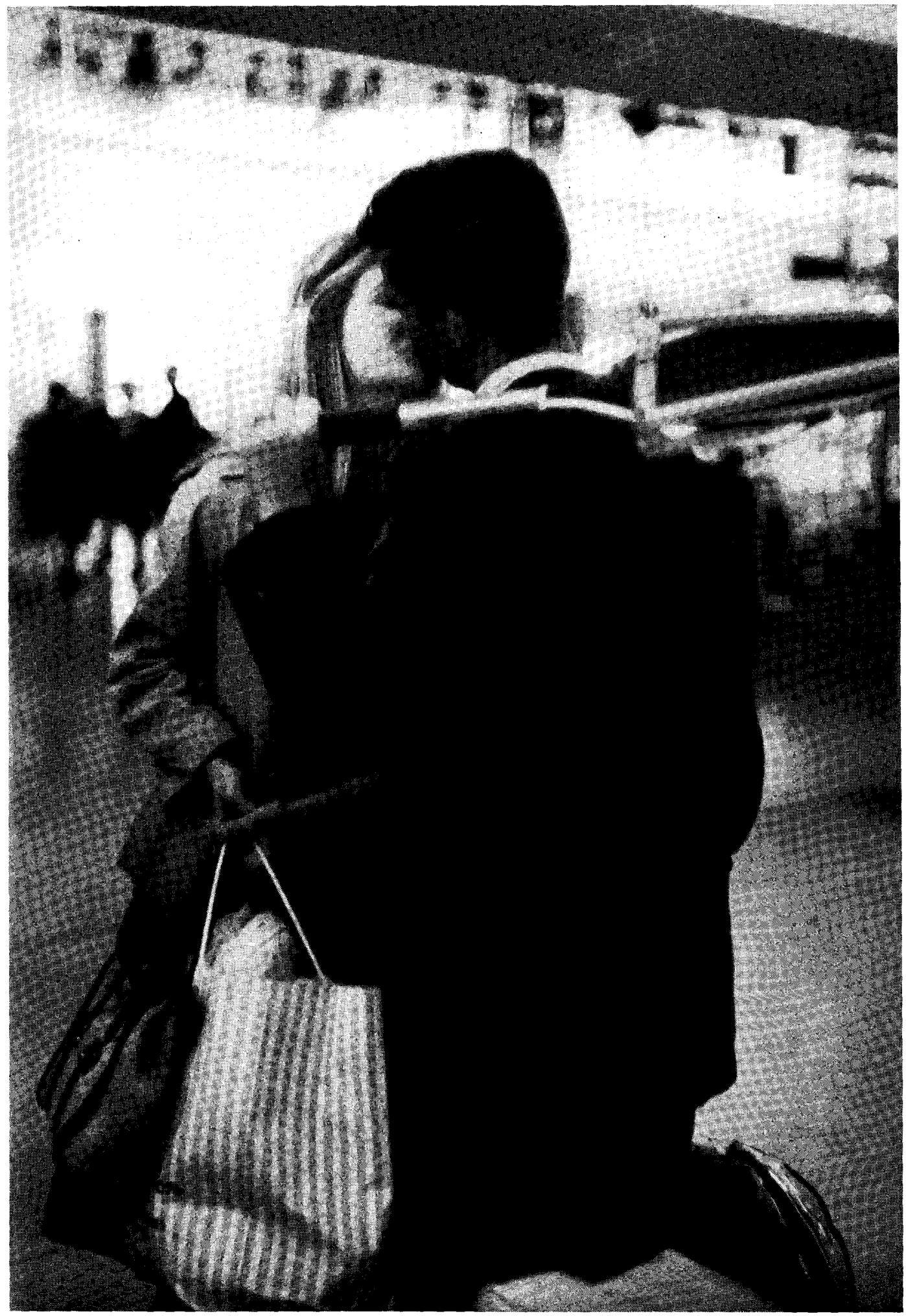
How does Bermuda gracefully survive a phenomenon—the spring fling—which devastates other communities? For one thing, despite all the big talk ("if we're old enough to want what the college boys want," said one prep-schooler, "we're old enough to come and get it"), these youngsters come not to raise hell but for status and to meet. For another, there are attractive activities, subtly overseen. Good discipline actually enhances freedom—in the case of College Weeks, the freedom to have a ball.

And a ball they do have. They miss a lot of what Bermuda has to offer. (Few sail or skin dive or do much sight-seeing. As one youngster said, "You're supposed to go home paler than you came: It means you've been to more parties.") But what they get they like, and they're already nostalgic as they board the outbound plane. In the air they try to prolong the fun; on the plane I took they sang *Yellow Bird* and *Bermuda Buggy Ride* and *She's Got Freckles on Her But She's Nice* and did the twist in the aisles.

At the airport in New York, parents and sweethearts were waiting. Girls who just the night before had been kissing other guys now kissed their old reliables. Couples who had met and fallen in love in Bermuda murmured moist good-byes.

"Well, how did the week go?" I asked a girl I'd talked to several days before.

"It really moved," she said. "Like it'd never stop." THE END



Their romance one week old and their holiday over, Ann Archer and Sayre MacLeod kiss good-bye at the airport in New York. Ann goes to a day school near Philadelphia, Sayre to Cornell. They promised to write.

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EDITORIAL

The Argument for America

In New York last month at the annual meeting of the Associated Press, Attorney General Robert Kennedy made a speech that every American who represents his country abroad—whether in an official capacity or as a tourist—should read. The Attorney General had returned recently from his trip around the world, and he was appalled by what he had discovered.

"Despite all the effort that is made by your organization," he told the A.P., "and the effort that is made by the U.S.I.A., by the Voice of America and by many others to bring the truth [about the United States] to many of these countries, I was overwhelmed by the lack of understanding, the misinformation. . . ."

The Attorney General had made a laudable effort to combat this lack of understanding. He had confronted hostile audiences in Japan and Indonesia, and had taken on all comers—many of them Communists—in the rough and tumble of extemporaneous debate. Communism, as Arthur Schlesinger has noted (*The Post*, May 19), has lost its idealistic fervor but little of its deadly force. Its appeal today stems from another source: the belief, which amounts to a phobia in many underdeveloped nations, that the Communists inevitably will win the cold war.

The Attorney General exposed his attackers' ignorance of this country's record on civil rights and colonialism and the American system in general, but he came home with the feeling that a big job of education must be done around the world if we are to avoid losing the cold war.

To accomplish this task he proposed that "we get people from our private sectors—from our artists, our poets, our musicians, our writers—to go across into these countries and give lectures on areas in which they are experts and stand up there and meet with smaller groups of these students at later dates. . . ."

We think that this would be an excellent idea, but in the long run we suspect that it will be not the poets, the artists or even the writers, but other Americans who travel abroad who will contribute most to the world impression of the United States. Tourists, unfortunately, have not always been our best ambassadors. As the season approaches when thousands of Americans will be going overseas, we think that every potential tourist would do well to ask himself this question: "What would I say if I were challenged by a hostile questioner?"

If we were challenged, we would begin by making a point the Attorney General made: We make many mistakes. America is not a perfect society, and its people are not required to pretend that it is. Our newspapers, magazines, pundits and commentators constantly criticize the Government. The President of the United States reads an astonishing amount of this criticism. Sometimes he gets mad, and sometimes he accepts the advice of his critics. But although this country is by no means perfect, it is constantly changing for the better. The change is sometimes slow, but it happens without bringing up the tanks or purging our political leaders.

All things considered, we believe that our system of government has enabled its people to achieve a better life than any other system on earth. This may sound like an immodest claim, but what other great nation has combined such a high standard of living with such a high degree of individual freedom? Communism? The Communists have murdered freedom in the streets of Budapest and East Berlin. They have promised a workers' paradise on earth, and they are unable to provide their people with enough to eat.

We believe that government is not an end in itself. It exists solely to provide a climate in which the people may make the most of their abilities and live their own lives in security and in peace. This means that government must be vigilant, and it must be active in many areas, but it must be the servant of the people and not their master.

Almost any conversation about America sooner or later will get around to civil rights. The subject deserves to be discussed, and it is high on America's agenda of unfinished business.

The United States is the greatest mixture of races, creeds and nationalities on earth, and this is a fact that has created many serious problems. There is no point in attempting to minimize the prejudices, the disturbances and racial disorders in this country, but we are working on these problems, and we are making more headway than anybody had a right to expect a few years ago. The vital point is that the Government and the majority of the people are against racial discrimination. The Supreme Court has outlawed it in the public schools, in buses, trains and other public facilities. There have been numerous incidents as a result of these decisions, but we are a government of laws, and the power and the authority of the United States have been invoked to uphold the law.

The Communists have twisted Little Rock into a symbol of American shame. Nothing could be further from the truth. Little Rock is a symbol of the determination of the U. S. Government to uphold the law. It started as a dangerous and deplorable incident, but the President was determined that the law should be obeyed, even if, as it turned out, he had to use the U. S. Army to enforce it.

Our detractors have called us colonialists and imperialists. The truth is that we were the first great anticolonial power; our experiment with colonialism after the Spanish-American War was short-lived, and we harbor no colonial ambitions today. We have made mistakes, but they run counter to the current of American history. We granted the Philippines their independence and made Puerto Rico a self-governing commonwealth. We have supported the aspirations of the emerging African nations, even at the cost of opposing our allies.

All in all, we believe that this is a good record, one that any American should be ready and willing to defend.

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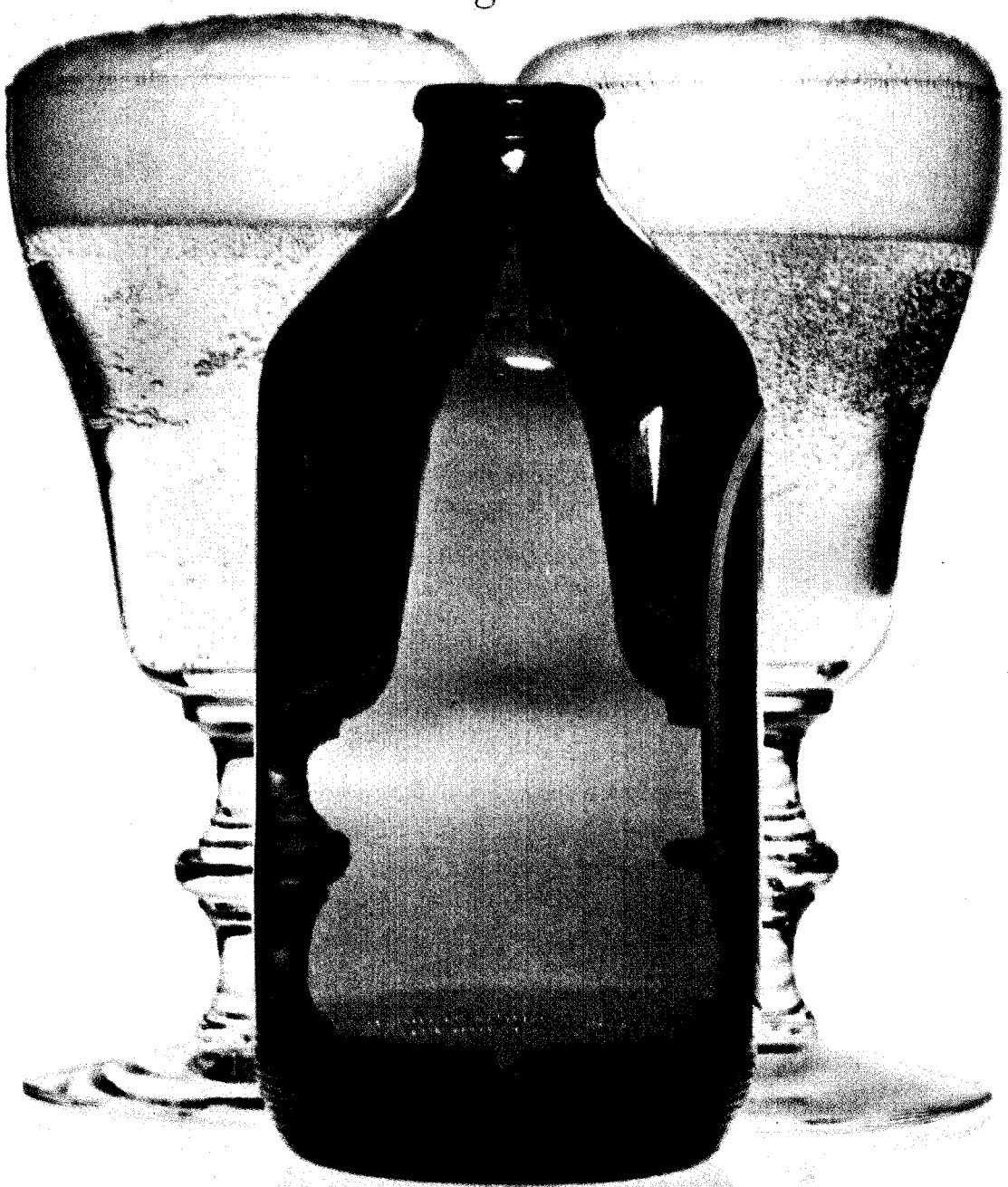

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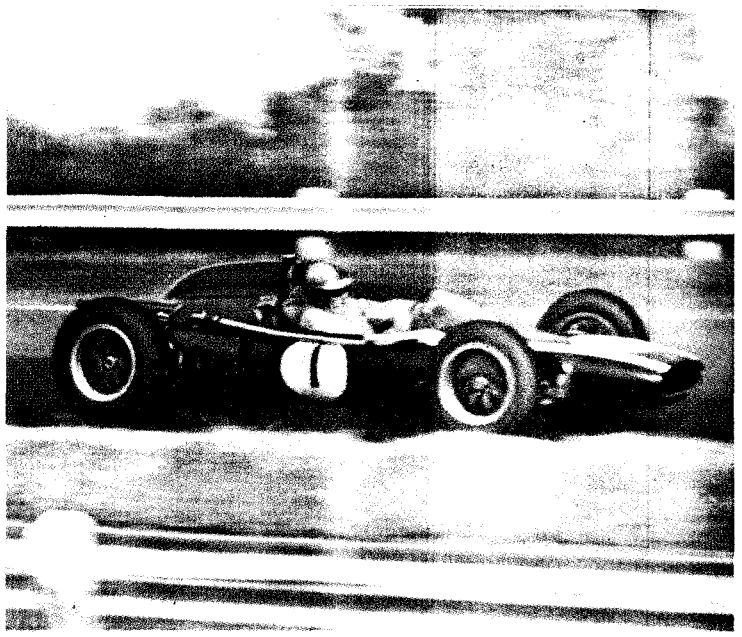

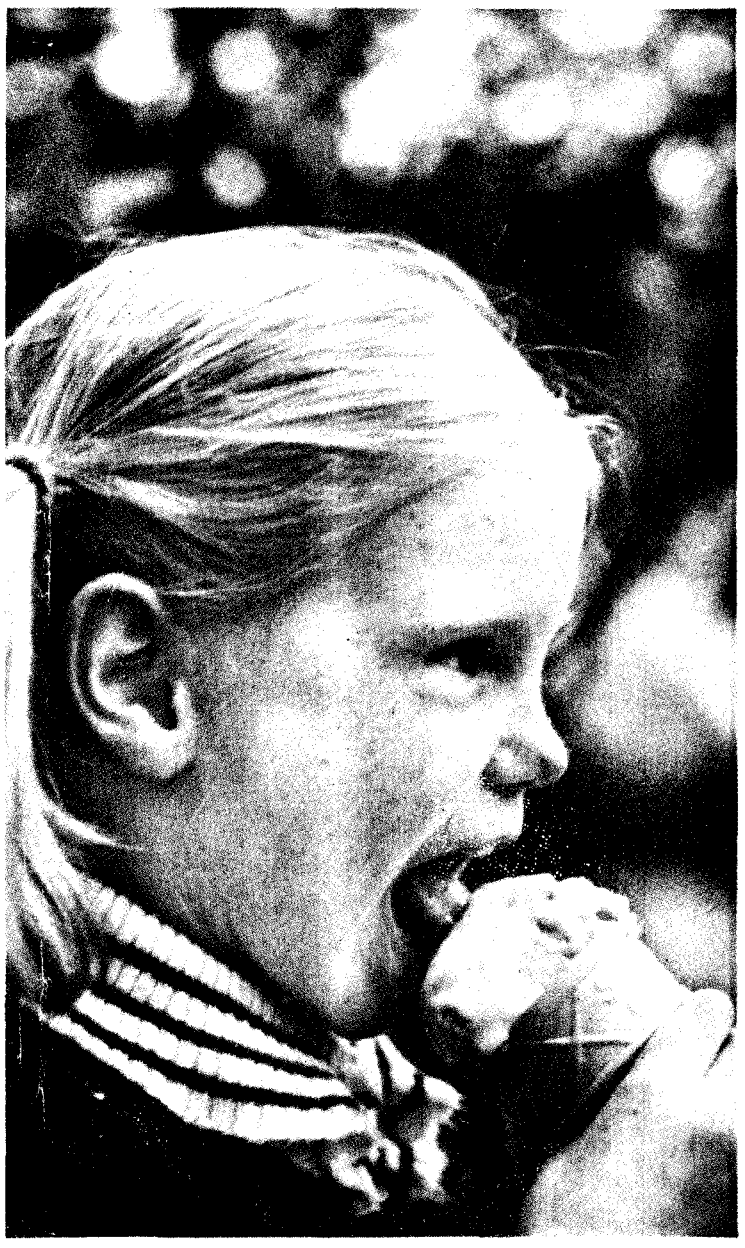

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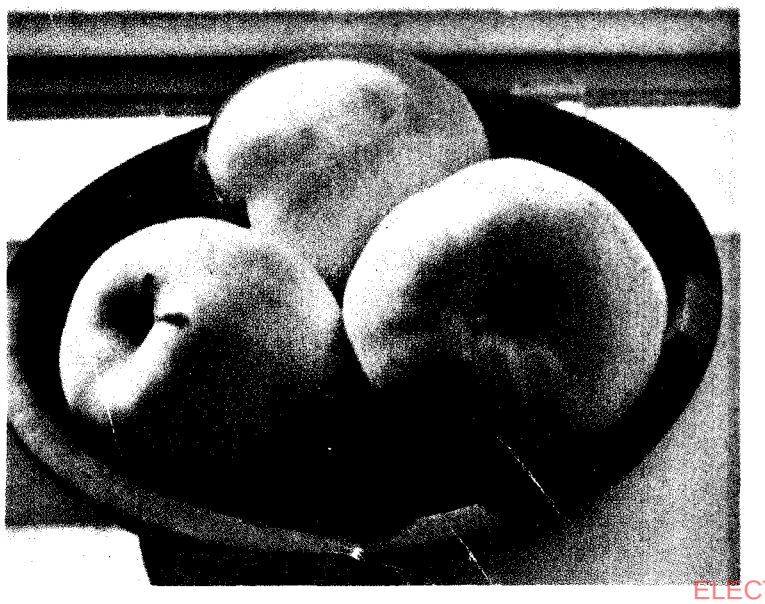

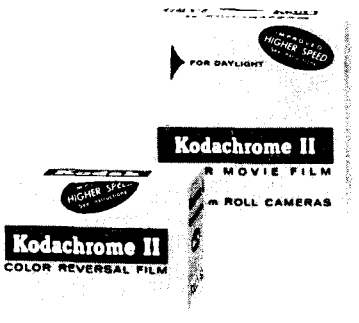

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